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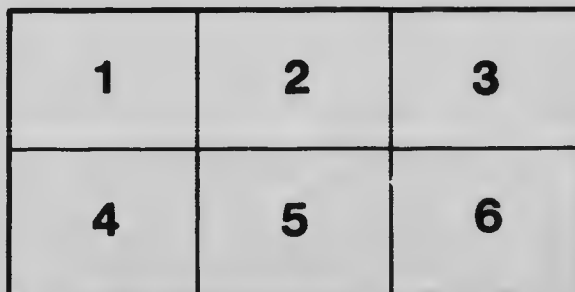
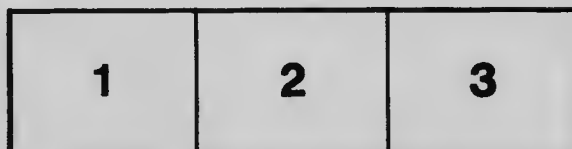
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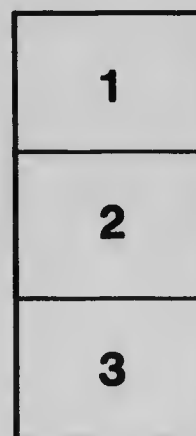
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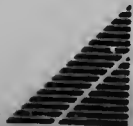
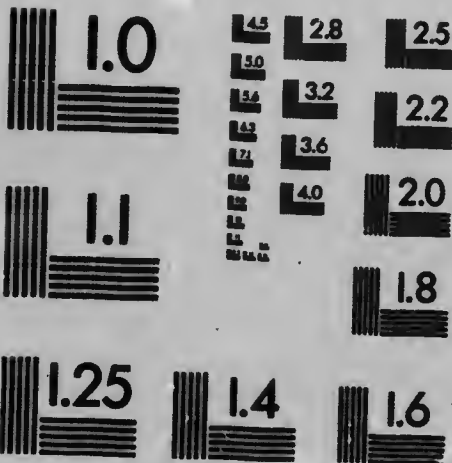
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THE PANCAKE PREACHER

BY

MACK CLOIE

Author of "The Old Orchard," "Compensation to Liquor Men."

Printed for the Author by
WILLIAM BRIGGS
TORONTO
1906

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"So I returned, and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun: and behold the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors there was power; but they had no comforter."—DIVINE WRIT.

"People do not always understand that intemperance is a malady, that it has its rhythmic periods and pauses, and that its victim is as much to be commiserated as blamed. In many cases the efforts to rout the fell disease intrenched in his body and to recover his liberty are brave and sincere. But when the devil has once gone out of the man, unless One strong enough to vanquish him and all his host take possession of the empty place, and hold the fort, seven devils more malignant than the first may at any time return. Pledges, vows, resolves are like the green withes that Samson burst like tow. Only the grace of God in the heart can produce a permanent cure. Not reformation is wanted, but remedy. Not promises, but a radical change."—FROM "ELEANOR LEE."

"For the rest my 'drama' is a true phase of modern life; one scene out of the countless tragedies that take place every day and everywhere in these our present times. There is no necessity to invent fables nowadays—the fictionist need never torture his brain for stories either of adventure or spectral horror. Life itself as it is lived among ourselves in all countries is so amazing, swift, varied, wonderful, terrible, ghastly, beautiful, dreadful, and, withal, so wildly inconsistent and changeful, that whosoever desires to write romances has only to closely and patiently observe men and women as they *are*, not as they *seem*, and then take pen in hand and write the TRUTH."—MARIE CORELLI.

"The message of science to this age is that all Nature is on the side of the men or the nation that is trying to rise. An ascending energy is in the universe, and the whole moves on with the mighty idea and anticipation of the ascent of man."—HENRY DRUMMOND.

X
X
XV
X

X
XX
XX
XX

CONTENTS

I. The Break-Away	PAGE
II. The Importance of Power	7
III. "When Even was Come"	16
IV. Farewell Sunday	27
V. The New Preacher	33
VI. In Ben Haylock's Grocery	43
VII. Dusky Broom	53
VIII. A Sob in the Darkness	59
IX. A Dream and the Interpretation	67
X. As Andy Saw It	74
XI. Hamilton Elliott's Home	82
XII. Family Dialectics	86
XIII. Down on the Sand	94
XIV. The Lighthouse	109
XV. Inaugural Sunday	116
XVI. Loyalty and Light	127
XVII. The Conspiracy of Moss House	136
XVIII. Nolan Calls on Greenway	147
XIX. The Changed Vision	159
XX. Love among the Sheaves	175
XXI. Plebeian and Patrician	184
XXII. Adam Starr	192
XXIII. Searching for the Pancake Preacher	200
XXIV. Dead Men Talking	215
	225

	PAGE
XXV. The Turf as It was	254
XXVI. What Followed the Race	251
XXVII. A Declaration of Independence	262
XXVIII. One Way of Finding a Wife	272
XXIX. Nancy was Clever	283
XXX. The Dying Gipsy	292
XXXI. The Spell of the Lake	300
XXXII. Ghosts in the Old Cemetery	308
XXXIII. The Fight for Dusky	318
XXXIV. Several Surprises	326
XXXV. Aloneness	336
XXXVI. Getting Even	346
XXXVII. Hidden Treasure	351
XXXVIII. On the Indian List	353
XXXIX. "Papa, will You be Good?"	360
XL. A Panacea	365
XLI. A Four-to-Six	371
XLII. Romances New and Old	380
XLIII. The Duel at Midnight	386
XLIV. Discovery of the Pancake Preacher	392
XLV. "An Israelite Indeed"	407
XLVI. A Twenty-fourth of May	411
XLVII. A Wild Night on the Spiller	422
XLVIII. Dusky Appeals to the Sword	428
XLIX. "Free ! Free !"	431
L. Girl Confidantes	434
LI. Lucelle Responds to a Call	440
LII. Romance of a Gipsy Girl	443

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The Pancake Preacher

I.

THE BREAK-AWAY

It was a beautiful afternoon in a September of the departing sixties. The sunlight lay like pale blue gauze on the waters of Lake Huron, so that it resembled a deep of molten silver. The sun and the lazy white-winged gulls had it all to themselves, for the breezes had gone afar, and the waters lay in their most perfect calm, seemingly enjoying their own tranquillity.

It was "the dead calm" that held fast in its pale, still grasp the schooner that lay half a mile out from "Old Port." The crew of the vessel had gone ashore; only the captain and first mate (a very young first mate he was) remained on board. As the sun began to slope toward the west the captain became uneasy, not because he was anxious to set sail, but because of a suspicion that his men were drinking, and might not be able to return. While the first mate sat poring over a book in the forecabin, the captain paced the deck, muttering curses and casting anxious glances toward

THE PANCAKE PREACHER

the shore. It was greatly to his relief when, about four o'clock, he saw the ship's boat push off from the shore, and move with unsteady strokes and uneven course toward his vessel.

"They're drunk, every — cur of them," he muttered. "Not likely we can sail to-night even if we get the wind."

Before many minutes the boat had come alongside the schooner, and the tipsy sailors climbed up the rope ladder to the deck. Only one of them, the second mate, who, from his tall, lank figure, was commonly called "Sliver Jim," was at all sober, and he also had been drinking "some."

As was his wont, the captain poured a stream of profanity on the returned crew. But they had come back even earlier than he had anticipated, and a little less drunk than usual. The customary cursing was, therefore, less elaborate. The captain would scarcely have known himself, and the crew would have been unspeakably amazed, if he had allowed the occasion to pass without giving them "a blessing," however modest or considerate.

The young mate in the forecastle heard the noise of the home-coming, but remained within, reviewing a Latin grammar. He was less than eighteen years of age, and had risen quickly to the position which he held. At fourteen years of age he had left school and taken to sailing, and, judging from his physical appearance, life on the Great Lakes had agreed with him. He was not beyond medium height, but his frame was massive, and he was easily the strongest man on the vessel. Sailors soon find out the comparative strength

of each man in the crew, and the muscular reliability of the young first mate was well known. This, together with his rapid rise, might have been the cause of some secret jealousy toward him. He suspected it, but was indifferent, having full confidence in his own ability to take care of himself in any issue.

The sounds of profanity died away, and in a few minutes the young mate heard the roystering company approaching.

"Hello, mate!" cried one of the sailors as they entered. "We've been havin' great breezes ashore. Now, for the honor of the *Rover*, you'll have a drink with us, seein' you didn't go ashore to-day." As he spoke he produced a black bottle filled with whiskey.

The young mate's countenance showed some surprise as he looked up. He was displeased at this unwarranted freedom of speech, and the implication that he was accustomed to drink when he went ashore. But he replied calmly: "You all know that I never take strong drink, either on board or ashore. That is how I honor the *Rover*."

"Oh, we know that," replied the other, with a contemptuous sneer. "None of us has ever lost his sea-legs on your treats."

"And none of you ever shall, nor shall I on yours," replied the young mate. "When you know that I do not drink, why do you come in a body to ask me to do so?"

"Well, we want you to take a drop with us to-day."

"I will not take any with you to-day, nor at any future time, and I strongly object to what you are proposing to me, and your manner of approaching me."

So now you have my answer. What more do you want with me?"

The spokesman of the company now looked around at the others and received a wink, which did not escape the mate's eye. Turning again to the mate the sailor said: "You must drink, mate. You have to drink with us this time. Come, now—"

"Have to!" exclaimed the young mate, rising. "No I do not 'have to,' and I tell you to go away with your liquor or there may be—well, I will not say just what may happen; but I want to hear no more of that talk."

"Well, mate, when a sailor refuses to drink he ought to be able to give a good reason," said the other. "And you have never given us a reason for refusing."

"No, perhaps not," answered the mate, "and that is my own business. I am under no obligation to give you reasons; but now I will tell you why I do not drink. No man ever makes anything of sailing who spends his earnings in drink. I am in the job to make some money for another purpose. But I have another reason, a far stronger reason, boys; my mother is yet alive, and when I left home at the age of fourteen she asked a promise from me, and got it, that I would never drink. I have kept my promise to my mother and I shall never break it. So now you have my reasons for not joining with you in drinking."

As the young mate ceased, someone said in a smothered voice, "Oh,—your mother!"

At the insult to the one whom he loved more than life, the demon of conflict sprang forth in the young mate. His right arm whirled aloft the heavy chair on which he had been sitting, and shot it into the com-

pany before him. Two men went down, and through the gap thus made he bounded out to the deck, followed by the others. Once out he hurled down his cap before them and shouted: "Now, we'll settle this affair!"

And the affair was settled at once and forever. A fight followed, fast, fierce, furious! At the expiration of ten minutes men with bruised and bloody faces lay here and there about the deck. "Sliver Jim," the last to be dealt with, had been hurled overboard, and saved himself only by swimming around to the yawl, which had not been hoisted. Only the young mate and the captain stood upright.

"Well, you've done 'em up in style and short order, younker," remarked the captain with a broad, pleased smile.

"Yes, captain," replied the young mate; "and you allowed this to go on when you could with a word have prevented it all. Now, I want the wages coming to me."

"How's that?" asked the captain, quickly.

"I am going to leave you."

"Goin' to leave!" exclaimed the captain. "Well, you'll go without your wages, then. I won't give you a — cent. The yawl hasn't been hoisted yet, so you can come on and I'll row you ashore, but, remember, not a cent will I give you."

"I will get ashore, but not by the yawl, since you think it worth your while to keep back my pay. That will not keep me here."

"You can't make the shore in a swim," said the

captain; "and I'll have to follow you and pick you up; so you may as well get landed dry."

But while he was speaking the young mate had stripped off most of the clothing that remained on him, bundled it on his shoulders, and then clambered down the side of the vessel.

He swam away with vigorous strokes, occasionally looking toward the vessel. The captain and "Sliver Jim" stood watching him for some minutes. Then the captain looked around on the men, some of whom were rising, and cursed them roundly for causing the departure of his first mate. Again his eyes sought the swimmer, and it appeared to him that his strokes were less frequent and more feeble. "It'll never do to let the punker go down," he muttered, and then clambered over the side of the vessel into the yawl. He pushed away, rowing vigorously, and occasionally looking over his shoulder at the head above the water in advance of him.

The swimmer had reached within fifty yards of the beach, but was still in ten feet of water. Suddenly his hands were raised above his head, and then he slowly sank out of sight. The captain saw the signal and dashed at the oars. It took several strokes to bring him to the place where the young mate had disappeared; then resting his oars he stood up and peered down into the water. While he was looking on one side of the boat the hands reappeared on the other side, and taking a quick hold on the oar gave a sudden pull downward. The captain shot head foremost into the water, and the hot oath on his lips was cooled on the sandy bottom of the lake.

When he came to the surface he saw the young mate some yards in advance, leisurely swimming to shore, which he reached in good time to receive the captain.

"Well, younker," said the captain when he had reached land, "that was a good one on me, I admit. So I guess I'll square off with you, and here's a present of fifty dollars for the duckin'. Now, say, I want to ask what you're goin' to do?"

"Let me first thank you for paying me in full, and also for this gift of money. But I cannot say what I shall do yet, for I do not know."

"See, here," said the captain, lowering his voice to a coaxing, persuasive tone; "I'll give you another twenty dollars a month if you'll come back with me. You are the best man I ever had on the *Rover*. I should have held them fellers up to-day, I admit, but I knew you could maul 'em every one; and they were in need of it; and you know it does a feller like me a lot of good to see a brisk fight once in a while. But I promise it won't happen again. So come back, younker."

"No, captain, I will not go back. It is not an honest life you follow, as I see it now, and I am done with it. I want to get into a better life, for I am far from satisfied. I cannot very well explain my feelings to you, but somehow my mother's prayers seem to be following me up, and I've got to begin and do better. But we shall part friends. So good-bye."

The young mate extended his hand, which the captain shook. On the old sailor's face there were evident signs of deep, suppressed emotion. He only said in a broken voice, "Good-bye."

The captain waded out to the yawl and directed his course again toward his old evil life. The young man watched the boat as he drew on some wet garments, then waved his hand in a final adieu to the captain. He then took his way southward along the beach, which he kept for half a mile, thus avoiding the village. He soon struck the country road, and a feeling of deep relief came to him as he realized that his break-away from the old life was actually effected. During that summer he had often longed for such a separation, and it had come to him in a very sudden and unexpected manner.

The young man had spoken the truth to the captain concerning his inward unrest and dissatisfaction. But how to find peace—that was the question. At nightfall he hired lodgings at a small farmhouse, and the next day kept on his way. At sundown on the second day he reached a small village on the lake, or rather a double village, each portion of which bore a separate name and was struggling for supremacy. A "protracted meeting" was in progress in the little Methodist church in the place, and the young man went to the service. There were two preachers present, the elder of whom spoke from the words, "And they told him that Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." After the sermon the younger preacher sang a hymn embodying the thought, and even the very words of the text, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." To everything said or sung the young man listened with undivided attention. As he followed the singing of the hymn a great surge of emotion swept his spirit, and at the last stanza his feelings completely broke down:

Ho! all ye heavy laden, come,
Here's pardon, comfort, rest and home;
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace;
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh,
Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.

The observant eyes of the preachers found the young man's distress, and both came and spoke with him, while some of the members were leading in prayer. Light broke in on the young man's inner self as they talked with him. At the close of the service he returned to his lodgings at the village tavern without disclosing his name to anyone.

The young man tried to understand and explain his feelings to himself after he had retired to his room, but he could not. Still, he knew he was changed. He had returned from the service a different man. His consciousness testified to the change. That old unrest and unsatisfied feeling was gone. What he had so long wished for had come to him, and he had entered a new world of thought and emotion. He retired in a restful frame of mind. For the first time in all his conscious life he felt satisfied and at peace.

The next morning he rose early, and continued his journey on foot; and he travelled away into the obscurity of years.

II.

THE IMPORTANCE OF POWER

THE village of Lockton Green, situated in view of the blue waters of Lake Huron, had attained its proportions very slowly, and had grown in the face of the opposition schemes of men and the suggestions of nature. A not very important water course, called the "Spiller River," had, through many millenniums, cut its bed down into a deep narrow ravine, which deepened as it approached the lake, the banks of which at this point rise nearly a hundred feet upward. The steep sides of the ravine were overgrown with slender trees and shrubbery. Silver poplar, ironwood, birch, elm, ash, and cedar grew together in all the promiscuity of nature. At places the growth was so dense as to hide the bottom of the ravine, so that in the midsummer season the only suggestion of a stream was the gurgling plash of the water as it leaped over or ran about the rough boulders, which for centuries had held their places stolidly upon the gravelly bottom, or where it reflected those glints of sunshine that insisted on penetrating to such a depth.

It was because of the depth and narrowness of the ravine that the Spiller had attained to some importance as a river. The keen glance of the "business man" had early seen how easy it would be "to throw

a dam " across it and erect a mill. Tracing the course of the Spiller upward in a north-easterly direction you would have come upon several such "power" constructions doing splendid pioneer service, in sawing and milling especially. But the dam near Lockton Green was the first to be constructed on the river, and the one which gave the suggestion that materialized in others farther up. Less than a mile from the lake, at a point where the ravine suddenly widened into a picturesque glen or valley, Oliver Duffield had constructed this dam across the Spiller, and erected a substantial frame flour mill. At a later period a saw-mill was also built, and for a number of years the flour mill was in disuse. Oliver Duffield had purchased his title to this property from the Crown. He was a staunch Tory and a strong Briton, and would openly assert that he was "not afraid to say it," and if there were any who did not like their wheat gristed in a Tory mill they could go to the next mill—a distance of twenty miles! Possessing such undoubted loyalty to the Queen, and being the first mill owner in the place, he considered himself entitled to the privilege of naming the village that began to cluster in proximity to the mill; and he emphasized his loyalty and political principles in the name he chose, Port Royal.

When "the Government road" for military and mail stage purposes was constructed, Port Royal had attained some importance as a village. The survey following, it is true, the peculiar westerly curve of the shore at this point, deviated from the straight line about a mile to the north-west. The road swung in a beautiful curve around the shoulder of the hill on the

south side of the ravine, ran precipitously down the side of the hill to Duffield's dam, so that the bridge over the Spiller was almost above the dam, and then was carried past the front door of the mill. Oliver Duffield was heard to remark afterwards that it was better to be born lucky than rich. But Captain John Reigh, who owned the land that extended to the lake on the north of Port Royal, declared that it was due neither to birth nor luck, but to his scheming Tory friends, who obtained him the favor. He further expressed his belief that they had "got their hands well greased for doing it," and he considered that "such a set of scoundrels were no better than a lot of black-skinned, thieving niggers."

Oliver Duffield was deeply offended at these remarks, and stated that Captain John Reigh might see the day when he would be sorry for his insulting insinuations. He further asserted that Captain John was angry because the military road had not been surveyed farther down toward the lake, and carried through his land, for everyone knew that he was anxious to build a town there. Let him go ahead and build a town. Folks would see which place would take the lead in the end, and he would dare Captain John to try.

Captain John Reigh was himself a good Tory. He had enough Irish blood to prompt him to accept a challenge, and he believed himself rich enough to carry into execution the plan he now devised. He proceeded to survey a site for a town on his own land down to the water's edge, and also constructed a new road from the Government highway along the north

side of the glen down to the new town site, which he named "Terrace Road." He even surpassed Oliver Duffield in the choice of a name for the new town, for "Victoria Point" expressed Royalty itself. He also utilized the influence of some political friends through whom the Government were persuaded that a new lighthouse was a desideratum at Victoria Point, for the shore was dangerous there, as might be seen by the boulders that rose above the surface of the shallow water. Soon the lighthouse was built and fully equipped, a magnificent and imposing tower of blue limestone, and Captain John Reigh was placed in charge.

Nor did Captain John forget his obligations to the Government. When the "Fenian Raid" stirred the whole province, he stood up bravely for the defence with such recruits as he could muster, armed with all sorts of weapons from pitchforks to muskets with plug-bayonets. During three days Captain John rode about the shore incessantly, up and down through both villages, taking care to show himself near Oliver Duffield's mill dressed in full uniform, and with drawn sword, ever and anon sweeping the lake with his field-glass for a sight of the enemy, and defying them to "come on." The captain would allow no one else to look through his field-glass. After his death it was found that the lens had been lost, and had been replaced by one clipped from a spectacle lens.

Like any far-seeing founder of cities, Captain John had not forgotten that in course of time an important town would have need of a quiet spot in which to lay away its dead. He had a cemetery surveyed on

a piece of land across the Spiller, to the south which he owned. To old Sandy Sanderson, who was descended from the Sandersons of Clackmannan, Scotland, was assigned the solemn duties of sexton, which position he held for five years before the first funeral came. When Oliver Duffield jibed at Captain John for having no patronage for the cemetery, the captain replied that it was a tribute to the salubrity of the location, and that if Oliver would only possess his soul in patience he would be buried there himself some day.

"I would not rest my bones in that sand bog," cried the indignant Duffield. "I would not stay in such a contemptible hole."

"You may not be consulted," replied Captain John; "and once the sand closes over you, you will have to stay," and he walked away with a chuckle.

Slowly the village of Victoria Point advanced. In various ways speculators with some means were induced to invest in property there. A frame hotel was erected, also two stores, and mechanics' shops of various kinds also appeared down by the beach. Among the latter was the shop of a negro, a blacksmith, named Ephraim Broom, who came across the lake in a large open boat, bringing his family and a complete equipment of tools. It was thought he had escaped from slavery, but Captain John decreed that Broom should not be questioned. For a time it looked as though the upper village was going to lose in the race, and become the suburb. But Oliver Duffield was never shaken in his confidence that Port Royal would still retain the first place. "We've got the power," he used to remark. "Let them have a lighthouse down on the

sand; but you can't build a town around a lighthouse if there's no power there, and we've got the power up here. You can build a lighthouse on a rock in the ocean, but people must eat, and to eat they must work, and where work goes on in any good shape there must be power. Captain John can't get power down there, for the glen is too wide. He can't get a dam less than half a furlong wide, and that's too wide. So what good is his town without power? That's what I want to know."

As time passed on Captain John himself began to feel that unless he could get a railway directed toward Victoria Point the village could not grow much more. A railway had been spoken of in Parliament, and he set in operation all the agencies, social, political, and financial that he could manipulate to induce the company to make Victoria Point the lake shore terminus, but failed. Instead, railways tapped the commerce of the lake at Harbor Sands and Pier Bay. This was the death-blow to Victoria Point, and no less to the fortune of Captain John, for most of his money was invested in the new town schemes. The village was soon deserted. Some of the houses were taken down and removed to adjoining farms. Most of Captain John's land passed out of his possession, and strangely enough passed into the possession of his old rival, Oliver Duffield, who was said to have purchased it "out of spite." Oliver admitted that "it was just a joke," that he allowed a clause in the deed to the effect, that if ever Captain John or his heirs to two generations should be able to redeem it, it should revert at the same price. Captain John was reduced

to a fifty-acre lot on the beach, on one corner of which stood the lighthouse. He did not long survive the loss of fortune and disappointment of his hopes, and, in dying left his small property to his only son, John.

In the days of their prosperity young John Reigh had formed dissipated habits, which were not laid aside at marriage. These, and the prospect of lifelong poverty, embittered the spirit of the one-time prodigal, so that he came to be spoken of as "a terrible man." He was bitter especially against Oliver Duffield and his son, Harry. Young John had married a very respectable young lady of the community, by whom he had two children; the elder, a son named Alex; the younger a daughter named Lizzie.

Oliver Duffield also had felt deeply disappointed that the railway had not found a terminus at Port Royal. But he had the "power" and could live without a railway. That was *one* consolation. *Another* was the now evident fact that his village would retain its name and place, since Victoria Point was fast vanishing to a memory, except the lighthouse. That conical tower, built in massive masonry, would stand because it was needed. He declared that that was the only good move the old captain had ever made. Still, Oliver thought it was not much of an inheritance to leave to a reckless son. However, it was better than nothing, and the care of it at three hundred dollars a year would continue, if he should remain sufficiently well behaved to satisfy the Government inspector.

Oliver Duffield also determined to have some compensation from the Government for his political steadfastness. When Canada's great statesman travelled

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over the railway to Harbor Sands, Oliver managed to obtain a private interview with him, in which he obtained the promise of a small pier at Port Royal, and which materialized the following summer.

This was the last stroke of business of a public nature, as it had been the first, that Oliver ever performed. One day he died suddenly. By a peculiar irony of fate his body was borne along Terrace Road to Victoria Point, and buried in that despised cemetery on the land of his former rival, who already lay sleeping there. The same breakers on the same rough boulders in the shallow waters of the lake chanted the requiem of each in turn.

Harry Duffield, Oliver's son, came into possession of the mill property. It was understood that he had inherited all. Lawyer Sharppe, who had attended to Oliver Duffield's legal business, made no statement to contrary at the time.

Harry Duffield had also inherited his father's business instincts and shrewdness. In the son, the latter quality took rather the character of cunning. The village people openly declared him "a match for Sharppe." The legal gentleman silently acquiesced, and generally smiled at the implied compliment. Harry's education was very limited, as he had been requisitioned for the mill when still quite young. He had developed a strong and muscular frame, well proportioned, and quite in symmetry with his large head. His broad forehead, full temples, high cheeks, piercing black eyes that were small for the face, and frizzy hair of suggestive nigrity, sometimes caused the observant stranger to look sharply at him a second time.

The face indicated strength of personality, whatever the moral fibre might be.

In his early years Harry Duffield had begun to pay some attention to spiritual interests, too. He was a member of the Church, and one of the most liberal supporters, notwithstanding that he often accused himself of shameful irregularity in attendance.

"I know I'm not what I ought to be," he would say to the pastor in charge, Rev. Thomas Lester; "but, you see, there's just this into it, I know it's all right. I like to know that the Church is going on well all the same. No matter what happens I am going to support it, too."

Self-accusations of this kind were generally relieved by a little laugh that almost compelled the listener to believe him to be a man of thorough good nature. The authority to write J.P. after his name, in signing documents, added something to his social prestige. He had married respectably, and had one daughter, Elsie, by name. At the time of his father's death he was said to be "well fixed." So that Harry Duffield was regarded as "the leading man" in the place.

Port Royal might have retained that first place which Oliver's persistence had gained for it, if Harry had been as narrow as his father, and if there had not been in persons living a desire "to rise in the world," even at the cost of casting sentiment aside.

Harry Duffield was the first to forsake the lower land near the mill, and move up on the old Reigh property, where he erected a residence for himself. The following year he sold the Reigh property to a newcomer, named John Starr, who also bought the

privilege of the abandoned flour mill, and began business.

John Starr was full of enterprise, and soon had twenty acres surveyed according to a "plan," which he registered. The village was to be named after the individual who should purchase the first portion of the new site. This happened to be a Mr. Lockton, who purchased four lots on the military road, or main street. Lockton then purchased from John Reigh what remained of the old frame hotel at Victoria Point, and moved it up to the new village site, naming it the "Lockton House." The lot adjoining the house he devoted to a bowling green, and thus began the nucleus of the village henceforth known as Lockton Green.

The new site had some advantages over either of the old villages. To the north stretched a fine agricultural country; to the south, lying down beneath, was the picturesque glen through which flowed the Spiller. To the west, less than a mile distant, stretched the blue expanse of Lake Huron.

These matters formed an epoch in the community. Henceforth the higher ground was sought after by those intending to build. John Starr gave unconditional deeds to all who paid the price. He was surprised when Lockton established a hotel on his lots, but it was a matter of indifference to John Starr. He was one of four brothers who formed a syndicate, and who owned several mills in other parts, all known as the "Starr Mills," and all marked by a large white cross painted on some conspicuous part of the building. John Starr took life "in real earnest," with a dip in the material, though the moral and spiritual

were not lost sight of—he being a church member. Mrs. Starr was a model of domestic virtues, while her natural predilections carried her toward the moral and spiritual.

There was one son at home, who took an active part in the work of the mill. Horace Starr was at this time about thirty years of age.

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III.

"WHEN EVEN WAS COME"

THE church and parsonage in Lockton Green occupied adjacent lots (the gift of John Starr) on a side street, which had been named "Temple Avenue." The avenue was little used, except for a short season about the time of the annual "Northern Fair," when, for a few days, it became a thoroughfare, as the fair grounds fronted upon it.

The church was a frame building of the old oblong style, with a forty-foot steeple. The "fathers" who had borne the expense of erecting the church, had ever afterwards regarded the steeple as a mistake, since it proved too large for the building, and from the repeated straining of storms had constantly shaken the plastering beneath. They had many a "tussle" in their Board meetings as to whether it would be more advisable to remove the "ancient landmark," or continue to meet the expense of replastering from time to time. But the steeple remained to point the devout worshipper heavenward. Very little money had been wasted in "useless ornament," either within the edifice or on the outside. To have the church "sided up" with dressed pine was an extraordinary effort. The same cautious principles of economy led them to have it painted white, as the best means of preserving the

expensive workmanship. One member of the Board who was rather noted for worldly wisdom, but who had evidently forgotten the Apocalyptic "rainbow" (if, indeed, he could remember ever hearing of it), urged as a strong reason for painting the church white, that it was "the most heavenly color." It was a plea well worthy of John Muneymaker.

The parsonage, also, was a frame, two-story building nearly square, which had at least once been painted an olive green. It was commodiously large, but old-fashioned, for the time. The same principles of economy relative to ornamentation had been observed in its construction as in the erection of the church. No land had been wasted in a front lawn. Trustees who were accustomed to seeing the crops growing up to within a few feet of their own front doors saw no need of a front lawn; so the occupants stepped from the front door of the parsonage out on the street, or from the street up to the front door.

Still, successive itinerant preachers had found this parsonage a very comfortable home; nor had any of the preachers ever thought that the ladies of Lockton Green cast more inquisitorial glances upon the carpets and furnishings than they had observed from ladies in other places. They had charitably excused any criticisms from the good ladies on the ground that when they had gone to the labor of socials, tea-meetings, or autograph quilts, for the purpose of furnishing the parsonage, they naturally expected "to see things taken care of, and to see them wear as long as possible."

Some articles of furnishing had done good service

beyond dispute in this parsonage, for when, after an interval of eleven years, Rev. Thomas Lester returned to occupy it for a second term, he found himself walking upon carpets that had seen a few years' service when he had previously entered it for a brief pastorate of only one year. He was now closing the second term at Lockton Green. His former removal was a surprise and a disappointment to the people when they learned of it from the "second draft." For some reason he had desired to leave the charge, but the people did not know the conflict that had taken place in the minister's mind over the matter. Unwilling to leave, he was yet loath to remain. After an interval of eleven years he had consented to being reappointed, and had spent three prosperous years. During the last year Mrs. Lester had died. His youngest daughter, Lucelle, was at home with him. His eldest daughter, Emma, had been married during his first pastoral term on this charge to Hamilton Elliott, a farmer, who still resided about a mile from Lockton Green.

There remained one Sunday for Mr. Lester to preach and say farewell to his congregations. It was not a new experience, for he had done the same many times before. But this occasion would be especially trying, because he was going to say farewell to the active ministry as well. The hardest trial of his ministry was the leaving of it. The warrior's armor was not rusty nor broken, but the stalwart frame that had carried it through forty years had grown feeble. At the Annual District Meeting he had made his request for release.

"Who are recommended as superannuated ministers?"

The chairman had put the customary question, and a hush fell on the meeting.

Then after a pause Rev. Thomas Lester arose. He attempted to speak, but could not. His countenance gave evidence of suppressed emotion. At length he said:

"Mr. Chairman and Brethren—"

Again there was silence, during which a wave of emotion swept the meeting, and more than one minister bowed his head low. At length the aged minister gained sufficient control of himself to continue:

"My brethren, this is the most painful hour of my ministerial life, now that I have to ask for such a relation; and I realize that the time has come when I must lay down the banner which I have so long borne, and lay aside those duties in which I have found so much joy. It is true this ministry has brought trials to me, but they are not to be compared with the joys I have known in it. I am glad to think that the years have not gone by with me for nothing. I know of persons here and there who have been led into the way of peace under my ministry, and I have no deeper joy than that which comes to me as I think that it has pleased the Master to use me, even to this extent. I had hoped that sunset might find me still busy in the work, but it is not to be, for so far as the labors of the day are concerned, I feel that I am about done, and probably it will not be long till the sunset comes. Let me recall one word: I do not lay down the banner. I only hand it over to younger and stronger men. May God bless the younger brethren of the ministry!"

A responsive "Amen" came from the chair, and from several of the older ministers present, and Mr. Lester continued:

"I have been present on other occasions when aged brethren asked to be relieved, and I have never contemplated such a step with anything but a feeling of reversion. We are sometimes misunderstood by our people, but never more so than when they suppose that we are pleased to be relieved from the active work. Oh, my brethren, how glad I would be to go on with you longer in this work! How precious is your opportunity. More than forty years ago I laid my life upon the altar, as an offering to Him who had revealed Himself within my heart; and now that the end is drawing near I lay also the imperfect labors of my life before Him, who called me to a place of honor in this ministry. My brethren, I cannot labor with you any longer in this ministry, but I can pray for your success, and I shall do so. I love you all. I love His Church, His people. They are all dear to me. And I love God. Yes, my brethren, I love Him, more to-day than ever, and His Church more than ever."

Then as his spirit rose in an ecstasy of holiest emotion, he looked upward, and with uplifted hands continued:

"And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know,
When round His throne we meet!"

There was deep silence when the aged minister sat down, and several ministers hastily passed their handkerchiefs across their eyes. Then the chairman said:

"Perhaps some of the brethren wish to say a word."
He could scarcely speak this much himself.

Two of the older ministers arose in succession, the one to move, the other to second the motion of recommendation, that Thomas Lester be relieved from the active work of the ministry, and be granted a superannuated relation, as requested. Both of them spoke of the faithfulness of his ministry, and of the conscientious labors he had given to the Church. Others followed the mover and seconder, speaking in the same appreciative manner of Mr. Lester's ministerial labors.

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IV.

FAREWELL SUNDAY

SUNDAY morning came, the last Sunday of the "active ministry" of Rev. Thomas Lester. With what sweep of recollection and tender emotion his mind ran back over the years of his ministry! He had yet vivid recollections of the first Sunday when, by authority of Conference, he had ascended the high steps of the pulpit in a small rural church "to preach the Word." How the limbs of the strong young man had trembled as he looked timidly into the faces of old and young that day; and how glad he was when that first Sunday's preaching was over, and he could ride back to his lodgings under cover of darkness, feeling doubtful about the efforts of the day. Then all the churches, and revivals, all the Conference gatherings, all the "appointments" and disappointments of all the years came! He had at length reached the end. In youth he had hoped that after a time he would become strong and more self-reliant in preaching. He had hoped that, if he should not occupy the pulpit of a large church, he might at any rate preach with some of that self-possession he had observed and admired so much in certain ministers in large city congregations, men who did not appear to know what it was to experience a tremor or to feel abashed before a large aud-

ience. But, on this last Sunday of his long ministry he felt no stronger in himself than he had felt when he began on probation. He had grown, but it was all away from self.

Lucelle Lester had filled the position of organist during the greater part of her father's pastorate in Lockton Green. She had not only received a thorough musical education, but music was her passion. Many confessed that they came "just to hear the little organist play," just to listen to the soul-touching interludes introduced by previous arrangement with her father before the service commenced, or before or after the sermon, and which were a rare pleasure and inspiration to people not accustomed to a high order of music.

"Bliss yer daar heart, Lucelly," old Mrs. Cafferty had said as she pressed Lucelle's delicate hand tightly within her own hard palm; "ye hiv the most wonderfulest power over me whin ye play. Shure, Oi can't kape back the taars, fur ye set me heart joggin' loike so, and there's somethin' rises up in me, an' oh, but Oi hiv such a wish to be a better woman whin Oi lishten to yer music, darlin'. May the Lord iver love ye fur it, Nolan will' laff whin Oi spaake so forninst him, but he knows himself it's the raal truth, and he faals himsilf too at whiles, darlin'."

With a winsome smile at the compliment, Lucelle assured Mrs. Cafferty that she had no such mystical power as the latter attributed to her, but that Mrs. Cafferty was by nature a lover of music, and might have been a successful performer if she had given it attention in early life.

"Ah, there ye are now, shure, darlin', with yer nois among

"A bit o' blarney," replied Mrs. Cafferty. "Moy, but you young Kan-adians all know how to do that! Roight well ye know, Lucelly, that other girls moight sit clawin' and sprawlin' at the organ, and Oi moight listen ivery blissed Sunday av me loife and niver a tear would come—not wan. But just as soon as ye play the first bit av the tune Oi'm ivery bit tinglin', I'd thin the taars'll come in spoite av me. Ay, darlin', we'll miss ye whin ye go away."

There seemed even more tenderness in those simple instrumentals over which Lucelle's soul trembled and throbbd that Sunday morning. Perhaps she felt the circumstances of the day even more deeply than her father, for reasons that will appear. The old church organ had been an intimate companion, and every pressure of her delicate fingers upon the keys was as "an holy kiss" in the services of this Sunday that had for her a sevenfold sacredness. She might touch those keys again, often perhaps, but her father would not be ministering at the desk. He might be—Lucelle did not care to contemplate the possibilities of the near future. The pathos of her spirit stole into the congregation, as on the wings of holiest harmonies she raised them up to "heavenly places" of devotion.

Mr. Lester read 1 Thess. v. for the morning lesson. His discourse was suggested chiefly by the various advices found in verses twelve to twenty-three, and among the good things he spoke were some words of appeal on behalf of the young minister who would be his successor, Rev. Owen Greenway, B.A., B.D.

"Brother Greenway," said Mr. Lester, "will come among you a complete stranger. In certain respects

that may be an advantage to both, for you shall meet without any preconceived prejudices. Receive him to your hearts, I pray you. He is one, but you are many. Among the two hundred members of this charge let not one heart be closed to him. I believe you will thus receive him. He comes to you with a good report, both as to character, ability, and scholarship. You will find him a strong, self-reliant, competent young man, and 'let no man despise his youth.' I could not advise you better than in the words of the greatest of the apostles, for the words express much of what is very often the secret of a successful ministry."

Then Mr. Lester read verses twelve and thirteen.

After the sermon, having read the notices for the day, continuing he said: "I have another announcement to make. At the evening service I shall tell you of an incident that occurred here during my former pastorate, the disclosure of which will, I trust, lift up a dark cloud from the life of a certain young woman of this locality. I imagine that some of you know whom I refer to. I can scarcely say that she has been wronged, but yet she suffers. It is a peculiarity of the circumstances. I would have disclosed everything relative to her before this, but that I had promised to maintain silence. I must, however, disclose everything this evening, as I may not have another opportunity. I know not what may be the outcome of what I shall reveal, but I purpose doing what appears to me to be my duty before God."

Mr. Lester then announced the closing hymn. The congregation waited for the prelude, but on looking toward Lucelle they saw that her handkerchief covered

her eyes, and she appeared to be deeply moved. Turning toward her Mr. Lester said:

"Lucelle, dear, please start the hymn."

But Lucelle did not move. Then a voice in the congregation raised the tune, and the people joined in the singing. When the benediction was pronounced, and the people went out silently, Lucelle still remained in her place with her eyes covered.

At the evening service the church was crowded and many were unable to gain an entrance. Doubtless the curious mingled with the devout. Many came only because it was to be Mr. Lester's last service, and not a few were there to hear what might be revealed. Lucelle took her accustomed place at the organ. Mr. Lester's other daughter, Mrs. Hamilton Elliott, was also present in the congregation.

The portion of Scripture which Mr. Lester had selected for a text was Numbers vi. 24-26. He had chosen this because it expressed the deepest feelings of his heart for the people he was about to leave. Toward the close of his discourse he made a touching reference to the long pastorate he was finally closing: "One great want that I believe I shall find in my life henceforth will be, that I shall not have a people to oversee. Of necessity I have become habituated to the care of a congregation, having them always in my mind, and always bearing them upon my heart. When absent from you I have been present with you in spirit. In the preparation of my sermons you have always been before me, and I have sought to utter those things only that would be appropriate. To make a sermon has always been difficult for me. You, fathers

and mothers, all know how difficult is the duty when you have to chasten your children, and I know that by your own feelings under those circumstances you will be able to interpret my feelings. We shall still remain as one, however, though I shall not be your pastor. It is only natural that the congregation who have been last under my pastoral care should continue to supply, in some measure at least, the want that I have spoken of, and which I anticipate. I shall still bear you on my heart. Therefore, beloved, let me give you my blessing in the words of my text:

“The Lord bless thee, and keep thee:
The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee:
The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.”

A brief prayer followed, and then the aged minister sat down, with evident signs of exhaustion, both mental and physical.

The choir rendered an offertory, and Mr. Lester rose again to read the notices. A breathless silence followed when he laid these aside, and looking the congregation full in their faces spoke again, in a voice that was low and broken:

“As I intimated to you at the morning service,” he began, and here his voice faltered, “I—desire—to speak—of—one—who—has—suffered—”

His voice had sunk to a husky whisper, so low that he was heard only because of the deathly stillness in the church. It seemed as though no one was breathing, so still were the congregation.

Then a piercing cry from Lucelle rang out through

the church as she saw her father's head fall forward, while he leaned heavily on the pulpit, and from thence slipped gently to the floor. Many persons sprang up and rushed forward to offer help, but Mrs. Hamilton Elliott, who had been watching him closely, reached her father first. The faint passed, and he revived slowly, but not sufficiently to be able to dismiss the meeting. Kind hands bore him outside and into the parsonage, by which time he could speak; and by the aid of restoratives he was soon able to converse again.

Sitting by him Lucelle held his hand. "Father, the strain of the day's services has been too much for your strength, but you will rest now," she said tenderly.

"Yes, Lucelle, it has been rather too great," he answered. "I ought to have held only one service in Lockton Church to-day, perhaps. And the other matter—I think it remains untold. I wanted to make that known to the people, but I failed."

"You can tell them of that matter another time, dear papa. Rest now," said Lucelle, stooping and kissing his forehead; and no further reference was made to it.

The light of the setting sun was streaming into the room. Through the window the lake was visible, lying calm and white with shadings of blue. Mr. Lester's eyes caught the glory of the departing day, his vision passing from the expanse of calm waters beneath to the thin curtain of roseate cloud above. Through the luminous gateway of the sunset skies, with glory beneath answering to glory above, his inward vision passed to the "things that are not seen."

"A beautiful sunset, Emma," he said, now addressing Mrs. Elliott, who also sat near him.

"The sky and the water are both beautiful this evening, father," replied Mrs. Elliott, glad to divert his thoughts from his own condition.

"The experience of this evening, Emma, has caused me to think that sunset cannot be far off for me," he said. "I trust it may be as peaceful as the one on which we now look."

"Father," answered Mrs. Elliott, "we hope it is not near, but we cannot tell. Meantime, you remember the promise, 'at eventime it shall be light.'"

The conversation had brightened Mr. Lester's thoughts, and in a low voice he began to repeat:

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea,

"But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the
boundless deep
Turns again home.

"Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;

"For tho' from out our bourne of Time and
Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

The daughters noted how he quoted the stanzas accurately, showing clearly that memory had returned and was in full exercise once more.

While they were conversing the sun had sunk beneath the silvery surface of the lake, and the changing hues of the summer twilight now flitted restlessly over it, finally fading out and giving place to the deep dark blue of the summer night.

Very little family resemblance could be traced among the three as they sat together. Mr. Lester was a large, heavily-built man, with florid complexion and sandy hair close upon red. His face was large and strong, but kind withal.

Mrs. Elliott was of a complexion that halted between light and dark. She was tall, robust, and matronly. Her countenance was winning. The nose was extremely short, but this did not detract from the kindly light of her blue eyes and peaceful face. Her whole appearance was generous, and sufficiently indicative of strength to command attention.

In figure Lucelle was small, slight, and winsome. Nature had given her wavy, auburn hair, and if she had been given a free hand in the disposition of the gift she would have coiled it in bewitching ringlets around the pliant small shoulders. Not even the peculiarity of one eye, which was slightly turned inward, could detract materially from a winsomeness that was irresistible. Naturally reserved, diffident, shy, few knew Lucelle, except such as had won her confidence. The little figure was an insufficient, even misleading, index of the great heart and sweet spirit that it enshrined.

The congregation had departed silently, for the events of the day had caused a solemnity approaching awe to rest down upon them. Many were wondering what the things were which Mr. Lester had,

through failing strength, been unable to reveal. Haddon Gregory, the hotelkeeper, who had only recently taken the Lockton House, had been present with his family. He sighed deeply as he walked away from the church, and remarked to Mrs. Gregory as they moved along:

"Mr. Lester is a good, old man, anyway, even if he is not sharp to see many things going on that other men would see. I sometimes think that some of the preachers see too much for the peace of the church. But that cannot be said of Mr. Lester. I only wish I could look back and see as much good in my life as he can see in his."

Mrs. Gregory looked up quickly at her husband with an amused, trifling air, and replied: "Why, Haddon! How serious you have become! I imagine you are like those preachers you have just referred to; you are seeing too much in your own life as you look into it. You will have to give up attending church. I felt more like laughing at the silly creatures getting so alarmed at the old preacher fainting. Of course, I do not blame his daughters, but the people! What was more natural, on a warm summer evening, after having conducted three services?"

"There was more than that in the affair," said Gregory.

"Oh, you are too serious to-night, Haddon," replied his wife. "I shall not be surprised to see you converted if the next preacher suits you."

Another deep sigh escaped from Gregory as he remarked, "A worse thing might happen to me."

V.

THE NEW PREACHER

ON the Tuesday following the farewell services Rev. Thomas Lester and Lucelle went to reside temporarily at Hamilton Elliott's home. For a time, at least, Mr. Lester's proposed journey to England to recuperate must be postponed.

The coming of a new preacher forms an epoch in the life of the average Methodist community. It will be especially marked if he be possessed of that aggressive force of character that brings change quickly by his ability in organization or evangelistic power, or if he be conspicuously of a social disposition. After the first manifestations of distinct personality, individual estimates soon follow.

Rev. Owen Greenway, B.A., B.D., arrived in Lockton Green the day following Mr. Lester's removal, but being "a single ordained minister," and having no immediate need of the parsonage, he drove to the Lockton House. Of Welsh extraction, Owen Greenway came fresh from college. The flavor of the "campus" was still about him. He was a fine specimen, physically, mentally, and morally, of that vigorous Canadian manhood, which in a decade has become famous on three continents.

"Can you lodge me for the night, and, perhaps, for a few days?" he asked of Mr. Haddon Gregory, who, with some others, was sitting on the hotel veranda.

"Certainly, sir; come in," replied the landlord, graciously. "You are a traveller, I presume?"

"We are all travellers in a way," replied the other.

Haddon Gregory now looked at the stranger sharply, and noted his broad chest and massive shoulders, his large head covered thickly with fine dark yellow hair, and clear blue eyes that looked steadily into his own. The newcomer was above medium height and carried the air of a sea captain, who owned every plank in the vessel. He drove a high sorrel roadster marked with white face and "white stockings."

They entered the office, a small room adjoining the bar-room, and the landlord opening a register, said: "We are usually inquisitive enough to ask the names of our guests. My own name is Haddon Gregory."

"Pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Gregory," replied the other. "I am Owen Greenway, the Methodist minister, sent to take charge of this work. How does that suit you? Preachers and hotelkeepers are not generally the most intimate friends."

"Oh, that suits all right," answered Gregory, laughing at the preacher's frank words. "I also am pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Greenway. Yes, the people are expecting you. But, perhaps, some of the church families are expecting to entertain you, and if so—it will be all right, you know."

"I am under no promise to any of them; so there can be no disappointment."

"Have you any family, Mr. Greenway?"

"No, I am not married."

"Oh, you are still unmarried?" said Gregory, interrogatively. "I heard Mr. Lester make some reference to you last Sunday, but, of course, he said nothing about domestic matters with you. I think you are the first unmarried ordained minister they have ever had here."

"Is your house licensed?"

"No. The license was taken away sometime before it came in here. We keep a temperance house."

"I hope you may continue to do so," said the preacher. "Have you been giving attendance at the Methodist Church?"

"Well, I don't work much at it myself," said Gregory, smiling; "but my family prefer that church and attend there. So I feel under obligation to give them some financial support."

"If you were keeping a licensed house here, Mr. Gregory, you would certainly be relieved from that financial obligation," replied the preacher. "I am going to begin as I intend to continue, and I shall rigidly exclude from the treasuries of the churches, over which I am superintendent, all moneys that have been made in the sale of intoxicating liquors in the ordinary way for beverage."

"That resolution will cause you trouble in some places," said Gregory; "but I cannot say that I think it is wrong. I only think you are extreme in your views, Mr. Greenway; very extreme indeed, if that is your stand in the matter."

"Well, that will be my stand, and I am no more extreme than the case requires," answered the

preacher. "If the Church draws no line of demarcation between herself and the institutions of evil, how can sinners discover any difference between the Church and the world? You must admit that, Mr. Gregory."

That Greenway was a fearless man, whatever he might be as a preacher, was evident to Gregory; and forthwith he began to extend to him that mingling of homage and respect that courage always inspires, even in an enemy.

But, apparently, it had not occurred to the young minister that wise and experienced generalship does not publish a programme of campaign for the inspection of the enemy, and that, possibly, his declaration of intentions was indiscreet, however sincere. Greenway had enough iron in his makeup to serve several good men. But iron to be tempered must pass through the cooling process as well as the heating; and he had not yet reached that point where a plunge into the zero temperature of failure and disappointment was to transmute the iron into steel, capable of intense brilliance of polish and keenness of edge.

For a few moments the two men stood confronting each other. Then Gregory's eyes fell, and a deep, involuntary sigh escaped from him. Long experience in public life had enabled him to read men quickly, and he had already conceived an admiration for this young divine now standing uncovered before him, running his fingers through his thick yellow hair. "I think we understand each other, Mr. Greenway," he said at length, quietly. Then he led the preacher to a chamber on the second floor, and when the latter returned to the office he conducted him into supper.

"My daughter, Mildred," addressing Greenway, as a young woman approached to wait on the table, and who greeted the preacher warmly.

Having introduced the stranger, Gregory withdrew.

The young lady was of large, full figure, light complexion, thick heavy hair, much the color of the preacher's. She had a beautiful face, every feature of which indicated the benevolent heart. Greenway's thought, as he looked at her, was that Mildred Gregory ought not to spend many of her days in her present position. She was plainly designed by Nature for some greater work, whether the opportunity would ever come to her or not.

Mildred drew a chair away from the other side of the table, and sat down nearly opposite to Greenway. She looked toward each door of the room as if to make sure that there was no opening, and then, leaning a little forward, said in a low tone: "I overheard most of the conversation you had with my father. I cannot tell you how glad I was to hear what you said. An effort will be made to obtain a license for this house, and it may astonish you when you find out the names of all who will favor it. I am against it myself; but my stepmother favors it. If she did not, I think my father would never try to obtain it. This is called a temperance house, but liquor has been sold here every day during the time we have been here. Not likely that much more would be sold if the house were licensed; but the restraint would be lifted. I know what a licensed house means. Oh, Mr. Greenway, if you can prevent one being granted to this house, do

so for the sake of our home! My father knows he is leading a wrong life. He is drinking a good deal now to drown convictions that he cannot shake off. Did you not observe him sigh deeply when you were conversing with him?"

"I did, Miss Gregory," replied Greenway. He was now so deeply interested in what she was telling him that he had scarcely touched food.

"Do not let me discourage you before you begin your work," she resumed. "There is work before you here. I agree with the view you hold in reference to the taking of money from the liquor business for religious purposes. Do not place yourself under obligation. Hold yourself free. It is the only way in which you can have any influence with my father. He has little respect for those ministers who come in here and refrain from saying a word against the traffic. He has shown you a degree of respect that is a surprise to me. If you follow up what you have already said, you may win him out of this life."

"You may trust me to follow it up, Miss Gregory," replied Greenway. "What was Mr. Lester's stand on this matter?"

"Oh, perfectly clear and right, so far as he has spoken," replied Mildred. "But he imagined this was really a 'temperance house,' and did not understand the facts about the drinking that goes on in Lockton Green. Perhaps he thought he ought to spare my feelings, because I am a member of the Church, and, therefore, said very little about temperance. But in truth my feelings are all in the opposite direction. I only wish I could hear more preaching on behalf of

temperance, and I have no reason to believe that my father, in his heart, does not approve of it, too. I believe he does, although most of his life has been spent in the liquor business. At twelve years of age he was a drinking bar for his mother."

The sound of approaching steps caused Mildred to rise, and Mr. Gregory appeared at the door to say that Mr. Ben Haylock, who kept a grocery near by, had called with the key of the parsonage, having learned of Mr. Greenway's arrival. The latter soon quitted the table, and went out to meet Mr. Haylock, whom Mr. Gregory introduced as "one of your members, a fine young man, and President of the Young People's Society."

As Greenway surveyed Ben he almost felt that he was looking upon one of nature's mistakes, his appearance was so feminine. Ben was above medium height, but of slight built, with round drooping shoulders. His complexion was swarthy, almost a ruddy brown, which, with his dark brown eyes, had more than once betrayed strangers into thinking that he was a foreigner," much to Ben's amusement.

Ben's grocery was the most popular in the place. He never was known to get angry at the complaints of any of the older women who came to his shop. More than once he had turned aside their wrath by proposing that they should pray for him without ceasing, for they had no idea of the constant temptations to which grocerymen were exposed. The blandishments of the young ladies he had escaped thus far, though the ultimate issue appeared doubtful to himself. However, Ben remained popular with the young

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ladies, for beneath his seeming innocence there was art and a native shrewdness that was seldom outwitted.

After introductory greetings were exchanged, Ben handed the key of the parsonage to the preacher, saying: "This key will admit you to the home of your future bride. I hope you have no objection to receiving it at the hands of a foreigner."

"Certainly not, when that foreigner is possessed of such beautiful femininity as has fallen to you," replied Greenway, smiling.

"Oh, Mr. Greenway!" cried Ben, laughing loudly. "Who has been talking to you? It must have been you, Mr. Gregory," turning to the hotel-keeper. Then he put one hand up to his blushing, swarthy face and turned half around, still laughing. This was an unconscious but usual movement with Ben when enjoying himself particularly.

"You will know Ben better after a while, Mr. Greenway," said Gregory. "It took me some time to classify him, but I know now how to receive what he says. Do not take him too seriously. He's a bit of a joker as you may see."

"I'm quite sure that Mr. Greenway will also know you better after a while," replied Ben. "I have found you out, too. There's not much danger of the preacher taking you too seriously, pointing a finger at Mr. Gregory. Still laughing he turned toward the door, the other hand covering the deep blush on his cheek.

"That is not so feminine," muttered Greenway to himself, as he followed Ben outside.

Ben showed him the location of the parsonage, and

when they reached the door of the grocery, said, "Come in as you return."

Greenway first looked over the stable and drive-shed, then entered the house. Having gone through the rooms he selected one on the first floor for a study. "I shall room here at any rate," he said, "wherever I may get my meat."

Seated in one of the upholstered chairs his mind ran quickly over all he had seen and learned since arriving, and it seemed a great deal for so short a time. He recalled Mildred's words. Yes, that matter must be watched, and, if possible, he must circumvent it. Evidently his work here was cut out for him. "Who is sufficient for these things?" came the pointed inquiry.

It is probable that those strongest in moral conflict have the deepest sense of inefficiency, which is interpreted as "weakness." In the quiet of the house that was to be his future residence, such a sense of need stole into the preacher's consciousness. Kneeling down he sought Divine help for the labors of this pastorate, and courage to move forward confronting those antagonisms that his moral perception, like a prophetic vision, already discerned upon its horizon.

Half an hour afterwards the young preacher passed outside again. For a few minutes he stood looking away across the lake upon which the setting sun had spread out a broad apron of golden leaves sewn with threads of silver. Northward the smoke of an invisible steamer wreathed above the horizon; southward were to be seen the wide sails of a schooner. The rounded bosom of the lake was an image of peace, and

recalled to his memory the words, "Peace, be still," that quieted the turbulent waters of Galilee to "a great calm." With this tranquil vision of golden waters before him he seemed to discern a deeper meaning in the words, and a comprehension that embraced himself.

After a time he turned his steps toward Ben Haylock's grocery.

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VI.

IN BEN HAYLOCK'S GROCERY

THE conversation between Haddon Gregory and the new preacher was overheard by more than Mildred. As already noticed, a few men had been sitting on the veranda with Gregory when Greenway drove up; and from the conversation that followed they had learned who he was. Among the loungers were Nolan Caferty and Harry Duffield, and both had slipped into Ben's grocery afterwards to inform him of the preacher's arrival. Nolan had begun by asking:

"Bin, say, did ye feel the grocery shakin' a few minutes ago?"

"Well, it may have shaken some when I was trying to put that syrup barrel to its place. But what do you mean, Nolan?"

"Ye didn't feel any shocks comin' from the way av the timperance house, then, didn't ye?"

"Well, no," replied Ben. "What was going on over there?" Ben knew that Nolan had a rare gift of circumlocutory address that might be extended about and around any desired radius. So he brought him to the question.

"The new preacher has arrived," said Nolan, condescending to a statement that was intelligible; "and

he's put up his horse at Hadd's. He'll think he's comin' to a foin lot o' Methody people, whin niver a wan av ye sint him a kyard av invitation to take his first supper at yer house. There he has to go to the hotel. And you'll expect him to be preachin' timperance sermons and crying down such places; and now whin he's come among ye a total stranger he might sleep in his top buggy if it wasn't for Gregory's house. Be gorry, I liked the chap, too, for his independence, not to be beholden to wan of sich a mean, beggarly crowd of poor-mouthed, pinchin' skinflints as you Methodys are in Lockton Green. Ye would skin a louse for the hide and tallow, so ye would. Ye're a miserable pack of stingy ribes, that are fit to lift a copper off a dead man's eye, if ye thought it would save yer own pockets. Ye stingy divils, to let yer new preacher have to pay for his first supper! But ye have a man this time that will make ye toe the mark. If he doesn't bring ye up to the chalk-line, and make ye keep yer senses I'm not Nolan Cafferty."

If anyone else, either in joke or in earnest had said as much in Nolan's presence about the church of which his mother was a member, he would have thrashed them roundly if it had been in his power. Nolan was indulging himself now. But Ben's femininity was generally a match for Nolan's Billingsgate.

"It will help the 'temperance house,' Nolan," said Ben, "to have an occasional traveller stop there. A house that is dependent on the sale of 'soft drinks' and 'meals at all hours' cannot do a large business in Lockton Green, you know. And it will be worth something to Gregory to have a decent man like the

new preacher seen around his premises once in a while. What do you think, Nolan?"

Ben was laughing as he said this; and he put up his hands modestly to hide his swarthy blushes; then he turned half around in his enjoyment of Nolan's discomfiture. For Nolan went too frequently to the Lockton House, and there were very sure indications that the drinks were not all "soft" that he consumed in his imbibitions there. Harry Duffield, too, was enjoying the turn of the joke on Nolan, and he now broke in with his usual volubility:

"Say, now, ha, ha! I did not think of that. There's just this into it, too, Ben; what if the new preacher makes up his mind to board there? Why, Nolan, say, there's just this into it, you see, what about the young lady?"

"I'll tell you," replied Nolan, angrily, "there's just this into it, that you're too blamed smart and impudent, Duffield. And the young lady's too good and too pure for even her name to be spoken out of yer big, dirty, black mouth. I don't want any sauce from sich a hypocritical, cantin' varlet as you. I want sich low-bred villains to mind their own dirty business, and they'll have enough of it to do. That's what's into it, and you can take as much as suits you out of it; so there."

Turning on his heel Nolan walked out of the grocery and over to the hotel, followed by the derisive laughter of Duffield.

A few minutes later Ben had followed over to the hotel, where, as already intimated, he delivered the key of the parsonage to Greenway.

After Nolan and Ben had gone out, Harry Duffield's countenance underwent a change that was a study for the one who saw it. A storm of anger swept over him in an instant. He clenched his teeth and struck the counter a fierce blow with his fist as he muttered: "I'll see that he gets a black mouth for that before long. Curse him, for a low, impudent, drunken dog. What is he? A sot, that had to be put on the 'Indian list'!"

Turning around Duffield lifted Ben's water pitcher to moisten the dryness of his angry mouth. The pitcher was empty, and he let loose his pent-up rage by hurling it against the syrup barrel that Ben had just placed in position. The crash was heard by Ben's sister, Annie, who peeped through the glass door at the rear of the shop, and beheld the passion portrayed on Duffield's face. She saw the ugly gleam of his black eyes, and the snaky, yellow pallor of his countenance.

The sound of approaching voices outside was heard, and Duffield made an effort to collect himself far enough to assume a cheerful air when two customers entered. He was engaged in conversation with these when Ben returned. He apologized for having "accidentally" broken the pitcher, and offered to pay for it.

Then, while Greenway was surveying the parsonage premises, Duffield narrated to those in the grocery the conversation that had taken place between Gregory and the new preacher. As was his customary form of address he concluded by dragging forth to light the central substance and essential being of the whole matter.

"I tell you now, fellows, there's just this into it, this place needs a shaking up, and I believe it's going to get it; and—there's just this into it; I—for one—and I'm speaking only for myself, for I know I'm not what I ought to be—"

"We all know that," put in Ben, and then turned half around, laughing and blushing.

Harry Duffield colored slightly. He was not yet, in time-periods nor feelings far removed from his recent passion, but he joined in the laugh with the others.

"We all know you, Ben," he continued; "but jokes aside, you see, there's just this into it, things are not going right in this place, and never will till people get better themselves. That Infidel Club is doing harm, and its growing stronger every day. We need some straight work here in Lockton Green, for I tell you, there's just this into it, even the church, and your Young People's Society, Ben, you know are not up to the mark. No, sir, they're not."

"Why can't you leave the rest of us alone, and not condemn us all with yourself?" asked Ben. "Perhaps Mr. Greenway may not form such a bad opinion of the place as you appear to have. Don't go and make out to him that we are all as bad as yourself. Let him find us out. Of course, your own case cannot be a secret from him very long, but the rest of us may be able to keep up an appearance for some time to come."

Ben continued in this semi-jocular strain, making prominent the thought, however, that Duffield, because he was conscious of his own moral deflection conceived the same of others in Lockton Green. This

effeminate youth had proportionately finer intuitions, and looked deep down into men. He knew that real self-abnegation never goes on parade, and this man's self-depreciation always sought an audience. It was easy for Duffield to pronounce against himself, where no other condemnation and no penalty would follow, but rather a certain glow of gratification at such self-exposure. Let another tongue utter a word of criticism against him, or even the most truthful and merited censure, and his pride would burst forth in flames of fury!

They were still engaged in this apparently friendly wrangle when loud shouts were heard outside. Some boys and young men of the village had gathered on "Temple Avenue," near the parsonage, and were engaged in putting the stone, when Greenway came out of the parsonage and joined them. After all had taken a turn at the stone, he caught it up, and balancing it on his hand a moment, heaved it upward and sent it yards beyond the farthest throw. The shout of admiration and wonder that arose was heard at the grocery.

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VII.

DUSKY BROOM

As Ben and Harry Duffield walked along the street toward the group who were engaged in the sport, Nolan, who had joined the company, was saying:

"Be gorry, ye came near sindin' the shtone into the lake. Wheriver did ye git sich an arm? Why, your riverence, there isn't a man in Lockton Green can come anywhere up near your throw, not even Horace here. It's been between him and another chap for first place until to-night, but now you're champion shure, and on the first throw, too."

Greenway observed that Horace Starr, whom Nolan referred to, was a young man of splendid physique, taller than himself, over six feet high.

"Horace is superintendent of the Sunday School," continued Nolan, who, in this unconventional but complimentary manner, had made himself known to the preacher, "so you will be expected to be friends."

As the two shook hands Greenway further observed that Horace was probably into the thirties. He had a keen, frank look, black hair and black eyes, and his somewhat round face indicated strength.

"Perhaps I had better quit the play while I hold first place," remarked Greenway. He then went over to Ben, and was introduced to Duffield.

They had been standing a few minutes in conversation when their attention was arrested by a peculiar weird cry, resembling the call of a street hawker.

"Wha Hooh! Wha Hooh! I know a thing! I am the sword of the Lord and of Gideon to slay the wicked! Wha Hooh! I know a thing!"

"Here's Dusky!" cried out some of the small boys, and then they made a run for the tall, dark-looking figure of a man advancing toward them, carrying a large valise. Dusky had a powerful arm, and he often took part with the boys in putting the stone. Generally he gained first place.

"Dusky," cried one of the lads, "the new preacher has beaten every one throwing the stone. See," and they led him to the mark indicating Greenway's throw.

Dusky surveyed the distance of the throw with wonder. Then he moved over to Greenway, looking at him curiously. As he drew near, the latter observed in the twilight that he was a mulatto, and was evidently somewhat demented.

"You're the new preacher?" he said, coming up close. "Good! I know Mr. Lester! I like him. I like you, too, preacher. What a shoulder!" and as he spoke he dealt Greenway a thud with his fist on the left shoulder that would have staggered a man of ordinary build, but which made no more impression on the divine than it would have made on the shoulder of a dray horse.

"Good," cried Dusky, when he saw the preacher receive his forcible greeting with a smile, and put out his hand, saying, "I'm glad to meet you, Dusky."

"Come and throw again preacher, do," said Dusky. I want to see."

Greenway again took up the stone, and putting little more force under it this time, he sent it hurtling yard beyond his first mark.

Another great shout of wonder arose from the boys. Dusky rushed over to the mark made by the stone, then he returned to Greenway and said:

"You're the best. Good. I like you. You take this from Dusky," and drawing forth a white silk handkerchief from the valise, he quickly slipped something into its folds and handed it to Greenway. Then Dusky continued:

"I live in the Lair at Victoria Point. Come and see me, preacher. I like you. Good-bye." He extended his great tawny hand. Greenway gave it a tremendous squeeze, at which Dusky made a grimace, to the amusement of the boys, and then he walked away. As he disappeared in the gathering darkness he began his weird chant as before:

"Wha Hooh! Wha Hooh! I know a thing! I am the sword of Gideon in the valley of Jehoshaphat. I am the sword to devour. Wha Hooh! Wha Hooh! I know a thing!"

When Greenway turned again from looking after the retreating figure, he observed a peculiar, malicious glitter in the black eyes of Harry Duffield. The yellowish pallor of his face was discernible, even in the gathering gloom, and he noted it. Harry Duffield went home immediately, and Greenway and Ben were soon seated in the little parlor over Ben's

grocery, where the latter introduced him to his sister Annie, and also to his mother, who was present.

Annie Haylock's face was almost a copy of her brother's, and both bore a striking resemblance to the mother, but showed more concentration and strength. Ben's parents had a farm a couple of miles out in the country, and either the mother or Annie "kept house" for Ben. At this season it was Annie's turn.

When Ben had seated himself, after closing the shop, he began to converse in his customary jocular manner. "We understand that your arrival adds another bachelor to the list in Lockton Green."

"That is correct," replied Mr. Greenway, in a spirit responsive to Ben's good nature; "but if Lockton Green can furnish me a suitable companion for life, why, I'm open for engagement, and I shall be pleased to go off the list."

As the sentence fell from his lips, Mrs. Haylock cast a look of dismay upon him. Indeed, her glances had been full of suspicion from the first time she had set eyes on Greenway. Then she looked at her daughter with much maternal solicitation in her expression. Her dismay did not escape Ben, who took a filial pleasure out of teasing his mother. Knowing her susceptibility he answered accordingly:

"Well, now, that's a very straightforward way of putting the matter. Annie," addressing his sister now, "you will please remember that."

"I just expected to hear you say something like that," replied Annie, with a considerable heightening of color. "You do not miss many chances of doing that."

"Well, now," replied Ben, very soberly, "perhaps you had better be like me in that respect, and take care not to miss such a good chance as the one you have just now listened to. It may never come again. And you know, Annie, that I am not very young, and you are not very much younger. You should be seriously considering marriage, if you have never done so."

"Oh, Bennie! Bennie!" cried Mrs. Haylock, in an agony of alarm; "why do you talk so? It is sinful for you to lead any one astray."

"You will not mind Ben, Mr. Greenway," said Annie, who felt more uncomfortable because of her mother's remonstrance than of Ben's humor. "After a while you will understand him better. He does say such terrible things to strangers—oh, I can't tell you how it makes me feel sometimes."

"Excuse me, mother and sister," said Ben, "I desire to win all the prestige I can for our family, and the addition of a preacher-brother-in-law would be something of value. You know, mother, how elated you were when I opened the grocery. You prophesied that I would become very rich, and the chances of the family would be helped because you would get groceries 'at cost.' I think you said that likely I would go to parliament some day if I were careful and honest."

"It might not be the best thing for any of us to get so much money," answered Mrs. Haylock.

"Very true, mother," replied Ben. "It is a proverbial statement that preachers are not overpaid; so that if Annie takes this opening she will not be in danger of too much money. You are right in line

with circumstances. I really think I understand Mr. Greenway correctly. You see he has the courage to declare himself openly. That is where I am weak. I have not the courage. Really I wonder if I ever shall get married."

Here Mrs. Haylock arose apparently in much agitation, and went out to look for a drink of water. But the conversation that continued recalled her.

"You are the proper one to solve that question," said Greenway. "Give up your wondering and get right down to making it a serious matter for decision. That is what I shall do. I wanted to ask you, Ben, whether you could advise me where to look for a place to get board. I mean to lodge at the parsonage."

"I could not at present," replied Ben. "Mr. Lester would be the one to advise you on that matter. By the way, did you hear of his sickness on Sunday evening?"

Mr. Greenway had not heard, and when Ben related the matter to him he intimated that he would call on him as soon as possible.

"Who is this mulatto they call 'Dusky'? I did not care to ask you when the others were present."

Ben and Annie exchanged glances; then Ben answered: "I really cannot tell you much about him, beyond this, that his full name is Dusky Broom. When you call on him you may learn more of him. He is harmless toward those who show him kindness, but if he takes a dislike to any one—it might be difficult to say what he would do to them. He makes a living by hawking linen, stationery and bits of trinkets. Lately he has been selling a new prepara-

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tion of stomach bitters, I hear. He is a sort of ubiquitous creature, turning up at most unexpected times and places. He will disappear, and then as suddenly reappear. Now, no one could tell where he came from to-night. In the summer he spends a good deal of time sitting about the ravine, where he has several flocks of chickens. Years ago, when Victoria Point was flourishing, Dusky lived and worked with Nigger Broom, the blacksmith. The old man, too, was eccentric, I am told. He kept a large oak coffin ready made for himself, but some thought it was a place where he stored his surplus cash, thinking no one would care to meddle with it there. From what Dusky said to you to-night I inferred that he took to you quite well."

"That reminds me," said Greenway, "that he gave me a little present," and he drew out the handkerchief. As he opened it up something green dropped out of the folds, which, on examination, proved to be a dollar note.

"You are all right with Dusky," said Ben. "That money expresses his friendship. I am one of his favored circle, I believe, and I mean to remain in it. I advise you to call on him just as soon as you can, for he may soon disappear again."

"Are he and Duffield on friendly terms?"

Ben shook his head and looked at the carpet as he remarked, "I'm afraid not."

At this point in the conversation Ben's father drove up to the grocery, and Mrs. Haylock rose to depart. He was nervous and agitated. Her quietness during the latter part of the conversation was the silence of dismay. As she was bidding Mr. Greenway good-

bye she took occasion to say: "I do hope, Mr. Greenway, that you may soon be able to find a suitable wife. There are good young women in Lockton Green, if you have not yet made a choice somewhere else, and you speak as though you have not. There is Mr. Lester's daughter, Lucelle, a beautiful little girl. Then Mrs. Muir has three daughters, and she says she wants one of them to marry a minister, one a druggist, and one a lawyer. Oh, you will meet with plenty of lovely young women here."

Mr. Greenway repressed himself and answered gallantly: "I have had the pleasure of meeting only two of the young ladies of the place, your daughter and Miss Gregory; and if these are representative of the young ladies in general in Lockton Green, I am sure I may expect to become acquainted with a very superior type of young womanhood. I shall consider it a privilege to follow up the acquaintance I have already made."

Again Mrs. Haylock cast a solicitous glance at Annie. For a moment she appeared to hesitate about speaking further. Then she kissed her daughter very tenderly and went away, without expressing any opinion about the "privilege" Mr. Greenway hoped to enjoy. He also took occasion on her departure to return to the hotel.

When Annie was left alone with Ben she chided him for sending their mother away in an agitation of mind. Ben only laughed. Then she told him of what she had seen of Harry Duffield through the glass door, and her suspicion about him breaking the glass pitcher. Ben became sober.

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VIII.

A SOB IN THE DARKNESS

HADDON GREGORY conducted Greenway to a private parlor on the second floor where were Mrs. Gregory and the two younger children—Carrie, the elder, a girl of twelve, and Alonzo, a boy of eight years. Mildred was not present.

"How do you like the appearance of our little town?" asked Gregory, after they were seated.

"I have only seen two short streets of it," replied Greenway; "but I observed that you have a good elevation here and some attractive scenery. However, I shall be more interested in the characters of the inhabitants, although the location and the appearance of the place count for something."

"You will find it the same in Lockton Green as in all other places, I presume," said Mrs. Gregory. "You will find the good and the bad intermingled."

"But in some places the two are not well proportioned," said Greenway. "In more places the bad predominate."

"In a place that can furnish material for an 'Infidel Club' you might expect to find the proportion you speak of," answered Mrs. Gregory. "Wait till you meet with our 'Infidel Club.' What do you think?"

They have elected me *Grand Patroness* of their society. I feel it quite an honor."

"It surely is an honor to be *Grand Patroness* of a company of fellows who abandon intelligence and the laws of thought, and believe in nothing," said Greenway, sarcastically, his combative spirit rising.

"Oh, but they do believe in some things," said Mrs. Gregory; "and you will find them to be mostly intelligent men."

"Then what is the content of their so-called 'infidelism'?" asked Greenway, with a ring of contempt in his voice.

"Oh, wait until you meet them and talk with them for yourself," said Mrs. Gregory, who felt more competent to fill the position of "*Grand Patroness*" than to defend the organization or define their beliefs.

"I imagine they sail their vessels in shallow water," said Greenway. "Likely I shall have occasion to employ the sounding line if they are bold enough to become aggressive."

"You appear to be acquainted with sailors' language," said Mrs. Gregory, drawing away.

"I know a little of sailors," replied Greenway. "I have labored among them, and I have found them a varied lot."

"Of all the profane, blasphemous men I ever met or heard," said Mrs. Gregory, "the worst is a sailor, Captain Cahan, who sometimes runs his vessel in here, I would not go into the same room with him, for fear the floor would open and swallow us up."

Greenway started at the mention of the name Cahan, and Mrs. Gregory observed it, but she

attributed it to the statement she had made. Then having collected himself, he replied: "Indeed. Why don't you make him an honorary member of your 'Infidel Club'? If infidelism is right, then blasphemy is nothing more than ordinary language, only, perhaps, more forcible as a mode of expression under certain conditions."

But Mrs. Gregory did not care to be drawn into a defence of principles she had not adopted, although allowing her feminine vanity to be gratified by the questionable gallantry of the "Infidel Club." She replied evasively: "Oh, I don't know about that. You may meet Captain Cahan here sometime."

"Then if I do," answered Greenway, "he shall not use blasphemy in my presence without receiving some form of rebuke. You might ask your 'Infidel Club' sometime where they obtain a standard of right and purity by which to judge between the conversation of Captain Cahan and, say, your little Alonzo here. By what authority can they say that Captain Cahan is impure, blasphemous, bad, and that your little boy is pure and good, as I am sure he is?"

"Yes, my children are both good," said Mrs. Gregory, touchingly; "but much as I love them I would rather that they should be taken from me as they are than have them grow up to become such blasphemous wretches as Captain Cahan. I want them both to be always good," and as she was speaking she drew Carrie to her side and bestowed motherly caresses upon her. Her words gave Greenway an opening and he answered her quickly:

"And yet, Mrs. Gregory, you have consented to be

'Grand Patroness' to an Infidel Club, of which you would not want Alonzo to become a member! I appreciate your motherly jealousy for your children. God pity the ten thousand children or more in Canada who are brought up in homes where liquor is sold every day of the year! It is almost impossible for such children to be good. I am glad I have met some noble exceptions, however, and where I meet cases of persons leading a good life in sinful surroundings I consider they are deserving of tenfold honor and praise. But if you want Carrie and Alonzo to remain pure, never attempt to have this hotel brought again under license. If you do, you take the risk of paying the license fee with the souls of your children."

Alonzo had stolen up to Greenway's chair, and slipping his soft hand into the other's, he lifted his large dark eyes and asked:

"Mister, are you good?"

"Well, Alonzo," said Greenway, somewhat non-plussed, "all the reply I can give to your question is that I am really trying to be a good man, and I hope to be a better man yet than I am now."

"How good will you be then?" asked the boy.

"Just as good a man as the Saviour can make out of a rough fellow like me," said Greenway.

"Are you a rough fellow?" asked the boy.

Greenway smiled, but resolved to answer the lad as much to his satisfaction as possible.

"I am afraid I am, by nature."

"What is nature?"

"Oh, well, I mean—" began Greenway, mentally feeling about for simple Anglo-Saxon; "I mean, as

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I would be in my life, in what I would do and say, if the Saviour did not help me to be good. Is that plain?"

"Yes," said Alonzo. Then quickly: "I am not very good, but I want to be."

"I am glad to hear you say that, Alonzo," said Greenway. "Now, how good would you like to be?"

"I would like to be as good as papa," said the boy. "Papa's good; so's mamma. I want to be as good as them."

"I like that, Alonzo," answered Greenway. "I am sure that it will help them both to be good to hear you say that. You have confidence in papa and mamma, I see."

"Yes, they're good," answered Alonzo.

For a few minutes longer in this line Greenway kept up a conversation with the lad, shaping his thoughts the while for other ears. In spite of her effort to repress her feelings Mrs. Gregory's proud breast heaved, and her eyes grew misty.

A deep involuntary sigh escaped from Gregory. Then he spoke:

"It's just wonderful how much these little folks can teach us, and how they make one examine one's life. Alonzo makes me feel ashamed of myself. I wish I deserved his confidence more, so I do. If people would only do as well as they know, there would be more good men and women, too. I would be a better man myself if I were to act as I know, a thing I am not doing; and a man cannot be happy who knows the right, and deliberately and constantly refuses to do it."

The wave of emotion had subsided with Mrs. Gregory, and she now replied in a rather sharp tone:

"I am very sorry to hear that you are unhappy. The Methodists claim to be very happy after conversion. How would you like to become one of them? This disquiet you experience may be the starting point of that very desirable happy experience."

"Papa is good already," broke in Alonzo again.

"I earnestly hope it may be as you suggest, Mrs. Gregory," said Greenway, after a short pause; "and not only of his conversion, but yours also."

Mrs. Gregory now became haughtily defiant.

"Well, if you think you can convert us, and if you think it worth while, you are at liberty to try. I shall make no promise, remember; but you are a new minister here, and you have not considered yourself too holy to come to us for the first evening; so I think the least I can do is to give you a free hand."

"Then I am free to conduct worship with you in this private parlor? And I may begin to-night?" asked Greenway.

"Certainly, if you desire," she replied.

"Yes, do, Mr. Greenway," said Gregory, laying aside the paper he had vainly been trying to read.

Taking out a small pocket Bible, the young preacher read Psalm xxvii. His splendid voice gave fine expression to its majestic assurances, simple trust, and touching references to the Psalmist's surrender to the Divine call. In the brief prayer that followed it appeared that the one praying was talking quietly with some other One.

Greenway retired to his room immediately after

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worship. As he passed along the hall to his room a deep sob came upward from the room beneath. Then the door of the dining-room was softly closed.

Looking out of his window he saw for the first time the gleam of the lighthouse. Alternately darkness and light followed. He wondered if the keeper's family were among those of his pastoral charge. Then he began to review the acquaintances of an evening. They seemed a multitude. He felt morally certain that most of those whose acquaintance he had formed could be trusted as friends. Even Gregory—there was a something about the man that drew him to the hotelkeeper—something he liked. And Mildred—had that sob swelled upward from her? Nolan Cafferty, Ben Haylock, and Annie. Mrs. Haylock—she had wished him well at any rate; and Dusky Broom—yes, he thought Ben's surmise correct; Duffield—what about him? There came vividly before Greenway's mental vision the pallor of hatred which he saw in Duffield's countenance after Dusky had disappeared, and the dark, snaky gleam of those small, black eyes glittering in the twilight like the eyes of a serpent. Concerning him he had not settled the question of possible friendship or otherwise when he turned into bed.

Down by the beach he could hear the low voice of the waters chanting a vesper to the evening star, and the soft music calmed his mind into sleep.

IX.

A DREAM AND THE INTERPRETATION

WHILE Owen Greenway sat at breakfast in the Lockton House the following morning, engaged in a pleasant conversation with Mr. Gregory, a conversation somewhat less pleasant was proceeding with animation in the rural home of Ben Haylock, where Ben's mother was opening her mind to Mr. Haylock.

Mrs. Haylock was a simple-minded woman much given to conjuring up imaginary, impending evils; and as her mind continued to dwell upon its own creations they gradually assumed all the essentials of reality, so that dreams and visions of the night impressed her at length with the force of revelations from heaven.

"Isaac, I had an awful bad dream last night, and I'm afraid there is some new trouble ahead of us," was the remark with which Mrs. Haylock began the conversation.

"Well, what was your dream?" asked the husband, who was busy with oatmeal porridge.

"I dreamed that I was crossing a great river. The river was full from bank to bank, very much fuller than was usual—"

"How do you know it was, if you never saw the

river before you dreamed about it?" asked Mr. Haylock, looking across the table at his wife with an amused twinkle.

"Now, Isaac," replied Mrs. Haylock, reproachfully, "that's the way you nearly always turn things off that a kind Providence gives us warnings about beforehand. I know that the river was wider and fuller than ever before, because I had that idea given me at the time, and so it was."

"You were dreaming about the Spiller as it was that spring when the freshet carried away so many of Duffield's sawlogs and some lumber piles," suggested Mr. Haylock. "People dream about things they have been dealing with, or that they have seen when awake. Don't you know what Solomon says in Proverbs about dreams?"

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Haylock, in a tone as independent as she was capable of assuming, "I know what Solomon says about dreams, and I think I have as good a right to my opinions about dreams as either you or Solomon. I hope I will be excused if I correct my very clever husband, for the verse you mean is not in the Proverbs, but it is in the fifth chapter and third verse of the *Ecclesiastics*, and he speaks about 'dreams coming through the multitude of business.'"

"Oh, well, it's all the same," answered her husband.

"Oh, no, it isn't all the same," persisted Mrs. Haylock, "for they are two different books. And you remember what the last part of the verse says, 'A fool's voice is known by multitude of words.'"

"Yes, and there's a good many fools."

"Isaac!" exclaimed Mrs. Haylock, "do you mean to call me one?"

"Ahem! Let us have the dream and stop argooins," replied Mr. Haylock, rather testily, for he was feeling that, on the whole, his wife had the best of it.

Mrs. Haylock resumed her narrative.

"Well, I was going over the river on a wooden bridge, and the bridge was very high and shaky, and the planks were torn up in places. I was afraid to walk, so I had to get down on my knees and creep along. Then I came to a place where all the planks were gone, and the water looked deep and dark, and flowed very swiftly away below. I tried to turn around and go back, but I could not manage, for there was a great crowd of people coming after me on the bridge, and my heart was in my mouth. Oh, such an awful fuss and trouble I was in! Why, it makes me afraid to think of it now."

At this point in her recital Mrs. Haylock was looking pale and nervous, the remembrance of the dream was so vivid to her.

"Well, what happened then?" asked Mr. Haylock.

"Why, I awoke with the fright, and I do declare I trembled for fifteen minutes after I did come to, and I felt like crying besides."

"What is the reading of your dream?" asked her husband, still busy with porridge.

"It's as plain as anything, Isaac," replied Mrs. Haylock, and she proceeded to reveal to him a lengthy interpretation, the substance of which was that she divined from it a new trouble for their daughter, Annie, unless they could avert it. It was to come by

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the agency of the new preacher, who, she was sure, had already made up his mind to marry Annie. He had said as much to Ben on the previous night in her hearing; she had seen him looking at Annie at least half a dozen times, and very pleased looks they were, too, that he gave her; and he had expressed a hope that he might have the privilege of following up the acquaintance he had made, and had said it even to her very mother. What else could he mean? Her very heart had ached on leaving Annie. That was the reason she had not spoken much to Isaac on the way home, but after having had such a dream she must speak. And to think that Annie had been engaged these seven years to Andy Begley, who did not want to marry until his stepmother would die, when he and Annie would undertake the care of Andy's father and manage the farm. And to think that this young preacher was just going to step in and spoil all the hopes she had had for so long a time of having Annie living near her the remainder of her life. And those hopes were so near being realized, for it was certain Mrs. Begley could not live long now. She had had both "Ammonia" and "Brownkits" for several winters in succession. The new preacher was a bold fellow to talk so openly about marrying a girl from Lockton Green. In conclusion she said: "If he can get a wife in the village, I wish him joy and luck; but, Isaac, if Annie were to marry a preacher she would have to move every few years, and she might be sent to Chiny, or a hundred miles away. I have turned the matter all over in my mind, and I think Annie and Andy had better be married at once, and

it he cannot take her to his own home they may come here to live. I will know then where my only girl is; and I won't have to go miles and miles to get a look at her or her babies when they come."

Mr. Haylock was quicker witted than his wife, and not so easily alarmed at possible calamities; but he had not heard what Mr. Greenway had really said. He would not favor the idea of his only daughter being removed far away from him, although he would have had no objection to her being married to a minister. Indeed, he rather favored the idea, for he thought Annie much superior to the average young woman of Lockton Green; and if Mr. Greenway were going to find a wife there, why, certainly, he could not blame him for selecting the best to be found. He was not at all surprised that the young preacher should be so soon greatly "taken up" with Annie's beautiful profile, brown eyes, glossy black hair, and rich color. After musing a few moments he said:

"Well, mother, if you heard no more from Mr. Greenway than you have told me, I do not see any cause for alarm. Very likely he took up Ben's remark as a joke, and answered him in the same way."

"Oh, but, Isaac," cried Mrs. Haylock, "if you had seen him look at Annie as I did, you would just be as much afraid as I am. Why, you can tell what a person means by their looks as well as by their words, and his looks were enough for me. I'm sure he wants Annie."

"Is he good-looking?" asked Mr. Haylock.

"Well, not as I would call handsome for a preacher," she replied; "but there was something

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pleasant about him, too, and I think Annie thought so. He seemed to take right up with Ben, and be at home with us all. I hope he gets his meals at Gregory's, and does not try to get them with Ben. It would be hopeless to try to save Annie then if he did. I really wonder now if he was hinting at that?"

Mrs. Haylock had now discovered a new cause of alarm, but she believed she could checkmate even that contingency should it arise by leaving Annie at home on the farm, and going herself to keep house for Ben.

"And you really thought that Annie was pleased with the attention he showed her, did you?"

"Indeed, Isaac," replied Mrs. Haylock, "I did kind of think so. You don't know a girl's mind. I was a girl myself, and I know them well."

"You *don't know* them, and you *do know* them. How do you explain that?"

Mrs. Haylock looked at him rather angrily as she replied: "You would not be so very funny and smart if you saw the danger to our daughter. If harm comes you will be to blame; and if Annie is sent away to Chiny, or away among the Indiyans, you will have a sore heart then for being so dilatory."

Pushing back his empty porridge bowl and looking squarely at his wife, Mr. Haylock said: "Now, honestly, mother, I cannot see any danger there is to Annie. Worse might happen to her than that she should marry this young man, from all you tell me of him. Of course, I do not know him. But Andy Begley has kept her waiting too long already, and he may blame himself if she slips through his fingers and falls into the preacher's hands. If the preacher has

pleasant about him, too, and I think Annie thought so. He seemed to take right up with Ben, and be at home with us all. I hope he gets his meals at Gregory's, and does not try to get them with Ben. It would be hopeless to try to save Annie then if he did. I really wonder now if he was hinting at that?"

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"You *don't* know them, and you *do* know them.

taken a fancy to her, why, I see no harm in it. In fact, I would think all the more of him for his good taste, and he will not keep her waiting for years, for he has a house ready for a wife any day she may appear. If you begin to tamper with this matter, you may make more trouble for yourself and Annie, too. Better leave the young people alone, and let them make up their minds as they like. They are not children any longer, and should be given credit for knowing what will be best for themselves. I will not interfere against the preacher anyway."

"Well, if you will not, *I will*," cried Mrs. Haylock, bursting into weeping. "Oh, Isaac! Isaac! To think that you would not care if our Annie had to go to Chiny and spend her life among those queer people, where the men have long braided hair, and you hardly know whether you are looking at a man or woman, they dress so much alike. I am a mother, and I care for my daughter; and I think if you read your Bible more you—"

"Bible! Bible! Did you say?" broke in Mr. Haylock. "How do you read your Bible? I wonder what about Rebekah? Didn't she leave her mother and father and go away with a stranger, an old servant, to marry a man she had never seen? Why, mother! mother!"

The logic of words and of tears having failed her, and being worsted in biblical precedents, Mrs. Haylock resorted to positive and resolute assertions. When it came to this, Mr. Haylock never attempted to thwart her.

"I will go this very day and speak to Andy Begley.

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I will tell him that if he wants to have Annie for his wife, he will have to marry her at once, or he may lose her forever. If they wish, they may come and live with us until old Mrs. Begley dies. I cannot think whatever keeps her alive so long anyway. But we can give them all the house room they will need.'

"Very well, mother. Go," was Mr. Haylock's reply.

And Mrs. Haylock did go. The justification of her conduct, which she offered to herself, was the tremendous hypothesis she had conjured up, and her own and Andy Begley's love for Annie.

X.

AS ANDY SAW IT

As Mrs. Haylock passed through the gate at the Begley farm she observed Andy Begley near the barns, where he and another young man were preparing machinery for gathering the hay crop. So full of her mission was she that reflection was in abeyance. It did not occur to her that she might ask Andy for a private interview for a few minutes. Before he was aware of the probable nature of her mission she was well into her story, too far, at least, to be repressed, and Nolan (for he it was who was helping Andy by "changing work") had heard enough to understand the purpose of her call. Indeed, Mrs. Haylock could not have told who the other young man was after she returned home.

Andy was much embarrassed at having his private affairs published in such a fashion. He was good-natured ordinarily, as any one might have seen who looked upon his large, honest, florid countenance and mild blue eyes, or listened to his calm, easy tone of voice. Andy was one of nature's gentlemen, and well worthy of Annie Haylock's love. But now some things Mrs. Haylock had said irritated him. He regarded this visit as an impertinent interference. Mrs. Haylock's proposal that he and Annie should

marry and occupy a portion of her house—away with such a proposition! That was far from Andy's ideal of incipient domesticity. His irritation disposed him to advance certain inquiries relative to Annie, which would never have occurred to him otherwise.

"It is strange," said Andy, "that the young preacher should have spoken out so boldly if Annie gave him no encouragement to go so far."

"Oh, Annie did not give him any encouragement," replied Mrs. Haylock, observing the drift of his thought. "He just spoke right out so, before us all, after Ben had spoken to him. He is a bold man, I'm sure, or he would never have said it."

"Well, it looks as if Ben had encouraged him to say what he did, from what you have told me," said Andy.

"Oh, well, you know how Ben always gets talking some nonsense," replied Mrs. Haylock; "but I am sure he never expected the preacher to come out with what he said."

"But you say that Ben then turned the matter over to Annie, and requested her to remember that."

"So he did, but that was just more of his nonsense." Mrs. Haylock was beginning to tremble as she saw Andy's anger rising.

"Well, I will not put up with any such nonsense," answered Andy. "Ben knew how matters stood between Annie and myself, and he was making light of our affairs to talk in that way. You and Annie sat by and said nothing to correct the impression his words might make on the preacher. That was your time to speak, and you would not have needed to come

to me. You are as much to blame as Ben. It looks as if you are all into it together."

"Oh, Andy! Andy!" cried out Mrs. Haylock. "How can you think so? Would I be here if I was trying to play false with you? And for poor Annie, she said as much to contradict Ben's words as any modest girl could say in her case. 'No! No! We are not against you; and if you will make up your mind to get married right away, you and Annie can have the front part of our house to live in. Now, could anything be fairer on my part?'"

But her appeal fell flat, for Andy replied:

"I am not going to be either coaxed or frightened into marriage. I would no more think of living in your house with a young wife than I would think of starting housekeeping in my own stable. If Annie has had to wait for me, I have had to wait also. Lately I have been thinking of going to the West after harvest, and if the country suits me I will take up a homestead. If Annie thinks she can do better than wait for me a little longer, she is free to follow her choice. I would not think of holding her to an engagement she did not care to keep. If she prefers the preacher, why, she is free to marry him."

Then Andy spoke to the other young man who had moved a short distance away from them, and stood with his back toward Mrs. Haylock.

"Here, Nolan, take hold of the tongue of the mower and see how the knife works."

They drew the machine away, and left Mrs. Haylock standing with hands clasped and her eyes on the ground. She was the personification of terror, as with

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faltering step and thumping heart she moved away toward the gate.

"The West!" It was those words that put a chill into her blood, for she was certain it was as far away as "Chiny," and the "Indyans" lived there. They did not plait their long hair, but they did stick feathers in it, for she had seen them so represented in the Sunday School papers.

"Well, how did you make out with Andy?" asked Mr. Haylock that same evening.

Mrs. Haylock told him all.

"Well, now, mother! Now, I told you that you might be making trouble."

"Well, but, Isaac!" replied the poor "mother," "I was trying to keep Annie out of trouble with those Chiny men or the Indyans, and now it seems she will be among the one or other of them all her life," and she sobbed like one with a broken heart.

"So Andy thinks of the West after harvest," put in Mr. Haylock. "And he says Annie can marry another if she likes, eh? Well, let him go. There are just as good fellows as Andy for our dear girl. If he can be independent so can we, that's what I say about it. He doesn't need to talk so lofty. I don't know, mother, but I'm glad you did go to him. It's brought the truth out. But, now, listen to me, mother; say nothing more between the preacher and Annie. If he actually wants to marry her, why let them do as they like. Most people get married to the right partner after all. If she marries Mr. Greenway, she will be near us for a while at any rate."

XI.

HAMILTON ELLIOTT'S HOME

THE second day after the new preacher's arrival a light rain was falling. About nine o'clock Greenway drove away to Hamilton Elliott's to call on Mr. Lester. Having arrived, he declined Mr. Elliott's offer to "put away his horse."

Mrs. Elliott's first appearance, when she met him at the door, made a good impression on Greenway. Her kind, genial countenance and tall, commanding figure contrasted strikingly with the comparatively small stature and sharp features of her husband. Greenway wondered what strange, occult influences had been in co-operation to bring two people so widely different in physique and temperament into connubial relationship.

Mrs. Elliott ushered the preacher into a large, airy sitting-room, where Lucelle and Mr. Lester were seated discussing recent events and the journey which he was proposing to take.

"My sister, Lucelle Lester," said Mrs. Elliott.

Greenway took the hand extended to him, and looked at the small figure with no very marked degree of interest. "I am pleased to make your acquaintance, Miss Lester," was all he said. Then he passed over and greeted Mr. Lester warmly, and at once

entered into an animated conversation with him, inquiring about his health, the prospects of work in Lockton Green, and a score of other matters of interest to preachers who stood in the relation of minister in charge and predecessor. But not another word to Lucelle.

It was not that Rev. Owen Greenway meant to ignore Lucelle. He would ignore no one, small or great. But it was a mental characteristic which unfortunately he had allowed to strengthen by habitude. He had left the parsonage with the intention of visiting Mr. Lester, and the latter monopolized his attention, or nearly so.

Lucelle Lester was not at all so striking a personality as her sister, Mrs. Elliott, and there are occasions and arrangements of circumstances when the proportions of the image on the retina induce a second or third look, or possibly captivate the vision. Time might reveal Lucelle as one to be sought out in a distinguished company, but how could the new preacher be expected to realize so much at their first meeting? Still, it was scarcely acceptable to her that he had let her small hand drop from his own large hand without even apparently observing that it *was* small and delicately conformed.

"I was sorry to learn of your indisposition on Sunday evening," Greenway said to Mr. Lester.

"Father has continued in the work too long," said Mrs. Elliott; "but it seems difficult sometimes to persuade aged ministers to give up."

"Do you really think so, Mrs. Elliott?" asked Greenway. "Experience in the work of the minis-

try should be worth as much (and, I think, more) to the Church as experience is worth in any other profession. I imagine that congregations are making a serious mistake just there in the preference they are manifesting for young ministers, and I speak as a young man. How many years is it going to take for me to acquire that knowledge of the work, and of the best methods to employ, that Mr. Lester now possesses? I may never have it, and at best I can only hope to attain it slowly. I am sure I am as green as a freshman about such things."

"That is so," murmured Mr. Elliott unconsciously, and a little audible laugh escaped from Lucelle. But Greenway proceeded without even looking at her:

"We know that in every other profession the man of experience is sought after, and it is passing strange that in those matters requiring the most delicate attention and the highest wisdom, congregations prefer the novice and the *parvenu*."

"But young ministers must have a field to begin on," said Mrs. Elliott, desiring that he should not make out a case too prejudicial to himself; "and the older men become physically unfit for the strain of the pastorate, even while the intellect may have lost none of its vigor. How would you meet such cases?"

"If I had the ordering of the matter," replied Greenway, "I would retain every aged minister in the active work to labor in connexion with some of the larger congregations. Their experience qualifies them for the very best pastoral work, unless, as you say, they are physically unfit; and even their age would win them a respect and prestige among the people that

younger men may not at all times be able to command. It would well repay any of the larger and wealthier churches to retain, on a nominal stipend, the services of one or two of the older ministers. Their pastors are already overworked, and even then pastoral work is only imperfectly done. I imagine, too, that many of the older ministers would be better satisfied. Many of them worry and fret after they leave the active work, while many of our most brilliant preachers die in the very prime of life through forced mental and physical labors, which might have been relieved in this way."

"I believe you are right, Brother Greenway," said Mr. Lester. "I have found it hard to step aside; but it cheers me very much to find that the one who follows me can enter so far into my own feelings on this matter."

"I assure you, Brother Lester," replied Greenway, "that if you decide to locate here you shall be welcome in all our meetings, and I shall be delighted at any time to have your assistance in my ministerial duties and pastoral work."

"Thank you, brother," replied Mr. Lester. "I shall be better able to come to some decision as to location after I return from England. Where are you making your home?"

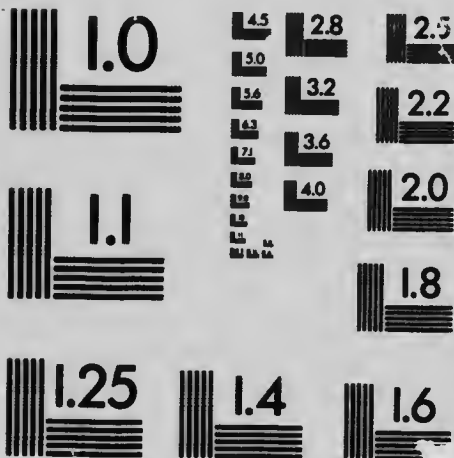
"I am at present lodging in the parsonage and taking meals at the hotel. Can you advise me where else to look for accommodation?"

"If you are suited," replied Mr. Lester, "it might be well for you to remain as you are until you get



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better acquainted, when you may make other arrangements."

Mrs. Elliott now spoke: "We are full of expectation about the work, Mr. Greenway, now that you have come to us. We are hoping for a great revival."

"Thank you. I hope we shall have one," replied Greenway. "At the same time our expectation should be alive for every season and every service."

"But there are times," said Mrs. Elliott, "when in a particular manner God pours out His Spirit. We are promised 'showers of blessing.' After the sowing time comes the harvest."

"It appears to me," replied Greenway, "that the sowing and reaping should be going on simultaneously in this age of the Church, and if people would receive and believe what they are given in the regular ordinary services there would be less need for so many special meetings."

"But people do not, and, therefore, the need," replied Mrs. Elliott. "I think that the success of our work lies in observing the most successful methods and employing them. Special services have been successfully tried, and, therefore, should have a place among our methods. Have you ever labored with regular evangelists? I mean men or women who have devoted themselves wholly to these lines of work?"

Greenway was smiling as he replied: "When in the city I attended such meetings. Some of the resident ministers who depended on sensational methods, and whose congregations were suffering from *ennui*, brought over a couple of Americans, and ran

something like a religio-comic opera for a few weeks. They simply trailed religion in the mud, and degraded holy evangelism to the arts and tricks of clowns. I saw enough of evangelists there. I imagine most of them are bankrupts in other professions, and they have turned to evangelism for a piece of bread."

"I have a friend, Miss Agnes Wilson," said Mrs. Elliott, "who has conducted very successful meetings for three seasons. She spent one season in the West, and will labor this year in the vicinity of her home at St. Jules. If you had formed her acquaintance I think you would have a higher opinion of evangelists. You might even seek her assistance."

"No, I do not think so, Mrs. Elliott," answered Greenway. "I suppose there are places where a girl with a fiddle attracts certain characters who have not enough intelligence to appreciate good preaching, but I have little use for those Salvation Army methods of work."

"Oh, Agnes does not play the fiddle," said Mr. Elliott, slowly.

Greenway made no reply, but he caught an amused smile on Lucelle's countenance when he turned to her to say, "I have the numbers of the hymns for the Sunday services. I understand that you preside at the organ, Miss Lester." And as he spoke he handed her a slip of paper.

"He is really speaking to me a second time," was Lucelle's mental remark. Then aloud: "I have performed the duties of that position during our stay here, but I now consider myself relieved since pa's term has expired. You may, perhaps, be able to secure Miss Muir for the position."

"Well, while you are in the locality I would prefer not to appoint another," replied Greenway.

"But I prefer that you should," answered Lucelle, and it began to dawn on Greenway that this little lady to whom he had not once spoken after introduction until now, was pretty. Quiet, deep affection shone from her face that spoke of a soul which might rest in a great love. So Greenway mused, as he now carefully observed her.

In a persuasive tone he now said: "But you will continue at the organ for a while, until I can look about and satisfy myself in another. Then if you persist, I may, perhaps, release you."

Mr. Lester and Mrs. Elliott now united their persuasions with those of Greenway, and were succeeding, when Mr. Elliott blundered out: "Go on, Lucy. It won't do any harm anyway, whatever good you may do. You don't know what may happen. Mr. Greenway won't do you any harm anyway; and more than one organist has married the young preacher before now."

Greenway felt deeply annoyed with Mr. Elliott for his boorish effort to contribute something in the form of pleasantry; but he made no remark about it.

Lucelle had colored under the innuendo, but she looked up bravely into Greenway's eyes and said: "Well, Mr. Greenway, since you desire, I may continue a few weeks longer; but I am trying to persuade you to allow me to accompany him on his journey to England. So you will look for an organist just the same." Then her eyes fell.

Having obtained her consent Greenway went away

to call on Mrs. Cafferty, who lived across the road, opposite Mr. Elliott's.

Did Lucelle think of Mr. Greenway after his departure?

"You will write to Agnes Wilson to visit us as soon as she can," said Lucelle to Mrs. Elliott.

"I really have been thinking of asking her to make us a visit," replied Mrs. Elliott. "But why do you suggest it to me, Lucy?"

"To let our new preacher see that we also have opinions based upon convictions, and can appreciate a lady friend who is an evangelist," said Lucelle. "Just imagine! 'A girl with a fiddle!' Oh, I could have laughed outright at the way Hamilton took him up; but I did not wish to appear rude. How I would like to be behind the door listening to Mrs. Cafferty for the next hour! Likely she will give away another meal if she can persuade Mr. Greenway to remain for dinner and listen to her blarney." Then Lucelle indulged in the laugh she had been repressing in Greenway's presence.

"You were very quiet, Lucelle, when he was in," remarked her sister.

"How could I be otherwise, my dear!" exclaimed Lucelle. "He did not speak to me once after you introduced us until he gave me the numbers of the hymns. I was surprised at your skill in managing to say so much. Evidently I am merely an adjunct, in his eyes. However, I will help him for a few weeks, even though he ignores me."

Mrs. Elliott observed that her little sister was piqued; but she was pleased that Lucelle had passed no deprecatory judgment on her father's successor.

XII.

FAMILY DIALECTICS

ON account of the rain Nolan Cafferty had not gone to Andy Begley's. Greenway found him engaged with his mother and sister in an animated conversation, which, however, quieted down when the former appeared.

"Oi give yer riverence a hundred thousand wilcomes," said Mrs. Cafferty, when she met Greenway at the door. "And my, but ye hiv done foin to visit me so soon. Indaad, 'ot miny av thim are so shpaady as yersilf, so they arn't; so come in, come in. Oi warrant ye would be afther hearin' us talkin', me and Bessie and Nolan. Oi often think we would die if we didn't hiv an argyment, and we were at the old argymint of Christian perfection."

"I am sure you make me feel welcome, Mrs. Cafferty, by such a greeting," said Greenway. "I am pleased to find you discussing such a very important subject as Christian perfection."

Nolan next greeted him, and then introduced Bessie, a shy, modest, young woman of eighteen, black-eyed and ruddy-cheeked. Her short figure suited well her cheerful countenance, which exhibited more than ordinary intelligence.

"On what points of the doctrine do your mother and you not agree, Nolan?" asked Greenway.

"Oh, she does not believe in Christian perfection at all," replied Nolan, speaking better English than he had done two days previously, after having imbibed several "soft drinks."

"But you believe in it?" asked Greenway.

"Well, as a theory of possible Christian life and experience, I may say I do. The truth is, that when I began to discuss it with mother, and in opposition to her views defended the doctrine, I just did it for argument's sake, and I kept at and at it, and continued to look up proof texts, until at last I really came to believe in it as a possible attainment. It shows you what a man may bring himself to by argument, and what beliefs one may bring one's self into. It appears that a man may come to believe almost anything, or he may reach a condition where he may hardly know whether he believes anything or not. That is how it is with those men who meet on the 'Green,' and who are called the 'Infidel Club.' They have read atheistic literature, and works so far beyond them that they were really incapable of reading them intelligently; and they have kept up argument for its own sake, and for no rational purpose until now they scarcely could tell you what they do believe."

"I have heard only a very little of the club as yet," said Greenway.

"Niver pay no attintion to thim, if ye're wise, Mr. Greenway," said Mrs. Cafferty. "They are none av thim good men."

"That might be one reason why I ought to pay attention to them," said Greenway.

"They'll do you more harm than all the good you'll do thim," replied Mrs. Cafferty. "Oi know someone they have not done much good to," casting a side glance at Nolan.

"Well, he's sound in the faith if he believes in Christian perfection," rejoined Greenway.

"That does him no good if he does not act on what the argys for and get to be a Christian," replied the mother.

"It may be doing him more good than you or I know of," said Greenway. "There is always that high ideal before his mind, and he can measure himself by it, for ideals influence men, even unconsciously. Thinking of that he will not be thinking of evil. Let us hope that he may be a Christian, and perfect some day."

Nolan was gratified with the manner in which Greenway pursued the line of conversation with his mother and not less with the last hopeful words. There was a little smile on his features as he looked over at his mother and said:

"Mother, if you do not stop you will be into an argument with your pastor, and you are surely too good a Methodist to dispute his doctrinal soundness."

She was about to reply when the thoughtful Bessie said: "Mother, would it not be well for Nolan to put in Mr. Greenway's horse? It is coming on more rain."

"Why, shure, Bessie!" cried Mrs. Cafferty.

"Nolan! My, but ye're blate, niver to think av the horse. Be off with you and put it in the stable."

"Well, why did you not think of the horse, mother?" asked Nolan, ready for a new line of argument.

"Why? Because, why. Men should look after sich things, and you belave in perfection."

"But this is your place, and the duty of commanding falls upon you," answered Nolan.

"I think," said Bessie, "you better get the horse under cover, and discuss these matters afterward. See the rain."

Greenway now suggested that a shower would do his horse no harm, and that he had not intended remaining long, and he proposed going home at once. But Nolan dashed out in the rain for the horse, while Mrs. Cafferty assured the preacher that it would not take him any longer to drive home after he had eaten dinner with her. "Shure, ye hiv to ate some place, and whin the preacher calls on me Oi always ixpict him to hiv a maal with me, so ye kin remimber that. They hiv all done that, and miny and miny's the maal they hiv had with me, too. Indaad, we hiv given away more maals than that rascal av a tavern-keeper has got his quarters for; and if Oi had a quarter for ivery wan av thim Oi'd be rich, as shure as ye're there. In wan summer Oi gave away forty good maals to thramps and scavengers, and thim Jew pedlars with big packs, that come along. And when my owld man died there was a hundred and twenty-two maals given away in our house. Now, wasn't that an atin'?"

"I suppose you will mark down this one as number one for Mr. Greenway," remarked Bessie.

"Oh, Oi'll not mark it down," replied her mother, "Oi'll just kaap it in moind, and Oi'll be able to tell him if he does not come to visit me often enough."

"And Mr. Greenway will not feel any the less welcome because you keep them in mind," suggested Bessie, with a smile. But it was not necessary for Bessie to reassure Greenway, for he was taxed almost beyond his power of self-control to hide his amusement at Mrs. Cafferty's remarks.

Mrs. Cafferty now observed Nolan coming toward the house, and with a sigh she remarked:

"Ah, poor Nolan! It's not here he should be. See there," and she pointed to a diploma that hung within the sitting-room. Looking at it, Greenway observed that it was from the School of Pharmacy, and he asked quickly:

"Is that his diploma?"

"That is his," replied the mother, in a voice that was full of emotion. "And see, this is his, too," and she quickly opened a small black case and disclosed a large gold medal. "Aye, he passed with first-class honors, and won the medal. But, oh, liquor, liquor! Poor Nolan, poor Nolan! He moight be in a professor's chair if he would only kaap away from the drink! Oh, what would Oi not give to see him reclaimed!"

Nolan's step was now heard, and she said nothing further. Bessie hastily wiped a tear from her own sweet face and busied herself with dinner preparations. The mother's few words were a new revelation

to Greenway. In his chosen profession Nolan had fallen. From that moment he began to see Nolan in a new light, and his brain was set on a plan by which he might rescue this fallen but clever young man. It was amazing that such a retrograde transformation could take place in the life and character of one who had walked the halls of a college, and had won the honors in his year, and that he could so soon drift back into ways and modes of thought which he had labored hard to rise out of at first. But it was one more illustration of what drink will do with the brightest intellects among men.

The dinner hour passed pleasantly, although Mrs. Cafferty made the occasion peculiarly interesting for Greenway by a multiplicity of questions, some of which had to do with matters strictly private. Nolan had not disclosed at home what he had overheard at Andy Begley's, and Bessie, with fine tact and ready wit, turned the point of many of her mother's questions; so that brother and sister, acting in concert, succeeded in piloting the preacher through the interrogatory Syrtes.

"And, shure, they tell me ye're not married," began Mrs. Cafferty, after they were seated at the dinner-table. "Why, surely you will niver let that foin house stand impty without a lady to grace it, at all, at all?"

"Mother has always had quite an interest in the preachers' wives, you know, Mr. Greenway," put in Bessie. "She was very intimate with Mrs. Lester."

"I have no doubt Mrs. Lester had good reason to appreciate her friendship," said Greenway. "With

so many to be pleased, it would be helpful to find even one who could sympathize."

With this reply Greenway thought he had gotten safely away from the question, but Mrs. Cafferty had not received the answer she wanted.

"It will be happy for you, Mr. Greenway," she resumed, "if ye jist hiv the good luck to meet as foin a lady to grace your parsonage as she was. It's lucky for you if you hiv made your choice before you came here, for there's some av thim that'll be shure to be settin' their caps for you here."

"Why, mother," cried Nolan, "what a jaunty piece you must have been when you were young, or how could you ever imagine such things would enter a young girl's mind now?"

"Aye, Nolan, there you go now," said his mother, smiling and rather pleased with her son's remarks. "It's Mr. Greenway Oi'm thinkin' about, and the way the young girls will bother him whin they hear that he has not made his choice. They'll just be out in daroves to ivery meetin', and fill the church up so that you can't git a seat at all. Roight well Oi know how Mrs. Muir'll be puttin' her daughters up to set their caps for him. Shure, Mr. Greenway, we've lately heard that she's talkin' about gettin' up a club or somethin' loike that, to teach young ladies good manners, and how to act in good company."

"Who cares for their caps?" said Nolan, with a good deal of contempt in his tone.

"Well, Nolan," said his mother, "Mr. Greenway ought to know that Mrs. Muir has made up her moind

that her girls are all too good to spind their lives on a farm, and so she says that wan av thim is to marry a lawyer, another a druggist, and wan av thim a praacher. Mr. Greenway is the first praacher we hiv iver had that came to us without makin' his choice first. But if Oi was in your place, Mr. Greenway" (now addressing him), "Oi'd have none av thim Muir girls. Little Lucelle Lester is worth the whole av thim, and she knows all about kaapin' a parsonage beautiful—just beautiful! Oh, how noice and swaat that house used to look whin Lucelle was in it, and Oi would loike raal well to see her there agin—that is, if your choice is not made."

Greenway threw backward his shoulders against the large yellow arm-chair, making it creak, and gave way to a prolonged hearty laugh. Then he dashed his fingers through his heavy yellow hair, and leaning forward said:

"Well, Mrs. Cafferty, whoever my choice may be, or whether I shall ever make one, I am sure you wish me well, and you are anxious that I should make the best possible choice. I am very thankful to you for this information."

"Mother, I am surprised at you presuming to make a choice for another," said Nolan, with a peculiar blush on his face, while he moved uneasily.

"Oi'm not makin' a choice for Mr. Greenway," said Mrs. Cafferty; "Oi was only givin' him good advice, and directin' his moind like, shure."

"I see," said Nolan, who, for some reason, did not appear too well pleased at his mother's reference to

Lucelle. "That's all Mrs. Muir will likely do with her daughters' minds. It is a wonder you did not put in a word for our brown-eyed Bessie here."

"Why, yes, Nolan," said Bessie, who was pleased to see that Mr. Greenway showed no embarrassment.

"Oh, Oi guess you want me to let Mr. Greenway know that you expict to go up to the grocery to live with Ben after a while," said Mrs. Cafferty, with evident pride that circumstances made it unnecessary for her to plan for her daughtetr, as Mrs. Muir was doing.

Bessie uttered a little scream. "Oh, for goodness sake, mother! Whoever told you sich a big one! You know there isn't a word of truth in it. The silly fellow couldn't think long enough on one line to make up his mind to get married. No, indeed, mother, it will never be a man like Ben Haylock that will induce me to leave you and Nolan." But somehow the light of Bessie's eyes hardly agreed with her stout denial.

"We will be able to save something on our groceries after that," put in Nolan, glad to draw away his mother's thoughts from the preacher's matrimonial affairs; "but I am sorry to say that I think Bessie will not be needed there for some time to come."

"Is Andy not going to marry Annie Haylock this fall?" asked Mrs. Cafferty.

"He is going West after harvest, and will be away all winter," replied Nolan; "so you will be able to keep Bessie with you for a while yet."

"She will, too, I assure you, Nolan," said Bessie. "When you find me living at the grocery, or over it rather, you may have goods 'at cost.'"

Andy Begley's determination was news to Mrs. Cafferty; but she was not yet done with Greenway.

"Oi see you have two foin degrees to your name," she said. "It would cost you some money to get them. Oi suppose your father is well off, that he could give you sich a foin eddycation? Are they both livin' yet—your father and mother?"

"I'm afraid I must consider myself an orphan," said Greenway, in a quiet voice.

"It's a great trial to thim that are left orphans young," said Mrs. Cafferty. "You wouldn't be thirty yet, now would you?"

"Mother," said Bessie, "be careful that you do not make the same mistake as that pedlar, who thought you might be seventy-five and I thirty-five."

"Indaad, there's no fear," said Mrs. Cafferty, with some indignation at the remembrance of the man. "He was an impudent scalawag. He got as foin a maal in my house as was iver given away out av it, the maan spalpeen! And that was my thanks for it, becaws Oi wouldn't buy all he had in his big pack, to have the impydenge to tell me Oi was likely siventy-foive! And here Oi'm only sixty, and Bessie only eighteen, and to think av him!"

"Do not be too much annoyed at him, mother," put in Nolan. "You hold that there can be no Christian perfect. They all make mistakes and commit sins sometimes, you say. And if Christians do, how can we expect better of those who are not Christians?"

"You're at Christian perfection again," said Mrs. Cafferty. "Well, if Oi made a mishtake in Mr. Greenway's age Oi'll be forgiven, Oi'm sure."

"That's not the point," cried Nolan, determined to keep her away from the problem of ages. "We believe in forgiveness, but we do not all believe that Christians commit sin."

Mrs. Cafferty did not care to return to the argument on Christian perfection that day. She had more interest in some other questions, and Christian perfection would keep. So she turned to another line by which she might obtain some more information.

"You would find going through college very expensive. If you had no father or mother to help you it would be hard to kaap from running into debt. Would you be far behind now?"

"Why, mother!" cried Nolan, "the cleverest students and steadiest fellows I ever met at college were neither rich nor in debt. They earned enough during the summer vacation to carry them for the college terms, or at least they made it do."

"Oi believe that," answered his mother; "but if Mr. Greenway was depinding on a large salary here to pay off college debts he moight be disappointed. And you know that if the people heard he had gone into debt to git ridy for the praachin' work they moight give more steepends."

"They wouldn't give a cent more," said Nolan, with evident scorn. "What does old John Muney-maker or Harry Duffield care if a man were a thousand dollars in debt! Old John would, perhaps, offer him money at ten per cent. if the Church would go security. I know the old screw! He'll pinch like the forceps. For Duffield—he's only interested in the streams that flow to his own dam. Not one of them

had the good breeding to ask Mr. Greenway to go and stay with him for a few days, till he might get his house arranged. No, they hadn't generosity enough for that. Talk about helping to pay debt! They are a lot of ignorant, purse-proud, blatant, time-serving worldlings and hypocritical know-nothings, no better than their own cattle, from a moral point of view, and—"

"Nolan! Nolan!" said Bessie, gently laying her hand on his arm; and Nolan came to a full stop.

"May I ask you, Mrs. Cafferty, what that strange-looking piece of furniture is?" said Greenway, breaking the awkward silence that followed Nolan's denunciations, and he pointed to a three-legged stool with a small deep-rimmed wheel on it.

"Shure, that is my little spinning-wheel," replied Mrs. Cafferty, and moving from her seat at the table she carried it out and set it before him. "Oi was using it this very mornin' makin' some yarn for socks for Nolan. And hiv you niver seen wan at all, at all?"

"Never before," answered Greenway. "I'm going to trouble you to do some spinning right here, and show me how it works. I want to see thread—no, yarn made on your wheel. First of all, tell me the names of the different parts of it."

Mrs. Cafferty passed into an adjoining room, and returning brought out some "rolls" of wool, and sitting down before the wheel she laid these across her knees. Then she adjusted the "band," and placing her foot on the "treddle" beneath, began to explain the different parts: "This is the wheel," laying her hand on the large, deep, wooden rim set with small, delicately

turned spokes that sank into a small turned hub, through which a strong steel shaft passed. On the further end of this shaft was set the "crank," to which the treddle was attached by a stout leather thong. "And this is the 'heck,' and these bits av crooked wire in it are the 'teeth,'" moving her hand to the wooden horns in which were fastened crooked wires like "swan-bills." Another steel spindle passed through the heck to which it was made firm. "This is the 'pirn' or 'bobbin' inside the heck, and on the same spindle, that takes up the yarn as it is spun. You see the pirn is loose on the spindle. The flange at the ind av it is smaller than the wan on the spindle av the heck, and so the band makes it turn faster, and it takes up the yarn whin Oi let it in. You must hiv a bit av yarn to begin with, and this you tie on the pirn and bring it over the teeth av the heck, then draw it through the hollow ind av the spindle, this way."

With deft fingers she pushed a small wire hook through the tubiform end of the spindle, and drew forth the end of yarn to which she quickly adjusted a roll of wool, while with her foot she set the wheel in motion, and the entire piece of mechanism went into operation.

Whir—ir—ir—ir—ir went the heck and pirn, as Mrs. Cafferty's well-trained foot on the treddle sent the wheel around at the rate of a hundred revolutions per minute.

Simultaneously with her right hand she drew out the roll skilfully into a thread, passing the thumb and finger of the left hand quickly up and down the thread once to give it a uniform thickness. Then when satis-

fied with the "twist," she lowered her hand toward the heck, and the more rapidly moving pirn drew the strand in over the teeth of the heck. Then as the operation was repeated again and again, Greenway could see that the pirn was filling on one part.

"You see," explained Mrs. Cafferty, stopping and changing the thread to another of the teeth, "this is how Oi git my pirn filled even, by movin' the thread along the heck from wan tooth to another, and so it fills."

"Well, Mrs. Cafferty," said Greenway, "that is the most interesting piece of work I have ever seen. How much wool would you turn into yarn in a day?"

"Oi think it a good day's work if Oi spin a pound av yarn in a day."

There was pleasure in Mrs. Cafferty's countenance as she demonstrated her skill and explained the parts of the wheel to her new pastor. Never before had Greenway known the mechanical skill and ingenuity of that little machine that has done so much in the past to make homes and persons comfortable, and no less to make nations great and wealthy. As he watched the skill with which Mrs. Cafferty changed raw material into a useful commodity, he felt a higher respect for this unsophisticated, Hibernian woman than if she had entertained him dressed in silk and adorned with gems and gold.

He went out with Nolan to get the horse. The clouds were parted and the sun was shining, while the birds were pouring forth melodies of praise. Nature was flinging out inspirations everywhere. It was an afternoon to infuse good desires into a heart.

"Good-bye," Nolan. I'm glad to have met you at home. Now, it's your turn to call on me. When can you come in to the parsonage? I shall be delighted to have a chat with a college man."

It was a long time since any one had spoken to Nolan as "a college man," and few had thought of him as such. It lifted his soul. A vision of massive stone buildings, with long corridors and spacious lecture-rooms breathing with intellectual life came before him. The beautiful green of the fields suggested the campus, making the vision complete. A throb of the old-time ambition swelled in his heart as he held Greenway's large hand.

Then in a voice that quivered just a little he replied, "I will call some evening next week."

XIII.

DOWN ON THE SAND

AFTER returning to the parsonage Greenway remained only long enough to stable his horse. Remembering what Ben had told him, that Dusky Broom might at any time disappear again for an indefinite period, he determined to find out more about that strange personality.

As already intimated, the ravine through which the Spiller flowed widened to a considerable valley near the point where Duffield's dam was located. The north bank formed a natural terrace. The valley beneath, and the banks to a considerable distance upward, were overgrown with various kinds of small trees and shrubbery, among which cedars predominated. About half a mile west from the village of Lockton Green the land, which in this part was denominated "The Heights," declined precipitously sixty or seventy feet. From thence a rolling, sandy tract of beach, dotted with cedars, stretched down to the water's edge.

Greenway took the way along "Terrace Road" for a short distance, but as the glen beneath looked cool and inviting, he soon left the road and entered the valley, making his way toward "The Sand." It was

a spot where romances might spring. So thought the preacher as he moved slowly along, luxuriating in the quiet, the sunlight and shadow, the fresh lake breeze, and the irregular beauty of the trees in the glen.

Suddenly he came upon a flock of fine chickens that fled with wild cries at his approach. There was evidence that some person had very recently been feeding them.

"Wha Hooh! I know a thing!" cried a voice, which startled Greenway for a moment. "I am the sword of Gideon in the valley of Jehoshaphat. Wha Hooh! Wha Hooh! Preacher, you going to 'The Lair'?"

"Hello, Dusky! That you?" responded Greenway.

"Come over here, preacher," called Dusky; and Greenway stepped toward the high bank, and pressing through a thick wall of green cedars came upon a beautiful, moss-covered spot, almost circular and about ten yards across. At the same moment Dusky, who had been higher up on the bank, broke through from the opposite side, and approaching him said, as Greenway extended his hand:

"You are not afraid to meet Dusky here alone?"

"Not a bit afraid. Why should I be afraid?" replied Greenway.

"Good! I like you, preacher," said Dusky. "You're honest. No honest man need fear. Dusky is never afraid, night nor day. That man over there would not meet me here. He is afraid of me. He is a coward," and he pointed in the direction of Duffield's mill. As he spoke he drew from under his

rough coat an old plug bayonet. "See, I keep this for him. He will meet me sometime alone, and then—"

He replaced the weapon and turned toward the spot where the chickens had been seen. Before leaving the enclosure he paused a moment and said: "See this place. They call this 'Moss House.' You will hear of it sometime. I know a thing. I know two things."

"Are those your chickens down there, Dusky?" asked Greenway.

"They're mine," said Dusky. "I have lots of them through here. They live among the trees in summer, and in winter I keep a lot of them in the rook. Come on to 'The Lair.'"

They were soon out on "The Sand." It appeared to be well named, for the sand had blown, and lay in great white drifts like snow, almost obliterating the traces of the former village. Here and there small trees grew, silver poplar, black cherry, or cedar, that appeared to have been planted half way up the trunk in the sand drifts. Across the Spiller, which out here looked as if it had been directed into a narrow canal cut deep into the sand, the old cemetery was visible. Toppling head-stones and sand drifts told the same tale of shifting foundations.

Dusky's "Lair" was an old frame shanty, with one door on the lake side, and one window on each of the other sides. Once the door had opened on a street, which lay between the shanty and the water, but the lake had been aggressive, and the further portion of the street had already disappeared. A heavy west storm would now bring the water up close to the

shanty door, but Dusky loved the waves too much to fear them. In summer he sported in them like a seal. At the rear of the house was the shapeless agglomeration of small buildings, constructed largely from driftwood, in which Dusky kept his chickens in winter.

Greenway was surprised to see how spotlessly clean the house was kept. He had expected the very opposite, but the old cook stove was polished like a mirror; the various tin utensils were scoured and shining; the pine floor was scrubbed white, and had been sprinkled with fine white sand. A broad partition divided off a sleeping apartment from the first room.

"Dusky, your home is as clean as a new dollar," said Greenway. "How have you ever learned such good housekeeping?"

"On shipboard two summers," said Dusky, "and served as 'prentiss there."

"I don't think I shall be able to keep my house as neat and bright as you do."

"When you need help send me word," said the mulatto, slapping his breast and smiling at Greenway's compliments. Words of praise had seldom come to Dusky, and they fell on his thirsty spirit like raindrops on parched sands.

"Doesn't the roar of the lake keep you awake at night, Dusky?" asked Greenway.

"I like it," said Dusky, his eyes gleaming with sudden delight. "More roar, the more I like it. I sleep well then, but never before."

"You do! How's that?" asked Greenway.

Dusky's countenance changed as he answered: "Preacher, in here" (laying his hand upon his fore-

head, and then on his breast) "is like the lake in a storm—all a storm. When the lake roars the storm in here gets quiet. Then I sleep, but never before."

"I see, Dusky. The voice of the waters sings you to sleep. It is a beautiful thing, too."

"Oh, preacher," cried Dusky, raising his hand, "it is beautiful out there! In the storm I hear music, sweet music. I never hear such music in churches, nor on holidays. It plays on and on, and I sleep on and on while it plays. When it stops and gets calm again I wake. Then comes the storm in here again. It is not beautiful in here," laying his hand again on his head and chest. "That man, oh, that man! Never, never peace in here while he lives. Some day it will happen. I keep this in here for him. May be I can get a longer one, and then I will put it in, and in, and in to his heart! You do not know him, preacher. Watch him, for he's bad, bad, wicked. He would kill you if you make him angry. Sometime I make him angry, and he will want to kill me, then I kill him, I will. Oh, that man! I know a thing!"

Greenway now observed that the mulatto's face began twitching with nervous excitement as he continued speaking. There was some mystery of wrong, some untold tale of suffering between this poor creature and Harry Duffield, and a desire for revenge rankled deep in the mulatto's heart. He certainly did not envy Duffield, but he might warn him if the way opened to do so. He wondered if there would be anything gained in appealing to Dusky by the spirit of One who taught and exemplified forgiveness.

"You are right, Dusky, when you say I do not know him, but if he has done you a wrong could you not forgive? You have heard of a Good Man, who came into the world, and He was treated very cruelly, but He did not return any harm to the ones who were cruel to Him. That is the better way, Dusky."

"I have heard of Him, preacher," said Dusky. "He was all good. I heard the old preacher talk about Him one Christmas Sunday I went to the church. But I am all bad. I can't do as He did. That man is too bad to live. Preacher, you will know him yet. I must kill him. I will meet him. What he did to the poor old man, I know. Never! I will meet him!"

"Well, Dusky, if you think that is best," said Greenway, "we will not say anything more now. May be you can talk to the Good Man about it, and He will tell you what to do. Now I have come to see you, come and see me some day at my house. I am going over to the lighthouse now. You know the family there, I suppose?"

"I know them, preacher," said Dusky. "The father is called a hard man. Alex is good. Lizzie—oh, preacher, she is good, even if they tell you she is bad. I know a thing. Lizzie Reigh is not bad. When Dusky was sick no one came to 'The Lair' but Lizzie. She is good, preacher. They lie. I know a thing, for I saw it. Some day they'll find out. That man makes lies. See that ship?" and he pointed toward the pier. "It came in by dark. He knows it."

"Well, good-bye, Dusky," said Greenway, after he had looked out at the door in the direction of the pier.

"You come to see Dusky again. I have more things to tell you. I like you, preacher. You are not afraid of me, and not ashamed to come to see me. You are honest—not like that man. Here, I want you to keep this key for me. The old man gave it to me. Some day you will find the use for it, I am sure, and if I keep it that man might get it. He wants it, but you keep it."

Greenway took the small key and put it in a safe place. Then as he saw that Dusky's thoughts were edging around again toward Duffield, he stepped out quickly. But he had not gone many steps from the door when a terrible, maniacal yell sounded from the old house. Returning and looking in at the door he saw Dusky lying on the floor in a fit, his convulsive hand grasping the old weapon, which he had drawn from his bosom. Greenway remained until the paroxysm had passed and then departed.

As he walked over the sand he observed more closely the small schooner tied up at the pier. There were no signs of life about her. A quantity of lumber was piled on the pier beside her. Pausing a moment he tried to make out the name on her prow.

"*The Eaglet!*" he ejaculated, and made a movement toward the pier. Then he checked his steps, and after a few moments' pause, during which he stared at the vessel, he moved again toward the lighthouse, muttering a name to himself. It was *The Eaglet*.

XIV.

THE LIGHTHOUSE

THE lighthouse was a cone-shaped tower built of blue limestone, about twenty feet across at the base, and tapering to about fourteen feet at the top, a splendid piece of masonry, rising seventy feet upward. A narrower wooden structure of one story was erected upon the wall, and contained the lighting apparatus. Around the outside of this topmost story a narrow platform was constructed with an iron railing on the extreme edge. One person might walk conveniently on this platform, but two could scarcely pass each other.

As Greenway drew near, he observed the figure of John Reigh out on this circular platform, but he appeared more like a boy than a man at that giddy height. He was preparing the light, and when he saw Greenway approaching he disappeared through the glass door, and was at the base of the tower to give him welcome.

John Reigh was a well-formed man, with an intelligent face that would have been handsome only for the florid appearance that spoke of a dissipated life. Still he was of a superior type of manhood, one of those men whom we sometimes look upon and wonder what great good might have come from their lives, if

evil habits had not prevented them from finding their right places.

The dwelling was a small stone cottage, white-washed on the outside, and separate from the light tower. An abundant variety of shells, oddly shaped water-worn stones, and house plants of many species in earthen pots, boxes, and tin cans, large and small, which were tastily painted, were set about the window sills, and on shelves and benches on the veranda. Woodbine and ivy had spread their foliage over the veranda front and upon the walls and roof. The picturesque outside made one curious to know the interior, and Greenway willingly followed John Reigh within. It was as bright as the exterior, and showed everywhere the touches of graceful hands. So much simple attractiveness thrown around a little cottage home Greenway had never seen before. The light tower, massive and silent, and at the base of it the bright little cottage; the white drifts of sand, with a background of green cedars; in the distance "The Heights" rose to view; before the cottage the blue lake intolerant of the intruding boulders—all suggested a spot of romantic interest. This was no ordinary corner of beautiful seclusion, and the new preacher asked himself once and again what deft fingers and what tasty spirit had so pleasingly arranged everything, that a fascinating spell was upon the place.

The goddess was soon revealed. John Reigh and Greenway had only seated themselves in the little parlor, when a door from an adjoining room opened, and a young woman dressed in light pink print came

out. Her attire was in perfect keeping with the bright light of her deep blue eyes and fair, sunny countenance.

"Lizzie, this is our new preacher, Mr. Greenway," said John Reigh; and the daughter came forward with a winning smile and extended her hand, saying: "I am glad you have found your way to the lighthouse so soon. We have rather a quiet life here, and we appreciate company when any friend is kind enough to visit us."

"You have a delightful and attractive spot here, Miss Reigh," said Greenway. "You understand the art of casting a charm about your home, although it is secluded. I am surprised that many people do not come this way. I think I shall come here very often if I shall not be troublesome."

There was a little rising color in Lizzie's face as she replied: "Our visiting friends always call me 'Lizzie,' and you may do so, too, if you will. I like it better. You see the place now in the most attractive season. But the work is not all mine. It has been spread over many summers. Mother and Alex do a good deal, but she resides most of the time at Pier Bay. You will have opportunity to see that the location is not so attractive in winter."

Lizzie had remained standing while speaking, and had talked with an easy grace—not in the least embarrassed. She was not tall, Greenway observed, but the contour of her figure was almost perfect. Her face was not very feminine; the forehead square and high, the brows and nose prominent.

It was a face that showed great capacity of endurance and resoluteness, but withal it was sweet and full of love. Her light brown hair was gathered in a crown of braids and rolls that added a queenly dignity to her appearance, which was that of a mature young woman, one no longer a girl. As the preacher surveyed her, and sat under the spell of her musical voice, he wondered what inexplicable fortune had cast the lot of so beautiful a woman in so secluded a place. Could not someone else with a less attractive person have filled the place she occupied? Was this Nature's compensation for the fallen fortunes of John Reigh? Her father's voice broke the subtle spell of the moment:

"Were you calling on our neighbor over there to-day?"

"You mean, Dusky?" said Greenway. "I called on him a few moments. We met in the village the evening I arrived, and he invited me to visit him."

"He will be your friend forever now, and you might have a worse friend than Dusky. He has a kind heart, and he will simply be a slave to any one he takes a liking to." Then after some further conversation on Greenway's arrival and local church conditions, in which Lizzie joined, the father said: "I saw you coming over when I was up preparing the light. Perhaps you would like to go up on the tower. Most strangers like to climb the steps once anyway."

"But you will stay with us for tea," said Lizzie as she saw Greenway rising. "You may take a few minutes to enjoy the view from the tower." Greenway consented.

The stairs within the tower were in sections of ten with small landings, and in the ascent went twice around the tower. About half-way up Greenway observed a large metal weight suspended by a wire cable, and on his inquiring what its use was, John Reigh informed him that it was the weight that kept the machinery in motion, on the principle of clockwork. Finally, with thumping hearts and aching limbs they reached the top story, the sides of which were almost wholly of plate-glass set in strong frames. In the centre of this octagonal-shaped room was placed the lighting apparatus. It consisted of a strong circular, metal frame, placed in a horizontal position, in the centre of which was an upright shaft about which the frame revolved. The shaft was attached at the lower end to the fine brass "clockwork," by which the rotary motion was obtained. On the upper end of the shaft was placed one ordinary sized lamp, and around the frame were arranged a series of lenses a foot wide, and large wedge-shaped glass reflectors, or reflecting prisms, that magnified the lighting power of this solitary lamp a hundredfold.

"Have you only one lamp up here?" exclaimed Greenway, as he surveyed the strange-looking frame full of eyes that appeared to be staring at a stranger. "Why, I thought you would have, perhaps, a hundred lamps. Only one! What an arrangement! That frame with its large eyes reminds one of the wheels full of eyes in Ezekiel's vision. What an illustration that lamp is of the power of a human life when brought into right relation with God and the world; and it may give one idea of what one person can

be when he gets into his right place. Isn't that so, Mr. Reigh?"

"Well, I never thought of that, often as I have prepared this light," replied John Reigh; "but I believe you are right, Mr. Greenway. You can make a sermon out of that sometime."

"Well, I may put it into a sermon. You see—there is the oil. Call that grace in the heart. There is the bright, clear glass globe. That we shall liken to the nature purified. Then there is the entire lamp set in the exact place, where the master mechanic intended it to be. To that we liken the man who submits himself to divine law, and is given his place in life by the Master Workman. Then consider all these arrangements on this frame—lenses, prisms, reflectors and what-nots. These may illustrate the circumstances in which the man finds himself providentially placed, and the opportunities arising out of them. Now, Mr. Reigh, what has the lamp to do? To shine. That is all. Then see the good that is accomplished by one small lamp. You catch my idea?"

"You're right, Mr. Greenway," said John Reigh. "There are good ideas in what you say. I will think them over again when I'm alone."

"I suppose one of the family has to stay up here, every night?"

"Yes, that's what we keep that couch over there for," replied John Reigh. "We have to wind up the cable once through the night. I take it to-night and every alternate night with the others. Alex takes it two and Lizzie one night in the week. Lizzie generally spends Sunday night up here. I don't think she ever sleeps,

though. She is a great reader, and will read the whole night through. She is a good girl, Lizzie, even if I say so of my own. My wife spends most of her time in summer at Pier Bay, but Lizzie always stays with me. This is a place up here to make a man think, Mr. Greenway. When you're alone all night, and a howlin' wind blowin', you can't but think, and even when it's calm and the stars are out up here, you know, one does feel a bit nearer to them, and you get to look for certain stars to rise at a certain hour, and it makes you think, it does. I have my own thoughts, Mr. Greenway. I've been a rough man, but I hope I'm not all bad." He spoke with emotion.

Observing that one-half of the revolving frame was covered with a dark curtain, Greenway asked, "What is the purpose of this curtain?"

"Well, you see the frame revolves once in a minute, and that means half a minute of light and half a minute of darkness alternately. In this way the ship's watch can distinguish our light from any other that may burn steadily."

"I understand," said Greenway. Then he turned, and looking out through the glass door toward the little pier, continued: "Speaking of ships, I see a small schooner at the pier. Do you know her?"

"I can't say that I know much about her," replied John Reigh, opening the door and stepping out on the narrow platform. "Captain Cahan is in charge of her. He's a rough, wild sea-dog. She calls four or five times a summer, and puts off a bit of lumber or hard coal, and it is generally taken away by Duffield. I believe they smuggle goods. I'm told there's a gang working up

the lake at Old Port, and I believe Duffield is the land-agent. He is a — scoundrel, a sly, cunning, slick-faced liar, like what his father was before him. They robbed poor old Nigger Broom of all he had nearly, and most people believe they helped him out of life in the hope of getting more, but I don't think they found where the old man had hidden it. As I stand here I can remember well the day when Old Broom came across the lake in a large fishing loat, carrying his wife and daughter. Dusky was only a child then. Broom was a liberated slave, and a blacksmith by trade. I believe they had some little capital with them, and Broom opened a shop. A more honest, hard-working fellow never came here; but Old Oliver Duffield found out that he had some money, and then the dirty work began—”

“Father come down. Tea is ready.” It was the voice of Lizzie, calling them from the rear door of the cottage, where she stood. Greenway cast his eyes downward, and his look was not brief. Whatever John Reigh said further about Nigger Broom was lost on his ears, for he experienced a peculiar thrill in his massive frame, a sensation of something he was an entire stranger to heretofore, as he gazed beneath him at a beautiful vision in the evening sunlight.

“It is rather a giddy height this,” he said at length, speaking as one who has been on a far-away journey of thought. It really gives one a peculiar sensation to stand here, and—and look down.”

“Yes, there's not much space to play on up here. Pity the one who might go over this railing.”

They passed in through the door again, and Green-

way's eyes fell on a long sword hanging on the wall, which he had not noticed before.

"What is this?" he asked.

"That is the sword of my father, Captain John Reigh. This is his field-glass, and that box contains other articles of his military outfit. Many a time Dusky has wanted to buy that sword from me, but, of course, I would not sell these articles of my father's to any one."

"It might be safer for you to put it in some place where he could not see it," said Greenway. "In his powerful hand it might take someone's head off. I am something of a relic hunter. Perhaps you will be generous enough to leave those relics to me in 'your last will and testament.'"

"Well, we will see," said the other, and they passed down.

Alex, the son, had come in from gathering some spare patches of hay, and gave Greenway a friendly greeting. The tea-table showed the same exquisite taste as everything else that Lizzie's fingers touched. Pieces of costly silverware and rare china indicated former affluence in days gone by, and something in the personnel of the family spoke of the same. Both father and brother were evidently very much devoted to Lizzie, who maintained a bright, intelligent conversation during the meal. Lizzie hoped that Mr. Greenway was not fatigued by his long walk over the sand and the ascent of the light tower; and Greenway assured her that he had seen so many things new and interesting to him that a thought of weariness had never come.

John Reigh excused himself immediately when the meal was finished, as the light had to be started before sundown. He invited Greenway to visit them "often," and suggested that Alex and Lizzie take him for a row on the lake. He would see what a splendid oarswoman the latter was. Then he went to his accustomed post.

The three went for a row. Greenway took the rudder cords. Lizzie occupied a seat in the centre of the boat. The exercise brought a new flush of beauty to her countenance. She was transformed into a very Naiad of the lake, arrayed in loosely fitting garments that only enhanced the natural charms of her person. Sitting face to face with her, Greenway came directly and completely under the spell of her magnetism. He simply feasted his virgin soul on her beauty. Whither they rowed or how long, he did not know, nor did he care.

Perhaps Lizzie would not have consented to take this row if she had reflected on the possible results. But she had not. She was entirely unsophisticated and unaffected. She thought only of the pleasure it would give the stranger, who had taken pains to call on them so soon at the lighthouse. She desired only to make his call very pleasant. He had already expressed his pleasure, and Lizzie desired that he should have the most this call could afford him. It was seldom the opportunity came that gave an outlet to her natural impulse to give pleasure to others.

Perhaps if John Reigh had thought of what might possibly result from a row in the lake, he would not have suggested it. But he had suddenly fallen into a great liking for the new preacher. He thought Green-

way an honest, straightforward young man, with a clear mind. See how he had seized an illustration from the lamps. Harry Duffield would not twine this Hercules "around his finger." He was resolved to listen to Greenway preaching his inaugural sermon. If his children did not object, he would present Greenway with the old sword and field-glass. What good were they, hanging in the tower, anyway? So John Reigh lighted the lamp, and then his pipe. Then he stood watching the boat with its three occupants as it rose and fell on the easy swell of the lake. In an hour the boat returned. Then he saw Greenway hand Lizzie out of the boat with chivalrous grace, and observed them as they walked together back to the cottage, where the preacher bade her good-bye, touching her hand gently. John Reigh declared to himself that all of the young preacher's movements were those of a gentleman. And Lizzie, as the father looked upon her from the tower, appeared beautiful, beautiful! She had enjoyed the row.

Greenway also had enjoyed the row, even to a sort of intoxication. As he was leaving, he cast an upward glance at the tower, and signalled adieu to John Reigh. How everything had changed in the last few hours, and how different everything now seemed from what it was when he had first approached it that afternoon, now bathed in a mellow evening light.

Henceforth that tower was to stand out one of the most conspicuous milestones in his life. He walked away reluctantly over the sand homeward, a puzzle to himself, for his soul was aflame with mystic fire.

XV.

INAUGURAL SUNDAY

THERE are few church-going families who will not be well represented at the services the first Sunday that the new preacher appears. Even "Sunday visitors" must bow to the occasion, and accompany the host and family to church.

A large congregation and a full choir assembled expectantly to greet Rev. Owen Greenway on his first appearance in the pulpit of Lockton Green Methodist Church. There were present that morning many persons who were seldom seen there, except on "special occasions," and who appeared to include the preacher's inaugural Sunday among such.

The small boys had been busy publishing the new preacher's wonderful feat in putting the stone, so that by Sunday curiosity had been worked up on several lines, but especially the wish to look on the muscular man who could out-throw Horace Starr and Dusky Broom. It was years since John Reigh had "darkened a church door," and when he entered the church that morning the people exchanged side-long glances. George Smiley muttered to himself, "Is it possible?" while John Muneymaker inwardly concluded "that will mean another five dollars anyway for the church this year."

But it was Uncle Peter Smith who took John by the hand, saying, "The Lord bless you, John! I'm real glad to see you, John. Come back again."

The appearance of Dusky Broom that morning did not create so much surprise, for he had occasionally been seen in church. In the congregation was to be seen Sharppe, the lawyer. He had accumulated some wealth, had also gained some notoriety. He was not a church member, but Mrs. Sharppe was. She had a reputation for saintliness, although there were some in Lockton Green who shook their pious heads doubtfully, because she "compromised matters" with her husband, when on fine Sunday afternoons she would row out with him on Duffield's pond, and in the shadow of some overhanging trees they would spend the afternoon quietly in reading and conversation. Harry Duffield, with his wife and daughter, Elsie, were in the family pew. To Elsie's inquiry that morning whether or not he would accompany them to church, he had replied:

"Well, ha, ha! There's just this into it, Elsie, if I don't go out to-day when the excitement's up, ha, ha! When will I be likely to go?"

Elsie had kissed him for his kind consent, and Mrs. Duffield had assured him that it would be "a treat." So Harry Duffield had gone to church that morning with as much benevolence in his feelings as he had known for some time. John Muneymaker and his family were present. One of them, George, had secretly been casting about him for months with a view of choosing a wife. He was looking constantly

this morning at Bessie Cafferty in the choir, much to Bessie's confusion, and much to the merriment of the other young ladies, who had observed George's steady, dull, fishy stare. On the opposite side of the church sat John Starr with Mrs. Starr and Horace. The appearance of the latter had revived the memories of a seatful of boys near the door, who impatiently awaited the coming of the preacher, and were bantering one another to bet jack-knives, spool tops, and old purses on the probable result of the next stone throwing. But the odds being too heavy in favor of the preacher no bets were taken. In other pews were seated Mrs. Cafferty, with Nolan beside her, while Mr. and Mrs. Haylock sat in the pew before Mrs. Cafferty. Mrs. Haylock was nervously fumbling her handkerchief and hymn book, all the while looking down. She dreaded to raise her eyes lest they should fall on her future son-in-law sitting in the pulpit. Only a deep sense of duty had induced her to attend church that morning, for her wonderful dream was yet vivid in her memory. Ben and Annie were both in the choir. Andy Begley was nowhere to be seen, and Annie wondered at his absence. She remembered, too, that he had not attended Friday evening choir practice. He ought to have been present to-day of all days. The ambitious Mrs. Muir and her three accomplished daughters—Muriel, Verna and Nancy—sat well forward on the left of the pulpit; but nothing in Mr. Muir's quiet homely appearance indicated any other than devotional thought.

It was drawing near the time when the preacher should appear, and Mrs. Haylock's nervousness had

increased so much that she had loosened the knot of her handkerchief that imprisoned her collection penny. It fell on the floor with such a noise as a penny makes, and rolled over to the pew where the whispering boys sat. There was a quick scramble for it, but the cute fellow who got it slipped it up his sleeve, and went on searching. The sound of a falling coin attracted the attention of John Muneymaker, who came down the aisle, and bade the boys "be quiet and sit up," while he looked for the coin. He looked, but found it not. Then he told the boys to leave it where it was, as it was all right, and would certainly be found after service. The lad who had it in his possession answered, "All right, sir!" Poor Mrs. Haylock had only one other coin in her possession, a quarter of a dollar. She reflected that it would take two and a half dozen of eggs to replace it; but it would never do to appear stingy by letting the plate pass without an offering the first Sunday the new preacher appeared, when so many strangers were present. So she took out the quarter dollar from her pocket, and tied it in a tight knot in her handkerchief.

In another pew sat Dill Decker, the dealer in horses from Pier Bay, who occasionally took his daughters for a Sunday morning drive. To-day they had driven out to Haddon Gregory's; then with Gregory, Mildred and the two children they had come to church. Lucelle Lester was in her accustomed place in the choir. She was feeling nervous. The spirit of the congregation, expectant and curious rather than devotional, the incident of the falling coin, and the funny squeaks of George Smiley's baby, all had an embarrassing influ-

ence upon Lucelle. She felt that she must seek relief in some manner. Moving over to the organ she began a soft devotional prelude.

Mrs Muir cast a side glance at her daughters, and the two eldest, Muriel and Verna, answered with haughty smiles. But Nancy, the youngest, gave close attention to Lucelle, who was fast losing herself in the rapturous composition before her. Suddenly the new preacher stepped in by the rear door of the church. For a few moments he paused, listening as the swelling harmonies filled the sanctuary. Then, as the tones dropped in sweet and gently falling cadences, he moved with quiet steps toward the pulpit, his eyes fixed upon the choir gallery, for he imagined Lucelle had obtained a substitute, and for a moment he stood looking at the player after he reached the dais. Then he glanced into the small mirror over the organ. At the same moment Lucelle looked up to the mirror, and their eyes met. The spell was broken. Lucelle was back again in Lockton Green Church. She ceased abruptly, and proceeded to arrange for the hymn.

Involuntarily Greenway raised his hand and exclaimed, "Do not stop, Miss Lester. That is the sublimest praise."

Rev. Owen Greenway had spoken his first sentence in the presence of his congregation. It was like Greenway to do this. He had spoken impulsively, but true to himself.

Uncle Peter Smith smiled and nodded his head. Mrs. Muir and her two daughters also smiled, but theirs were different smiles from Uncle Peter's. Nancy Muir was looking down, and her cheeks were

tear-marked, for her feelings had been touched by the solemn strains. Lucelle blushed a deep scarlet. Inwardly she charged herself with an egregious blunder that might give rise to all sorts of social misrepresentations. For the space of a minute all was silence, and all eyes were upon Greenway. Then he arose and repeated the doxology.

The parts of the service following were not in any way extraordinary. The preacher's voice was clear, strong, and pleasing, both when he spoke and when he sang. His sermon was based on Rom. i. 14-16. Incidentally, he referred to his own call to the work to which he had consecrated his life. In one passage he gripped the heart of his congregation when he appealed to them for sympathy.

"We are at a point to-day where the work of two lives touch. Your former pastor has led you up to this hour, and here he lays down his work. May we hope that in the Divine order I am sent here to assume the duties of the pastorate, and to take up the work where my Brother Lester has laid it aside. Without a doubt his sympathy for you was a large factor in the work he performed with you, and you know not how much your sympathy for him was the secret of his successful ministry here. I ask you kindly, I ask you all, that whatever else you may give me, that you will give me sympathy, that best and truest expression of a heart of love. Think of me as one of yourselves, as much in need of help as you are, and in this holy relationship of the Church extend to me that loving sympathy which, I trust, I may be able in some measure to extend to you also."

The tone of the service was spiritual, and the impression made was, on the whole, favorable. No one but the preacher knew how much Uncle Peter Smith had helped him that morning, as he sat leaning forward intently listening, a prophetic figure, with large, broad frame, long white beard, and heavy snow-white hair, now and then nodding approval to the good points Greenway's sermon brought out. Even Mrs. Muir and her daughters were pleased well enough to invite Greenway to accompany them home to share their hospitality, which Mrs. Muir provisionally explained would only be "luncheon."

It was regrettable that Mrs. Haylock's nervousness created some levity when the offering was being received. She had looked only once at the preacher during the service. The recognition of his identity, and the further thought that he was so near Annie, and would be able to speak to her at the close of the service, filled her with a new terror. The nervous twitching of her fingers had drawn the knot in her handkerchief very tightly over the quarter dollar, so that when John Muneymaker came with the collection plate she could not unloose the knot. He stood a moment waiting. In vain she tried to reach the money, even bending down her head and catching the rebellious fabric with her teeth. Then looking up in despair, she said in a very audible whisper:

"I can't, John; I can't! It's fast."

But John Muneymaker did not care to pass by a good-sized coin, so he whispered, "Let me have it."

Mrs. Haylock handed him the handkerchief, which he quietly dropped on the plate in a little bundle, and

was moving on. But Nolan Cafferty was at that moment handing Mrs. Haylock a coin over the back of the pew, having observed her trouble.

"Here, here, John!" said Mrs. Haylock, in a very loud whisper that was heard even in the choir. He returned the plate long enough to receive the second coin, but whipped it away before Mrs. Haylock could catch up her handkerchief. So the handkerchief went forward on the offering plate, the knotted coin turned conspicuously upward to the amusement of the choir, especially Ben, who blushed, turned half around and covered his cheek with one hand; for under such circumstances Ben fought his greatest battles with himself.

When the service was over Mrs. Haylock moved forward at the risk of meeting the preacher again to get her handkerchief. John Muneymaker informed her that it had been laid on the offering plate, and as such it had been "consecrated to the Lord," and if she wanted it back she must redeem it as they redeemed the firstborn in olden times, "with the shekel of the sanctuary."

"But, John, it is an expensive handkerchief," pleaded Mrs. Haylock. "It cost me a quarter of a dollar. It will take two dozen and a half more of my eggs to redeem it, and I have given thirty-five cents already this morning, besides losing my penny somewhere in the church."

John Muneymaker, however, was resolute, and would not yield up the handkerchief until she obtained another quarter dollar from Nolan to redeem it. When she came back with the money Greenway was speak-

ing with John, and there was no escape from shaking hands with her dreaded son-in-law that was to be, for Greenway remembered her, and spoke very graciously to her.

As Greenway had stepped down from the pulpit to speak with the people, the choir were arranging their books for the evening service. When he went back to speak with the choir Lucelle was gone. Her small figure was easily lost in a crowd, but he did not know that she had slipped out at the rear door. He was wishing to compliment Lucelle, for he was now aware of the fact that that dapper little figure with golden hair and pink complexion enshrined the soul of an artist.

XVI.

LOYALTY AND LIGHT

It was that fraction of the male portion of the congregation who reassembled outside near the church shed that had the most interesting exchange of views relative to the service, the new preacher, and other matters that came up in the drift of the conversation.

"Well, Uncle Peter," said John Muneymaker, coming over toward the group near the shed, while his pocket clinked with coins, small and great; "what do you think of our new preacher?"

"Very much the same as I have always thought of the preachers whom Conference has sent to us," replied Uncle Peter. "They have all been good men. I have never felt that I had reason to say otherwise. I wish we ourselves were as good. I think Brother Greenway is a fine, clever, and consecrated young man. If we all stand with him he will do good work, and will be a grand success."

"I think, Uncle Peter," said Grey Coltman, joining in the conversation, "that Brother Greenway is clever and learned enough, but he needs more light. A man's head may be full, even to making his brains run over, but you see if he has not the light he ought to have, why, he can't do his people so

much good. I shall have a talk with Brother Greenway about it. You know that Apollos, even though a very learned and eloquent man, needed more light, and received more after Aquila and Priscilla spoke with him. They saw his need. I have good hope for our new preacher. I take him to be teachable, and I believe he will come to the light all right."

"You had better keep all the light you have within yourself, Grey," said Billy Shire, in a sharp tone. "You need it more than the new preacher. It's all bosh your talk about 'light.' What more 'light' can any man have than comes to him from the truth and the Spirit of God? And would you dare to say that you can sit to judge a man like Mr. Greenway? Coltman, you are a conceited jackanapes, and you haven't as much 'light' as you think you have."

"There's just this into it," said Harry Duffield, now taking a hand in the discussion, and as usual going to the heart of the matter; "Billy's correct. The new preacher is all right; and I say let's give him a fair chance and stand with him. I know I'm not as good as I ought to be, and I do not attend church as I should, but, ha, ha! there just this into it, I'm going to turn over a new leaf to-day and come oftener."

"You had better burn the book and buy a new one out and out," snapped out Billy, none too well pleased to have Duffield's support. "There's none of us think you are too good."

"Well, well, is it possible!" put in George Smiley. "And so you are perfectly pleased with the new preacher, Billy! I'm glad to hear that."

"No, not perfectly," answered Billy. "He is not

all right, as Duffield says, but it won't be long till Duffield will change his tune. For one thing, our new preacher did not pray for the Queen to-day. I suppose that will suit you rebels all right. You are all in the same rebel crowd."

"Let the Queen pray for herself," said Duffield. "If our man prays for us, we have no reason to complain. There's just this into it, why do we need to care so much for the Queen? Greenway is all right, even if he didn't pray for her."

Billy Shire's loyalty and patriotism were beyond question, but these qualities sometimes became too conspicuous, and transformed an otherwise sociable and warm-hearted Irishman into a pugnacious boaster. Duffield's last remark was more than he could endure. His talk now became loud and boisterous as he charged upon the crowd:

"This community is divided into rebels and loyal men. The rebels are rogues and poor, poverty-stricken rats that can't pay their debts, and won't pay their preacher, and try to get other people's money to live on. You, Harry Duffield—shame on you, you rebel; yes, you rebel—you don't want the new preacher to pray for the Queen! I know you will need all the prayers he can offer for you, and more, too, for it's scanty few you offer for yourself. You're a rebel! Your tongue proves it, and your words are witness against you. And you, too, Muneymaker. Look at what you did there in the church. You carried away an old woman's handkerchief, and I saw you selling it back to her, on Sunday and in the house of God! You're an old brazen-faced, tight-fisted, red-haired

hypocrite! You would do anything to squeeze a few cents out of any one, and save your own pocket. The Lord help Greenway if he has to depend for a living on such niggardly, half-starved, dry-souled, mean, contemptible rebels as—"

"Billy! Billy! Don't now. You will be sorry for this. Don't say anything more." It was Uncle Peter's voice, and he laid a kind hand on his friend's shoulder.

"No, Uncle Peter, I won't be sorry," stormed Billy. "You're the only man among them. I'm really sorry to find as good a man among such a gang of hypocritical rebels. Uncle Peter, you're like another Lot in Sodom."

"Well, Billy, are you on the side of Lot or on the side of the Sodomites?" asked George Smiley.

"I'm on the side of loyalty, and that's what you fellows are not, or you would not talk as you are talking to-day," replied Billy.

"You should be glad to find even one good man in any place, Billy," said Uncle Peter.

"I would be glad to find one in a place where he could do some good and be appreciated, but not in this rebel den where they hate the Queen."

"We don't hate the Queen," said Duffield. "We think as much of her as we should think of a person we never saw and who never saw us and never will, and there's just this into it, that we have to—"

"I know what's into it," broke in Billy, his voice rising wildly. "There's rebels into it, and you're the worst wan among them. You've shown it by your words to-day. There's no chance of this young preacher doing any good here among you, for he'll

find you out. You would be a dead-weight on any man, and I'm prepared to say that before wan year you will be laying your secret, sneaking, cowardly, villainous plans and conspiracies against him. There's wan thing, though. Mind you, he can knock the heads of any half-dozen of y^ru together at wan skite, and by the powers I hope he may do it for you if you begin to bother him."

"Billy, my friend," said Grey Coltman, piously, "what you need is more light."

"I hope that when it comes I will have sense enough to use it better than you are doing," answered Billy.

"Billy, do not be rash," said Uncle Peter again. "Just give Mr. Greenway a little time. You will find his loyalty all right, no fear. This is only one service and his first Sunday."

"That's just why I have remarked that he did not pray for the Queen," answered Billy. "A preacher should do that the very first Sunday. Then we know he is not a rebel."

"It is true," said Uncle Peter, "he made no personal reference to Her Majesty, but I noticed that he did offer thanks that we are under such a good government, enjoying civil and religious liberty, and in his sermon he pointed out how the Gospel had exalted the Anglo-Saxon people to the position of world-rulers. Now, those things were evidences of his feelings on the matters you refer to, Billy."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed George Smiley. "Why, I did not notice the preacher saying those things at all."

"No, because you were sleeping," said Billy. "How

can you sleep and listen to a sermon! I would expect a rebel to sleep when there is a good loyal sermon on hand." Then after a moment's reflection, he said more calmly: "Well, we'll see, Uncle Peter. I don't know but there's something in what you've said about Greenway."

A considerable crowd of men and boys had gathered, attracted by Billy's loud talk. Greenway also had heard the loud voice, and came out at the rear door as the crowd began to break up. He shook hands freely with all whom he met, and with Billy also; but he noticed that the latter was under very intense excitement. Uncle Peter drew Greenway aside and let him into the secret, and while they conversed Greenway made inquiry about the handkerchief he had seen on the plate, and he instructed Uncle Peter to bear to John Muney-maker his request that he would refund Mrs. Haylock's money. However, Billy's tirade had so awakened John's conscience that he had resolved to do so before the request reached him.

Greenway went to "luncheon" with the Muirs. Mr. Muir, who was in rather delicate health, was left alone with him for a short time while "luncheon" was being prepared. "You will find this a very trying climate, Mr. Greenway," said Mr. Muir, "especially if you are rheumatic, but that is not likely. I gave up the farm on that account partly, and came in here, but it is not much better for me."

"I suppose the winds from the lake are damp in the fall and winter seasons," said Greenway.

"Yes, very damp and penetrating, and we have heavy snows," replied Mr. Muir. "However, you look

rugged enough to be able to stand this climate. When I was younger I did not mind it so much, but I do now."

"It is a wonder you remain here?"

"Well, at my time of life, one thinks more of moving from an old residence than young people do. My daughters would like to move away from here. I suppose they will move away some day. When they take a notion to marry I shall not hinder them. They can have a free hand in that matter. I am quite confident they will make desirable choices, and no less confident that they will be good wives to whoever may select them, Mr. Greenway. We have taken some pains to educate and train them well, and it is some pleasure now to see them fitted for some superior positions in life. No, I do not intend to raise any objection when some bright young men come along to claim them. And they are clever and good girls, even if I do say it."

"But no doubt you see a favorite among them, as most fathers do," said Greenway, groping about for some reply in which he could evade any reference to the father's willingness to part with his daughters.

"Well, Nancy, the youngest, is my favorite, I believe," said Mr. Muir. "She is quick and bright, and as independent as she can be. When she makes up her mind to get married, she'll go quick, mind you. Yes, Nancy is clever. But, then, *they are all clever*. I might think myself partial to my own if ma did not think the same. But she does. Bless you, Mr. Greenway, she has all sorts of visionary plans about whom her daughters are to marry, and I guess they will come

true. Ambitious mothers can generally accomplish what they set themselves to. Of course, she prepared for this in giving them a good education and training.

At "luncheon" it was very evident that Nancy, the youngest daughter, was Mr. Muir's favorite, and that he had reason for such affectionate preference in the fact that Nancy made him an object of particular attention, anticipating his every want. Nancy had to do everything for him. Muriel and Verna were evidently very self-conscious, but Nancy's thoughts appeared to be of persons other than herself, and things not her own. Indeed, Greenway took a great liking to Nancy in the brief time he spent in her presence. The impression her personality made on him was, that she was Nancy Muir all alone by herself. She might not be expected to do things as her sisters would do them. She would do them *in her own way*. It might not be the best, perhaps, or it might be, but it would be Nancy Muir's own individual way and choice of method.

During the meal Mrs. Muir took occasion to refer to Lucelle Lester's unusual conduct in executing the prelude that morning, and she was much surprised when Greenway answered:

"Miss Lester is an excellent musician. You are fortunate in having such an organist in your church. She appears to be able to make the instrument express any shade of feeling. I thought that she had the touch of the artist, and her musical sense seems almost perfect."

A loud peal of laughter rang out from Nancy at Greenway's words. She raised her hands over her head and clapped them loudly, exclaiming: "Good!

Good! Mr. Greenway is on my side. I have said that all along, and I have been nearly crucified for holding such an opinion of Lucelle. I'm glad to meet someone who knows a good musician."

"Nancy!" cried Muriel. "Don't have a scene. I think we had enough of that from Lucelle this morning."

"Oh, I'm not handicapped with conventionalities," said Nancy; "and as for the service this morning, it was beautiful all through. I never heard Lucelle play so sweetly as she did in that prelude. It was because she had lost herself in the musical performance that she started when Mr. Greenway appeared. I never thought you girls did appreciate Lucelle at her real worth. I don't think that an angel could have a sweeter spirit than Lucelle."

"Well, it is some compensation that we have a little sister who can appreciate scenic effect and artistic genius when we fail," said Verna, sarcastically.

"Yes, Verna," said Muriel, "but I am afraid she is so clever that some person who also knows how to appreciate cleverness may carry her off, and then what shall we do, poor girls?"

"Oh, you may just materialize some of ma's visions, and then follow the good example I shall have set you in going off," replied Nancy. "You know, Mr. Greenway, ma has a great future for us each and all, but so far the essentials have not materialized, all things remain in the vision—except three old maids, and ma to encourage them to hope."

"We are not old maids. Don't you say so," said Muriel, indignantly.

"Well, you are four years nearer to it than I am," replied Nancy, tossing her little head independently.

"Supposing I divert your present thoughts, and ask you how you enjoyed the sermon this morning," said Mr. Muir.

"The sermon was splendid," said Nancy; "and after what I have heard Mr. Greenway say about Lucelle, I am sure I shall think more of his evening sermon."

"You are quite a critic, Miss Spitfire," said Verna; "however, you are not alone in your high appreciation of the service to-day. Mr. Greenway will pardon us for saying so, but I think we all agree with Nancy." This was said looking toward Greenway. That gentleman, however, had resolved to leave the dissection of the service, and all further conversation, as far as possible, to the young ladies themselves, fully persuaded that Nancy would sustain his part. He was none too well pleased with the two elder sisters' comments on Lucelle's conduct, and as soon as convenient after "luncheon" he excused himself and withdrew, to go to his afternoon appointment, about five miles distant.

At the evening service Greenway spoke from the words, "Ye are not your own," etc. In an eloquent portion of the opening prayer came a fervent petition for "Her Majesty the Queen and her Royal house." When the prayer was ended, Billy Shire, who was again present (having broken the vow that he had made that morning on reaching home, that he would never go to that church again)—Billy cast a triumphant glance over at Harry Duffield, who, by a strange coincidence, looked at him as they all lifted their heads.

When the congregation filed out, Billy, with a smile of real pleasure, met Grey Coltman and Uncle Peter at the door, and impulsively shook hands with both.

"What did I tell you, Billy?" whispered Uncle Peter.

"You were right, Uncle Peter," said Billy. "My, wasn't that a fine prayer for the Queen! Oh, I was too quick to be sure. I might have seen it in the young fellow. Why, his face is honesty and loyalty itself. Here's five dollars for his salary, and when you want more you know where to call for it."

"Then Billy turned to Grey Coltman and said, "What about the preacher having the light now, Grey?"

It was a mistake, under the circumstances, for Coltman to turn his back on Billy and walk away without making any reply, for it provoked the latter to fire a parting shot:

"The preacher is all right, Grey. He is loyal. There will be no rebels get any encouragement from the man that can make yon prayer. He's got the light!"

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XVII.

THE CONSPIRACY OF MOSS HOUSE

For some reason not patent to all the dwellers in Lockton Green, *The Eaglet* had remained over Sunday at the little pier at Victoria Point. On Sunday afternoon the captain took a party for a few hours' sail, returning early in the evening. When Greenway went to Lockton House in the evening, he learned from Mildred that some of the crew had spent part of the day at the hotel, and had been drinking freely, the captain among them; also, that the latter was none other than the veritable Captain Cahan of blasphemous repute, and he still sustained his reputation.

The Sunday evening service over, Greenway asked Ben Haylock to go with him to the parsonage. They sat chatting until about ten o'clock, when Ben proposed going home, and Greenway walked out with him.

After parting with Ben at the grocery Greenway turned his steps toward "Terrace Road," that led down by the glen toward the lighthouse. He was feeling nervous. The labors of the first Sunday had been an unusual strain upon him, and sleep was distant some hours yet.

As he turned down "Terrace Road" he caught sight of the brilliant star on the light tower like an-

other Venus nearing the horizon, but brighter—now shining, now dark, alternately, as the hidden mechanism revolved the frame about it. The preacher mused: Sunday night; likely Lizzie was in the tower. It would be her watch to-night. She usually spent the night reading. What literature was likely to find a place in the lighthouse? Might he not supply her with something new from his library? He would offer her free access to his bookshelves.

The light was obscured, and in the momentary darkness a vision of Lizzie gleamed out in the night before him. Memory supplied details. He saw her again, flushed, beautiful, as she had appeared when she stepped lightly from the boat. Had she thought of him since that evening? Possibly. She had expressed her pleasure and appreciation of a visit, however brief.

Again the light streamed from the tower, and with glittering arrows drove away the vision. Again it disappeared, and he stood looking into a huge bank of darkness for a moment. Next moment an illuminated light tower arose out of the blackness, and the inward vision saw a woman as beautiful as the curtained frame obscured. What a transformation for Greenway! Dreaming a love dream! A week ago he would have laughed at this self of to-night.

He was startled from his strolling reverie by the low sound of voices coming up from the sand. Not wishing to be seen at that hour of the night he decided to drop down into the glen, which in the dim light of the stars offered a temporary hiding-place. He was almost opposite "Moss House," and could remain there a few

minutes unobserved. But he had only entered "Moss House" when he discovered that he had wrongly located the voices. The persons talking were in the glen, and appeared to be approaching him. He drew back into the cedars on the shadowy side of the enclosure, and none too soon. In a few moments the figures of two men pressed into the open space from the lakeward side, carrying a large bundle, which they deposited on the ground, and by the voice of one he knew him to be Harry Duffield. Greenway wished now that he had turned homeward. He was beginning to feel weary, and it was uncertain how long these men might remain. But there was nothing for it but to wait.

"That silk is heavy stuff, Captain Cahan," said Harry Duffield.

The captain replied with an oath. He seldom spoke without profanity.

"I'll be — if it isn't. It's quite a tramp here over the sand. I wish the other bales were up. I couldn't trust the two men that remain sober to do the job for us, and the other — sinners are too drunk by this time. So I guess we are in for it ourselves. If I had now a young chap that I had some years ago he'd be able to dump the whole — thing here, and think it no great task. A — powerful man he was."

"Well, now, let us chat a bit while we sit down and take our breath. But do not talk too loud," said Duffield.

"You be —" replied Captain Cahan, who was evidently still the worse of liquor. "I'll speak as loud as I like."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Duffield. "Go ahead then, captain. There's just this into it. Your risk is the same as mine. But now, what about this matter? What are you going to take to carry this black devil off?"

"I'll be — if he's much blacker than you are," roared out the captain. "Your hair's as woolly as his. How d'ye know you're not relations?"

"Come, captain, talk business," said Duffield, again laughing, but not so well pleased.

"Well, here now, right up, Harry," replied the captain, very decidedly, "if I carry off Old Dusky it is quite a risk, and I must be paid at risk rates. There's money in it for you, or why do you want it done? You've got something up your sleeve, or I'll be —. Now, you pay me a thousand dollars, and you promise me one-quarter of the gold you may find if we ever come across the old chap's coffin, and I will do the job."

"That's a pretty high price for a small job," said Duffield. "You would make money carrying passengers at that rate."

"But Dusky won't be a willing passenger," replied Captain Cahan, "and in the end I might have to throw him overboard to get rid of him."

"Oh, you may do that ten miles out if you like, for all I care," said Duffield. "All I want is for you to get him out of the way, and keep him out of the way long enough."

"Well, if I'm fit to do the job I ought to be worthy of being told the secret back of it," said Captain Cahan. "Now, why do you want to get him out of the way?"

"I cannot disclose anything more to you now than that I am afraid he holds some secrets I never want divulged. There's just this into it, if they ever come cut I'm done, in a way; but he will be done for too, mind you. I will stand no fooling. He's getting too bold. Why, if he didn't introduce himself a few nights ago to the new preacher, and put up jib enough to ask him to go and call on him. There's just this into it, I won't stand it. And I have learned from old Sandy Sanderson that the preacher called on him, too."

"Who is your new preacher here?" asked Captain Cahan.

"His name is Owen Greenway. He came only last week, and was—"

A terrible oath from Captain Cahan brought Duffield to silence, as the former exclaimed: "Owen Greenway, do you say! I'll be —, but I'm afraid you'd better drop your plan, Duffield!"

"Do you know him?" asked Duffield, with some surprise.

"I should think I do know him, my own nephew! But I had lost track of him. Well, what do I need to care for these — preachers anyway. But, I was going to say, when I sailed my old schooner, *The Rover*, he was with me for four summers, and I will say it to his credit, he was the best man ever walked her deck. But he was a perfect lion if you got into any racket with him. I'll never forget the evening that Greenie (I used to call him Greenie) got into the battle with my ship's crew. He never would drink whiskey, and the crew did not like it. This evening they asked me if they might have some fun, and pour a pint of

whiskey into him. I told them right up they couldn't do it; that he would lick the hull crowd of them and smash their noses; but they laughed at me, and said, 'Let's try him.' Their wages was due that day, and they offered to bet me a month's wages each against ten dollars to each man that they could pour it into him. So I took them up, and up went our money. They found Greenie in the forecandle reading a Latin grammar. All hands surrounded him and told him he must drink a glass. Greenie said: 'No, lads, I don't drink. I promised my mother I would never drink, and I would die before I would drink a glass of liquor.' They said he'd got to drink or they would pour it down his throat. 'What, seven to one,' says Greenie, 'and have you no respect for my promise to my mother?' They told him they didn't care a — for his mother, and then Greenie says: 'Then come out on the deck, and we'll settle this thing. There's no need to make a mop-up in the forecandle.' They did not want to go on deck, but he bounded through them, and was out in a giffy, and they after him, and every man had a bottle ready. Ha, ha! I'll never forget it. It was fight from the drop of the hat. Why, Duffield, look here, he went through them men as a lion would go through a pack of dogs. Smash! Smash! right, left, right, left. Every blow a man went down. Every man was used up in ten minutes, and one thrown overboard, and Greenie had only a few scratches on his hands. I had to hold my vessel in port for a week over the fight, and even then had to put out with some new hands. No, sir, Duffield. Don't you meddle with Greenie, or you will rue it."

"They must have been a poor lot of men," said Duffield, scornfully.

"Nothing of the kind," said the captain, angrily.

"They were better men than you, Duffield. If they had wanted to do a real devilish trick they would have done it themselves, and wouldn't have gone croakin' round the woods after night looking for someone to hire. Do you think I'd have kept a lot of lubbers about me?"

"What was Greenway doing at the time?" asked Duffield, turning the line of conversation.

"Making some money for college expenses. I won over two hundred on the bet, and I gave him a present of fifty, but he didn't know of the bet, or he wouldn't have taken it."

"I'm not afraid of him," said Duffield.

"No, you are not," said the captain, "because you have had no occasion for that yet, and because you don't know him. If you ever provoke him and he gets his grip on your windpipe, your face will get blacker than it is now, and I'll be —, but you are nearly black enough now for a nigger. But I warn you, don't crowd up on Greenie."

At that moment Duffield's face was more of a yellowish green color, but it was not visible. A very geyser of rage was boiling in his soul, and a devilish hatred against the villain who was making him sit on hot coals. He could have torn the heart out of Captain Cahan, but to accomplish another purpose he had to restrain himself. Besides, Cahan would be a hard man to whom to administer punishment.

During this dialogue Greenway had stood in one

position, his heart bounding and his great breast heaving like the swell of the lake. His indignation at these men boiled hot: at Duffield, the cruel, deceitful hypocrite; at his own uncle, Captain Cahan, the villain, who had made money at his expense in such a manner. He would see that Captain Cahan got back his ill-gotten present. A strong impulse came upon him to step forth and challenge them both to fight. His fists clenched and his muscles stiffened up like iron. Heaven pity Cahan and Duffield if he had stepped forth then! At that moment the curtain revolved, and light from the tower came flashing upon him, bringing a thought of Lizzie, which diverted his mind for a moment to the events of the week and of the Sunday. While he looked at it, Duffield resumed conversation.

"Of course, you know all about his parents?"

"Not all," replied the other. "His mother was a Methodist, a good woman, I believe, and his father was a Baptist minister. The old fellow was pretty rich and wanted Greenie to become a Baptist minister, but the boy wouldn't hear of it, and I didn't blame him. These — Baptists are always puddling around water holes like a lot of ducks standing on their heads digging roots out of the bottom. Greenie is too big a man for a puddler and such work as that, so he told the old man he would edicate himself. Likely his mother helped him on the quiet; but she's dead now, and more's the pity for Greenie."

"Is his father alive yet?" asked Duffield.

"I think so, but he stands off from Greenie. But the young fellow has got on so far, and he'll pull through without the old man's purse. And I will say

it's a credit to him to have worked on so well. He's a brick all right, and you'll never find him digging into any mucky tricks. You may expect him to give you hot times here on the whiskey question. He's down on whiskey, right from the drop of the anchor, mind you."

"In private he has come out already with Gregory, I am told," said Duffield. "But I care nothing about the whiskey question. Let him come out as strong as he likes there. Gregory wants a license. I don't know why, for he's selling right along. Of course, it would lift up a kind of restraint from his arm. I don't care if the preacher manages to stop it. I'm more concerned about his doings with Dusky and Dusky's relations with me."

"It's just like Greenie to take up with poor old Dusky," said the captain; "and if he has he'll fight Dusky's battles to a finish. Greenie won't begin anything and let go, or let any one scare him out of it, no, not if he has to live on bread and water. And very likely Dusky will tell him some secrets when he finds that he can trust him. How did the old nigger seem to take to Greenie that night?"

"Take to him!" exclaimed Duffield. "Why he thumped him on the shoulder and said, 'I like you, preacher. Come and see me.' And Greenway seemed to take to him as quickly, for he laughed and told Dusky he would call on him. I felt like knocking them both down."

"I wish you had tried it!" laughed Cahan. "Go and try your hand at knocking down the light tower."

If you can do that you can put Greenie down. You're a — fool, Duffield."

"Well, that's not the question now," said the other. "There just this into it, captain, it's getting late. Let's come to an understanding. Are these your best terms?"

"They certainly are," answered the captain, "and they will not be open for your acceptance after sunrise either."

"All right, I accept," said Duffield; "but it is a shameful price to ask."

"Well, I'm going to do shameful work," said the captain, with an abandoned laugh, "and prices ought to be according to the work done."

"When can you carry him off?"

"I can return, perhaps, in about two months or so, if that will do."

"I have about four months to play on," said Duffield. "Be sure to return on Friday or Saturday, for Dusky is pretty certain to be home on those days. Now, I suppose, we go back to the pier and bring the other bales?"

The conversation had helped to sober the captain, and he inquired: "Do you think they are all right here for a few hours?"

"Oh, yes; I'll bring down my light waggon through the glen before morning, and get them into safe keeping."

"All right," said Captain Cahan, "they are your goods. But I'll be — but I don't feel comfortable somehow. I feel as if there was someone besides us in the glen to-night."

"You are feeling that you need some more of Gregory's whiskey, that's all," said Duffield, with a laugh. "So away you go and get it."

They pushed through the cedars and departed. Greenway listened to their steps retreating toward the pier, well pleased to be rid of such villainous company. There was no time to lose, and he must secure the bale of goods as evidence. He dragged the bundle out of "Moss House," swung it upon his mighty shoulders, and started through the glen. Once he thought he heard a sound like a suppressed laugh. He stopped. All was silence. Again he imagined he heard lightly stepping feet. Again he stopped and listened. It might have been the fluttering of a bird, or, perhaps, the creation of his own sensitive imagination. He soon came out of the glen, crossed over "Terrace Road," and took the fields to the terminus of "Temple Avenue." In a few minutes he had deposited the huge bundle on the second floor, in the most secret room of the parsonage. He was careful not to strike a light, and sat down in the darkness for a few minutes to collect himself.

That Duffield was a villain capable of any act of iniquity was plain; and he would have to proceed with caution against him. He felt sure that Dusky was safe for the present, but he was resolved that the mulatto would never set foot on Captain Cahan's boat if he should have to sink or burn the vessel at the pier. Miniature war had been declared by the enemy, and Greenway was convinced that it must be in this as in all wars—tact, courage, and physical force must win.

When the two scoundrels returned to "Moss House" with a second bale of goods, they stood a

moment looking for the one they had left. Then Captain Cahan looked square at Duffield. An awful oath burst from his lips, and he dashed through the cedars and ran back to the ship. Before sunrise *The Eaglet* had left the pier.

By the time Harry Duffield sought the rest which failed to come to him, Owen Greenway was asleep in the parsonage, worn out with the labors and exciting experiences of his first Sunday in Lockton Green.

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XVIII.

NOLAN CALLS ON GREENWAY

THROUGHOUT Monday Greenway had carefully thought over the affair of "Moss House," and he had come to the conclusion that some friendly counsel was necessary before coming to a final decision as to how he should proceed. Nolan's call on Monday evening was opportune, and Greenway resolved to show him the bale of contraband goods.

They sat in the room downstairs, which Greenway had arranged for a study.

"I suppose you are tired on Monday," observed Nolan, after being seated.

"I have felt some exhaustion to-day," replied Greenway; "but I had special reason for it yesterday. Whether the proverbial 'blue Monday' shall be a regularly periodic occurrence I cannot yet say. But I am glad you have come in to-night. I wanted to speak with someone."

"The desire has been reciprocal," said Nolan, "for I have been wishing for many months for someone to whom I could open my mind, someone who could understand me, and who probably knows something of the way I have had to travel over."

"Your way has not been very smooth, I suppose," said Greenway.

"Well, it was made smoother for me by others than I eventually made it for myself," answered Nolan. "I believe my friends, especially my mother, intended well for me, but circumstances rather turned out unfavorable afterwards."

Seeing that Nolan desired to reveal his thoughts on some matter, Greenway said: "You may open your mind on any matter you please, Nolan, and you can rest assured that whatever you may commit to me will be a secret. If I can help or advise you in any way I shall be glad to do so. I may need your advice before long. It is a source of strength and encouragement to a man when he knows even one to whom he can safely open his mind, and from whom he can ask advice."

Nolan extended his hand, which Greenway received in a warm, strong grasp. "There now," said Nolan, "I like that, so I do. There's my hand for a friend forever, for I believe you are worthy of my confidence, and you shall have it."

"Thank you, Nolan," said Greenway, with a smile. "I hope I may be worthy of it."

"Well, now, to begin, Mr. Greenway," went on Nolan, "I don't feel that I am where I ought to be, in Lockton Green. I have an education good enough for any position in pharmacy, but there is the point. It was in my profession I fell into dissipation. If I go back to it again, how do I know that I may not repeat my fall? If I stay around here, I am like a man who does not know what to do with himself. The people

here do not understand me nor my ways. I do not despise them, but I cannot be to them nor they to me what we once were to one another. I may go back to the old ways I once was satisfied in, but those ways can never satisfy me any more. Once a man has moved forward to something in advance of the common life, he has unfitted himself for returning to the old life. Is not that true, intellectually and spiritually, Mr. Greenway?"

"Nothing is more true of the genius of the mind and the nature of the spirit," replied Greenway. "Still, I must qualify that statement somewhat. One may return to the old conditions with new and great controlling motives, and new habits of thought, bringing back for the accomplishing of some new purpose all he may have gained in the advanced station. If this were not so, how would the world ever be regenerated? If none of those noble ones who forge ahead would ever condescend to come back to us, and labor to bring forward the multitude in the rear, what must become of the multitude?"

"But suppose a man cannot affiliate himself with the multitude?" asked Nolan. "Suppose they do not understand him, and hold off from him, all except, perhaps, a few of the morally low class, who may gather about him for the blood that they can suck out of him?"

"I think he should endeavor to make himself understood," replied Greenway. "If he has come back to them with his heart full of a great and noble purpose to do them good, to make them partake of all he has, and to introduce them to something higher than and

beyond himself, it will be strange if they do not, in course of time, discern the unselfish motives of his life."

"But supposing a man finds those old conditions wholly repugnant to him. He loathes them almost. He cannot reconcile his nature to them. They are low, earthy, and know only the minimum of existence, as compared with what a man has been introduced to. What then?" asked Nolan.

"This," replied Greenway. "If he has caught glimpses of human conditions—mental, social or moral—so much higher than appears to the common person, and if he has himself found so much greater pleasure therein, ought there not to be in his soul some deep feeling of pity for those who are still living so far beneath—an emotion so strong that it would carry him backward and downward to those beneath, his heart all the while brimful of the bliss of the new life and new conditions which it has been his privilege to enter into?"

"But how could any man ever be happy in taking such a step?" asked Nolan again. "There is where the difficulty is with me. I am miserable! You have no idea, Mr. Greenway, of the wretchedness I experience at times. There appears no refuge from it but to go back to drink. If I were capable of doing as you suggest, I would be willing. But I am not capable. I cannot."

"As I look at it," answered Greenway, "a man would carry back with him the source of his truest happiness in the benevolent motives that would then govern his life, and in carrying out his purpose his

happiness would continue. But I doubt that philosophy which makes happiness the chief object of attainment. Nolan, have you ever thought over that testimony concerning the Perfect Life, that remains to us: 'No man hath ascended up to heaven but He that came down from heaven, even the Son of man which is IN heaven.' There He spoke of himself as 'IN heaven.' But where did He ever speak of personal happiness as the chief object to be pursued, or the chief thing to seek? You are prepared to admit that He came to conditions very much more degraded than we have any conception of, and while associated with such conditions He was 'IN heaven' all the while."

"You believe heaven is a condition rather than a location, then?" suggested Nolan.

"Doubtless it is both," said Greenway. "But the location would be a poor satisfaction without the condition. However, that is another line of thought. The point for us now to observe is, that while He was associated with sins that damned, and degradation of the deepest kind, the conditions of the inner life with Him were unchanged. You cannot think of Him being unhappy. It is said that He 'rejoiced in spirit.' With Him it was not a return to old conditions of life, but rather entering upon new conditions with which He was wholly unacquainted, which makes His perfect equanimity and perfect poise of spirit all the more wonderful, as it is all the more admirable."

"You take it, then," said Nolan, "that the great secret of His life was a preconceived and all-absorbing purpose to help, to uplift, to save, even at the sacrifice of himself, if necessary."

"I do," answered Greenway. "He embodied a purpose, and with the purpose came heaven; or, perhaps, I may say heaven came with Him, enveloped Him, permeated Him. It was His element, the atmosphere of His spirit. There is mystery in it, and yet not a mystery so deep and unfathomable but that one who follows Him may not in his spirit have a kindred experience, for He himself intimated that the disciple may 'be as his Master.' Now, I will ask you, Nolan, have you any such purpose, living among these common people, who are undoubtedly much inferior to you in intellect and knowledge?"

Nolan was silently observing the carpet. But his vision was inward. He felt that the preacher was not sparing him, and he respected him all the more for it. He was asking himself what purpose had he ever entertained, so far as Lockton Green was concerned? Was he not making it an asylum, a mere stopping place, because here fewer opportunities to dissipation were found? To help the people here—had he not come back to them to be helped himself? And no great return of gratitude had he shown for the many kind words, the sympathy, and friendly handshakes he had received. Slowly he raised his eyes to Greenway's and said:

"I never thought of it that way before. I believe you are right. The people of Lockton Green have done more for me than I have done for them. It is doubtless true there are some rascals here, but there are good people here, too. If I thought I could do anything in any way to lift up the sodden life of this community, I would start from this very hour. I must

admit it, my life has not had sufficient purpose in it, nor has it enough yet. But it shall have more henceforth."

Without any apology in tone or word Greenway said: "Since you feel that way, Nolan, I imagine that if you were to turn your attention more to the betterment of others, you might very soon arrive at the solution of your own difficulty with drink. I imagine that the entrance of a noble purpose might expel and eradicate an appetite, which, judging by your age, must still be in its incipency."

"Oh, it has reached a stage mature enough to be a troublesome companion for a man of my temperament," answered Nolan.

"But you do not regard it as in any way an inheritance, do you?"

"I have no more reason to think so," said Nolan, "than any other ordinary son of ordinary Irish parents. It began with me during my student years, when employed in a drug store. I was required by the proprietor to mix and sell drinks illegally. My sociable disposition led me to take the treats offered me in 'good fellowship' for 'selling on the sly.' After a time I took drinks alone 'on the sly,' whenever I felt a desire for it, and that soon became very frequent. Later I was drunk every evening, and fell into company of my own kind. It was just this way: the employee who would not conduct illicit selling would lose his place. It was a sacrifice of place or a sacrifice of principle; that had to be understood from the beginning. Well, I sold it, not because I wanted to do so, for in my heart I always condemned it. But it was

either fall in with the requirement or leave. Then when I had become a drunkard in another man's illegal practice I was rewarded with the loss of my position, and I could not secure another place. No one wanted me. Oh, Mr. Greenway! You do not know the temptations that come to young men who enter upon the profession of druggist. In the great majority of our drug stores the position of assistant is just the next thing to being a bartender. I have known some fine young fellows to drop the profession after having gone half way through the course, just because of the requirement to retail liquor in a secret, illegal manner. Well for me if I had done so, too! I have known others live in a kind of hell-of-conscience. They did not want to give up a useful and noble profession; yet they were laboring on under a black cloud of condemnation. Poor fellows! God alone knew what they suffered! And I never saw it end well with one of them yet. You may look on me as an example of these young men, and the results of illicit selling."

Nolan was deeply moved when he had finished speaking, and Greenway felt that now some word of hope and encouragement for the future was what he needed. So he said:

"Nolan, I believe every word you say is true in regard to the temptations your profession brings young men into. And yet, that work you refer to that caused your fall was the abuse, the shameful prostitution of a noble profession, not the right pursuit of it. I still believe you could follow it and keep sober. It's in you, Nolan, to be a good man yet, and by the grace of God

you can do it. Now, about an opening: is there a drug store in this place?"

"Dr Caine, of Pier Bay, keeps a small supply in his office here, but only for ordinary cases of sickness. It's a poor stock, too, hardly fit for a quack cow-doctor, and the appearance of his office would make you sick."

There was a ring of the old contempt for things in Lockton Green in Nolan's voice and words. He appeared to detect it and checked himself, and then resumed in a more modified tone:

"I have thought myself that a good drug store might do a fair business here, by taking in such additional lines of trade as usually falls to such. I think the other half of the building in which Ben has his grocery would be suitable and could be obtained. You are the first to mention such a thing to me. It might be worth considering. A couple of thousand would start a good store, perhaps less; and if I want to begin, my mother will advance the money. But suppose I fall again and cause her some further loss?"

"We will not suppose that," said Greenway. "With a good mother and a sister like Bessie for a guardian angel, your prospect of success ought to be hopeful in every way. We will rather suppose that you begin here, and these people who have already shown you a friendly spirit turn all the patronage your way that they can, when they see you starting in to do something for yourself, and, perhaps, for them. Many ways will occur in which you can help them. Suppose you find your money invested is doubled in a couple of years and you are building up a prosperous

trade. Suppose you find you are able to handle your business and keep sober, and you see joy coming back once more to your mother's and Bessie's faces. Suppose you take your stand along with me here in the fight against intemperance. Good men are needed here, and there is work ahead of us here, Nolan. I need your help. You may need my help. Can we not pledge each other to-night?"

"If I thought I would not fall again—"

"My grace is sufficient for thee," said Greenway. "You are not a stranger to grace, Nolan."

"It's all gone out to a spark," answered Nolan, in a thick voice.

"A spark has often set a prairie on fire. Come, Nolan, you will be a man yet. It's in you yet. Fan the spark. Let the 'breath' blow upon it, and see how it will burn up to a flame."

They both stood up, and Greenway had laid his big, heavy left arm on Nolan's shoulder and around his neck. Nolan answered: "I know what you mean, Mr. Greenway, and I will. You have said more to-night to put a courageous spirit into me than all that has ever been spoken to me before. I'll try once more." And once more the hands of the two young men came together.

Then Greenway said: "Come upstairs with me, Nolan. I want to show you something worth looking at."

He led the way to the little room.

"This is contraband goods of some kind (I suspect it is silks) that I captured last night." Then in reply

to Nolan's wondering questions the story of the events of the preceding night was unfolded.

"What do you think I had better do with this, Nolan?"

"Keep it for a little while longer," answered Nolan, "and when their plot is fully developed you can expose Duffield's rascality all the more completely."

"What use can he have for such merchandise as this?" asked Greenway.

"Oh, he and John Starr are 'silent partners' in Robert Smooth's store—in fact, own it, but it is carried on in Smooth's name."

"Do you think John Starr knows anything of such transactions as this, or that he would countenance such work?"

"I really do not know," said Nolan. "He appears to be an honorable man; but he has all faith in Duffield and Smooth, and two greater and more hypocritical scoundrels never walked in leather shoes. I am afraid John Starr may regret having put so much faith in them. I think there is little doubt but that Duffield has drawn John Starr into more than one partnership in spite of the protest of Horace, to whom he will not listen."

"But how can we secure Dusky from being kidnapped without disclosing this affair? I have thought that if we were to ask John Reigh to warn us when *The Eaglet* arrives again, we could watch Dusky's house and meet them should they come."

"And thrash the whole infernal crowd of treacherous, cowardly, black-hearted, hypocritical villains," answered Nolan. "If my co-operation will in any

way help you, I will go in on the plan. You can count on John Reigh not only to inform you of when the vessel comes in, but to go with you and wallop the crowd."

A scene was yet fresh in Greenway's memory, and Captain Cahan's words had vividly recalled it, of the time when he had been forced to "wallop a crowd," and he replied, half musingly: "Oh, the crowd would not trouble me, but I shall need a witness or two, perhaps."

"How did you ever get the bale up here?" asked Nolan, bending over the bundle that he was barely able to move.

"I carried it on my shoulders, of course," said Greenway.

"Soul of St. Patrick!" exclaimed Nolan. "Why, it's like Samson carrying away the gates of Gaza."

Smiling at Nolan's simile, Greenway went on: "Have you any idea of the motive Duffield could have in wishing to put Dusky out of the way?"

"Lawyer Sharppe is the only man who could answer that," replied Nolan, "as he has looked after their legal affairs. There were plenty of stories afloat about Harry and his father, and Dusky's name was mixed up with theirs for some reason. One report was that Oliver Duffield had made a later will than the one administered, and left several thousands to Dusky. Some think that Sharppe has it yet in his possession, and so holds a leash over Harry. What you have told me to-night makes me morally certain of something between these two men which involves Dusky. If there is money in it for one, there is for

the other, you may be sure, for they are both proper scoundrels."

"When rogues fall out honest people may get their own," replied Greenway, as he turned to go down the stairs. "What do you think, Nolan?"

"If there be anything left to get," said Nolan, with a light laugh.

They returned to the study again, and Nolan resumed his seat apparently in no hurry to depart now. But he was preoccupied, and no longer gave an undivided attention to Greenway's conversation.

At length Greenway observed his absent manner and asked:

"You appear to be thinking deeply, Nolan. Have you anything further on your mind that you would like to speak about?"

After some hesitation Nolan answered: "I have, Mr. Greenway, and I shall now reveal it to you as a friend whom I believe I can trust. My face used to be familiar in this house, especially during the first year of Mr. Lester's ministry here. I was intimate with Lucelle. In fact, Mr. Greenway, I—it went so far—well, for a time we were engaged. Our engagement was broken, however, when I became dissipated. Then when I began to do a little better it was re-established, conditionally. But I drank again, and I fear I have little claim on Lucelle's confidence now. But if I am going to try to enter on a new life here, that is one matter I would like to have restored. In one respect Lucelle is much like myself, for the people here do not understand her well, and I imagine she

is about the only one in Lockton Green who understands me."

"I imagine," said Greenway, "that she is held in very high esteem by the people here."

"By some she is," replied Nolan, "but not by all. Those who esteem her have good reason, for she is one young woman in a thousand. Her very excellence puts her beyond the comprehension of many. More fool was I to lose her for drink. But unless I keep sober she will never restore the engagement. You see I am on a sort of 'probation,' such as you young preachers have to pass through."

"You do not admire her less because of the stand she takes, do you, Nolan?"

"Less!" exclaimed Nolan. "I admire her a hundredfold more. Lucelle is right."

Having obtained this admission from Nolan, Greenway went on to say:

"Well, Nolan, in this love affair you have additional stimulus to a better life. If I am any judge of womanhood (sometimes I think I am not) and womanly character, Lucelle is worth your while to win. Now, then, to work, and prove yourself worthy of her love."

Nolan's face brightened. "I have wondered if what my mother said to you the first day you called on us had influenced your own thought any in regard to Lucelle, since my interest in her was unknown to you." This was said with a side glance at the preacher.

"Oh, not in the least, Nolan," replied Greenway, smiling. "Lucelle is no more than a very good,

new friend to me. I accepted what your mother said as a bit of pleasantry."

"Not at all," said Nolan. "Mother was sincere in what she said. She never did favor my suit with Lucelle, always claiming that she should marry a minister. Now, you see the situation: You are unmarried. Lucelle is deeply religious, and religion and virtue go a long way in determining choice with a virtuous young woman. There is where you preachers have the advantage of us common fellows. Whatever the man may be, your profession represents a great deal. You might easily come in between Lucelle and me, for I have not much hold on her now, and if you were to do so, there would not be much left for me to strive for. I love her, Mr. Greenway, as I think I shall never love another woman, and the hope of being worthy of her love is the only star in the heaven above me. You understand me now?"

Greenway understood—from experience? While his sense of humor was touched by some of Nolan's remarks, he was also touched by the pathos of the young man pleading for his only hope. The moment was critical with Nolan. To trifle in the least might turn the tide of a precarious life this way or that. Nolan was deeply in earnest and implicitly trusted him. He knew of no reason why he might not make a clear promise to Nolan. Indeed, an impulse of the moment that directed his thought to the lighthouse, prompted him to answer definitely:

"Nolan, what you have revealed to me is all new, as you might know. You need entertain no fears. Not only will I promise you not to come between you

and Lucelle Lester, but I shall do anything I can, consistent with right, to help your case with her, if such lies in my power."

"Thank you, Mr. Greenway. I can now make the effort to retrieve myself with better heart, and in greater confidence of succeeding."

After Nolan had taken his departure Greenway still sat in deep thought. He now felt sure that Dusky's freedom, perhaps his life, was in danger. It might be better for the mulatto that he should not reveal at once what he had seen and heard. Duffield had the advantage of him as a comparative stranger. The unscrupulous villain with a persuasive tongue might discredit him if he were to precipitate a conflict. Better to wait. In a few weeks he would visit all of his families, and he would then know his environments better.

XIX.

THE CHANGED VISION

AMID the general satisfaction found among the people of Lockton Green with the ministrations of Rev. Owen Greenway, one agitated soul had deep disquiet for her "daily portion." Mrs. Haylock had almost forsaken her home on the farm in the prosecution of her purpose to keep Annie and Rev. Owen Greenway as far separated as she possibly could. She stayed with Ben at the grocery, and Annie was relegated to the farm. Mr. Haylock made mild complaints, and even talked humorously of "a suit" on the ground of desertion. Nevertheless, Mrs. Haylock remained away. She had also another motive, for at home Annie was more likely to meet Andy Begley than in the village. Many a day as she pursued the duties of housekeeping with throbbing temples in the hot rooms over the grocery, she thought of the sufferings parents had to bear for wayward children. Then it came to her that Annie was not wayward, but "the preacher was too forward," and she very much questioned the wisdom of the "Stationing Committee" that had placed such a man among them. In this she was doubtless like many people more shrewd, whose personal ends have not been served. One day it came to Mrs. Haylock that

she must be very much like "the prodigal's mother," and if Providence had placed Greenway in charge of Lockton Green Church, well, it was strange. She could not say that she had enjoyed one sound night's sleep since she had first looked into his face in those very rooms, and had heard from him those ominous words "that were meant for Annie, and nobody else but Annie." And such dreams as she was now having every night! She crossed over rivers or threaded her way over broken and swaying bridges in terrified nocturnal visions, and she had not even now the relief of telling her dream in the morning to Isaac. It brought "the cold sweat" to her warm face to think of the possibilities of all those presages of woe, for nothing less than Annie hundreds of miles away from home, among the Indians or among the Chinese, could possibly fulfil the measure of a proper interpretation of such dreams. It was all "dreadful," and it became more dreadful as the weeks wore by. She studied now the Book of Job with great care, finding special interest in the sixth chapter.

But Mrs. Haylock's hopes of keeping Annie and the preacher apart were suddenly dashed to the earth by learning from Ben one day that Greenway had visited Mr. Haylock and Annie at the farm, which was bad enough. But he had stayed over night there!

"Surely, Benjamin," cried Mrs. Haylock, in alarm, "Isaac would never allow him to sit up with Annie?"

The first suspicion of the real state of his mother's thoughts relative to Greenway and Annie now flashed upon Ben, and it appeared to him so ludicrous that he

could not resist casting further aggravating doubts into her mind. So he replied:

"Oh, you cannot just tell what father may have been allowing. He thinks a great deal of the new preacher. I don't think he would put much in his way, if anything, and you know Andy has not been to the farm for some time."

"And how dare Mr. Greenway stay over night at my place in my absence!" cried Mrs. Haylock, more than ever alarmed.

"You may be sure he was asked to stay by someone," said Ben, "and you know he has no company at the parsonage."

"Well, if he is lonely at the parsonage he will have to look for a wife some other place. I will never let Annie marry him—never! never! She is promised to Andy Begley, and 'those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder.'"

"But they are not yet joined together, mother," went on Ben, in the same suggestive strain.

"It's all the same if they are promised to each other," said Mrs. Haylock, vigorously. "I had two proposals after I was engaged to Isaac, but I refused them both on that ground."

"It is not the same in law," said Ben, "and if Annie makes up her mind to marry the preacher and they are joined together, what then, mother?"

"What then!" cried Mrs. Haylock. "What then! Oh, Bennie, don't you see what might happen. Annie could not live near me any time. You do not know where she would be sent to. May be away among the Indiyans, or to Chiny, or dear knows where."

If she marries Andy, I will have her with me. I can always be with her when she is sick or in need of help, but if she goes away there—. Oh, the thought of it nearly drives me wild." As she spoke the look of distress on her countenance gave no lie to her words.

A customer entered, and Ben was glad to escape to the grocery. His face underwent peculiar contortions as he bent over a box on the floor and counted eggs from the customer's basket. Indeed, he forgot the count and had to inquire the number, which gave him an opportunity for a laugh.

"Well, what do you propose to do about the matter?" Ben asked when the customer had gone out.

"I do not know what more to do than I have done," said Mrs. Haylock. Then she told Ben in a confidential manner what she had done to avert the domestic calamity that hung over the future of her daughter. During the recital a sound like "Whew!" escaped Ben's lips several times, but his mother was not able to discern anything in his thoughts adverse to her own. When she had finished he cautioned her not to reveal anything of the matter to any "stranger," and he would "see what might be done."

That evening Ben closed the grocery early and went out to the farm, and Mrs. Haylock was left to herself. The conversation with her son had not abated, but rather intensified, her anxiety. At length the pressure of it became too great, and she sought relief by going out to call on Mrs. Muir. That lady observed something unusually wrong with Mrs. Haylock and kindly inquired if she were in trouble, where-

upon poor Mrs. Haylock burst into tears, and then sought the universal refuge of burdened hearts that has opened the door to so many villainies and scandals—she told all to Mrs. Muir. Before Mrs. Muir slept she had rehearsed it to her three daughters, who heard it with as much solemnity as might be expected of young women. But it was precious little advice that Mrs. Muir could give to Mrs. Haylock, and in it all she took good care not to lessen one whit the chances of her own daughters. "It would certainly be a great comfort to Mrs. Haylock," she said, "to have Annie near her in her old age, and she would certainly make a very suitable wife for Andy, and he would be a suitable husband for Annie, much more so probably than the preacher, between whom and Annie there was not much affinity, "for the one was fair and the other was dark." There was certainly something in people being suitable to each other—husband and wife. She, Mrs. Muir, expected soon to have to part with her daughters, but, as in all probability, they would all marry "professional men," she had just made up her mind that when the worst came to the worst she would have to let them go away to a distance, and Mrs. Haylock wondered at her braveheartedness, never thinking for a moment that Mrs. Muir's imagination had anything to do with it.

The visit gave some relief to Mrs. Haylock. But the next day the burden was taken up again, and she resolved to go to see Mrs. Hamilton Elliott and Mr. Lester. Secrecy was now thrown aside, and she told her story before the household. But neither Mrs. Elliott nor Mr. Lester returned any advice, although

they expressed much sympathy for her. Mr. Lester hoped that she might find her "suspicions unfounded," an expression which she scarcely understood, for Mrs. Haylock knew nothing about suspicion. Did she not know that Zechariah, in the eighth chapter and seventeenth verse, said: "Let none of you imagine evil in your hearts against his neighbor." It was all reality to her. She had seen Mr. Greenway looking at Annie, and had "heard him say what he said," and so she told Mr. Lester. But she was irritated to the point of anger with Lucelle, who actually "giggled out," when Mrs. Haylock remarked to Mrs. Elliott that, "if Mr. Greenway had begun to pay his respects to the preacher's daughter instead of to a young woman who was engaged to be married, it would have been more in accord, and people would have thought well of his judgment in wanting to take back to the parsonage the girl who had kept it so beautifully for three years."

Not finding the advice she had anticipated from Mr. Lester, Mrs. Haylock passed from there to the home of Mrs. Cafferty, from whom she sought comfort.

"And ye raally belave the praacher wants to marry Annie?" asked Mrs. Cafferty.

"I'm certain sure of it, as sure as I'm a living woman," said Mrs. Haylock.

"Now, darlin', don't be too shure, for ye know ye moight be a bit mishtaken in it."

"How could I be mistaken?" cried Mrs. Haylock, eager to catch even this ray of hope.

"Oh, shure, aisy enough, Mrs. Haylock," said Mrs. Cafferty. "Remimber, Ben is a funny bye, and ye

tell me he was joakin' the praacher; and what more loikely thin that the praacher wud joak back agin. And may be he waz now, darlin'. Thin ye know that yer very hart is bound up in Annie—"

"Indeed it is," broke in Mrs. Haylock.

"There now, as Oi sed it, shure," resumed Mrs. Cafferty. "And ye may sometimes think that what some wan says maans her whin they didn't maan her. You yersilf think its Annie, and they didn't iver think av her."

"Well, Mrs. Cafferty," replied the other, "you can take it very easy when it's me that has to suffer, but if it had been Bessie, how would you have taken it?"

"Foin! Aisy enough, indaad!" said Mrs. Cafferty. "Shure, Oi'd be proud av Mr. Greenway for a son-in-law, and a foin match for Bessie it wud be. Indaad, it wud. But there's no such foin luck in shtore for her Oi'm thinkin'."

"Mother! mother!" called Bessie, across the room.

"Oh, Mrs. Cafferty!" cried Mrs. Haylock, holding up her hands in horror. "Would you want Bessie to be taken away from you hundreds of miles, and mayhap be sent away among the Indyans, or the Chiny people, where you would only see her, perhaps, once in a lifetime? You never can tell where a preacher may be sent to, and besides so many of them take up with this missionary notion and go away themselves so far"

"Och, away wid yer nonsense about Indyans and Chiny folk," cried the impatient Mrs. Cafferty. "It's to some foin city church, shure, that Mr. Greenway will be takin' his wife after a time, with a foin choir,

and a foin organ, and a foin big salary, and where they'll live loike a prince in his palace. Nolan knows the city churches, and he says, shure, that our praacher will be called there for certain, for he's too big and foin a man to spend his days in small places loike Lockton Green. Ye don't know what ye're talkin' about, Mrs. Haylock. Ye're all mishtaken, too, Oi belave, for Oi don't belave that Mr. Greenway has any notion about Annie at all, at all. Ye may be shure his choice is made. He didn't deny it to me whin Oi quistioned him here. Just go home, and don't bother yer ould head about the young folks. Let thim moind their own business and moind you yer own, and iverything will come out swaat and beautiful, darlin', and they'll ivery wan marry the wans they should marry, niver fear, they will, shure."

Mrs. Haylock could scarcely accept all of Mrs. Cafferty's homely philosophy of life and matrimony, but her plain talk had rent openings in the thick cloud through which rays of light now streamed, and the vision of the future changed very much. She now pictured to herself Mr. Greenway conducting his wife into a city church, such a church as Mrs. Cafferty had spoken of. It was a future possibility she had not thought of. She could reconcile herself to that, and it might happen, too, for Nolan ought to know city churches well, and city ministers, too. She now admitted that Mr. Greenway was clever beyond a doubt, for everybody said so. The more she dwelt on that changed vision, the more she liked it, and the more pleasing became the prospect. It would be a treat to visit her daughter in the city, say at "Fair time."

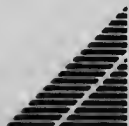
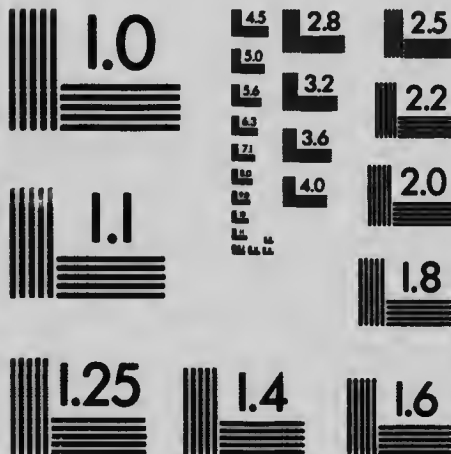
Then, Mrs. Cafferty thought it would be a most excellent match for Annie, and Mrs. Cafferty was a shrewd woman. She would willingly accept the same for Bessie.

Gradually the vision of "Indyans and Chiny people" became indistinct, and was succeeded by the vision of a city church, with Mr. Greenway as pastor and Annie his wife. Before another week had passed she was fully reconciled to giving Annie to Mr. Greenway, and she had determined to go back to the farm. Again she took Ben into her confidence and told him all that Mrs. Cafferty had said, and of her own final resolution on the matter. While she was speaking with him a sound like "Whew!" came several times from his lips.



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XX.

LOVE AMONG THE SHEAVES

THE harvest season that year was both warm and dry. Through weeks little rain fell, so that Andy Begley and Nolan had made good progress in gathering in the crop. Soon Andy would go west.

It was just sunset of a very warm day. Andy and Nolan had been cutting the last field of oats. Nolan had driven the "reaper," and Andy had followed "binding" what he could. To-morrow Nolan and he would "bind" what remained. At the end of the field nearest to the barns, Nolan was unhitching the hungry horses, dark with sweat. A rising ground about the middle of the field hid the team and Nolan from Andy's view, and the latter was now following around the field the rows of sheaves he had "bound," placing them in "stooks." He had reached a point at the opposite end from Nolan, from which the lake, flooded with the golden glory of the setting sun, was visible.

Andy stopped opposite a dense thorn-bush that grew by the fence, lifted his wide straw hat, and then wiped the sweat from his broad, noble forehead. As he stood looking over toward the lake, his florid countenance was the picture of robust strength and manly dignity. The pair of dark brown eyes that looked

at him from behind the thorn-bush noted each feature, and the one who looked thought she had never seen Andy Begley looking so well. Perhaps her heart-hunger for a look at Andy enhanced his manly beauty.

Suddenly Andy jerked his head from the vision of golden waters and looked toward the thorn-bush. He heard something like a sob, and as he looked a timid voice called "Andy!"

In a moment Andy had replaced his wide straw hat and was over to the other side of the thorn-bush. There before him stood Annie Haylock in beautiful white muslin and tears, with a small basket on her arm. They looked at each other a moment, and then Andy, stepping close up to Annie, said:

"What is it, Annie? What is the matter? Tell me."

Annie tried to speak, but her tears poured forth in two beautiful streams over the dark red cheeks, and she was silent.

"Speak, Annie, and tell me. Don't be afraid," said Andy again in a pleading tone.

"I wanted to tell you," said Annie, between choking sobs, "that—it was all wrong—what mother told you. You know what I mean. There was no truth in the report she gave you, Andy. Mr. Greenway—has never said a word to me—nor done one thing that would look like trying to separate us. You are the only man I ever loved, Andy—and I have not been untrue to you."

"And that is why you are here?" said Andy.

"Yes, that is one reason," replied Annie.

"I believe you, Annie," replied Andy, now taking hold of her disengaged hand.

"Then why did you not come to me, and ask me about the matter?" asked Annie, in an injured tone.

"I was wrong in not doing that," said Andy. "I should have gone to you."

"But why did you not come?" pressed Annie, still sobbing. "I have looked for you every day, and you did not come."

"I was angry at what your mother said," replied Andy, very much ashamed of himself.

"Did you doubt me, Andy?"

"Well, your mother spoke with much assurance concerning what Mr. Greenway meant to do. And what provoked me worse than that was for her to bring the whole matter out before Nolan."

"Was Nolan present when mother went to see you?" asked Annie, in much surprise.

"He was, but I doubt if she saw him," said Andy.

"I knew nothing about the matter, Andy, until a few days ago, and this is the first chance I have had of trying to meet you. I had to leave on pretense of picking berries. So I brought this basket and—"

She did not finish the sentence, for Andy had caught her to his heart, and pressed her lips to his. "Annie, I was wrong and foolish to be angry with your mother, and if you will forgive me, it will be the last foolish act of my life," he said.

"It is the first, Andy, and I will forgive you," replied Annie. "You have always been so good and true and patient with me I could not do anything else. I hope you will forgive me if I seem forward in com-

ing to speak to you. I could not wait any longer. Before Ben told me I thought there must be some misunderstanding, and I tried to think of any bad things I had done that might have offended you, and—"

"And you could not think of one," put in Andy, now smiling.

"No, I could not," said Annie, honestly, and smiling also.

"Nor can I," said Andy. "This berry picking is the best thing you ever did. I suppose you will share with me."

"They are all for you," said Annie, handing him the basket, while the last two tears dropped away from her dark eyelashes. Then a merry laugh broke from her when she saw the look of surprise on Andy's face. There were berries in the basket, but there were also cream, sugar, some beautiful pieces of cake, a bottle of tea still warm, and sandwiches enough to make a good meal for a hungry harvester.

"I thought you would be tired and hungry, Andy, so I brought those things with me."

"If you are not the dearest, and the most thoughtful girl!" exclaimed Andy. "Why, I can never eat all this. You must help me."

They sat down on some large sheaves that Andy carried and arranged, and never did a more happy couple sit down to luncheon. Ambrosial fruits could not have tasted better to Andy than Annie's berries, and they chatted and laughed like two happy children.

"I wish your mother could just look over the fence at us now," said Andy.

"What would you say to her if she were to appear there now, Andy?" asked Annie.

"Indeed I do not know, but nothing angry or cross, you may be sure," he replied. "I don't know, but I'm obliged to her now for doing what she did."

"That would be a good thing to say to her when you see her again," suggested Annie.

"I hope she did not tell her trouble to any one else," said Andy.

"You don't think Nolan would tell Mr. Greenway what he heard?"

"No, I do not think so," said Andy. "And from all I hear of Greenway I do not think he would care a button anyway. I hear great reports of him."

"What are they?" asked Annie, like a true girl.

"Well, I have heard that he is a good preacher, and that he is likely to make a stir if Gregory tries to get a license; also that he is not likely to be led about by Harry Duffield. Those are good reports. Then I have heard already that he may, before long, marry any one of three young women. Some say Lizzie Reigh, for he goes to the lighthouse often, and has been seen boating with Lizzie; and they say that Old John is greatly taken up with him. Others say Lucelle Lester, for he appears to be so captivated with Lucelle's music, and has also been many times at Mr. Elliott's. Still others say that he is quite interested in little black-eyed Bessie Cafferty, and he and Nolan are already chums. Slivers! Won't old Mrs. Cafferty be in great fettle over it, if the preacher begins to pay attention to Bessie! She'll be boasting about the meals she has given him, as she does about the

meals she has given to others; that is, if he should *not* marry Bessie after all."

"Oh, Andy, stop such ridicule," cried Annie, laughing. "I hope Mr. Greenway may not go after Bessie, for between you and me I imagine Ben has a secret regard for Bessie. But I am glad to hear what you tell me about Mr. Greenway. If my name should be associated with his in any public talk, people will think less of it when they hear three other names also mentioned."

"A wedding would create a great stir in Lockton Green just now," suggested Andy, and as he spoke the color mounted to Annie's face, but she answered evasively:

"I think I know where those reports originated. They come from Mrs. Muir and her daughters, or from Harry Duffield. They say that Lord Viquhart is paying great attention to Elsie Duffield now."

"So be it," replied Andy. "She is welcome to all she finds in such pea-straw nobility. Give me the common people."

"I agree with you there," said Annie.

"I am glad to hear you say so," replied Andy. "When can I obtain legal possession of my own share of them?"

"Oh, Andy!" exclaimed Annie, fairly cornered, and laughing merrily. "What about your trip to the West?"

"I am going in about two weeks," replied Andy, "but I want to attend a wedding in Lockton Green before I go. Now, I want to know when can we

employ Mr. Greenway, and give him his first matrimonial work?"

"Must you really go to the West?" asked Annie, with much interest.

"Well, I suppose there is no necessity about the matter," said Andy, "but I would like to see the West, and help to gather a harvest there, and return before Christmas. Now, why cannot we go into the parsonage and be married on prayer-meeting night, after the service? You speak to Bessie, and I shall take Ben into the secret. No one else shall know."

"I have always regarded a quiet wedding as more appropriate. It would be my wish. I will go with you, Andy," answered the beautiful girl.

A harvest moon beamed in their faces as they made their pledges of love and fidelity, and it had risen above the tree tops as Andy returned across the field from escorting Annie to her own home. That same week on prayer-meeting night Greenway performed the marriage ceremony in the parsonage parlor, and pronounced Andy and Annie "husband and wife together." Annie returned to her home, and the next morning she told her father of her marriage with Andy.

"So you didn't marry the preacher, then," he said. There was a pause, and then he continued with a dash of cheerfulness: "Well, this is a good joke on mother, anyway."

Annie observed that her father was making a brave effort to thrust down his deeper parental feelings.

She went over, and twining her arms about his neck, whispered :

"I hope you are not angry with me, father. We got married quietly in order to avoid any further unpleasantness. You know."

"Oh, no, dear; I am not angry with you," said her father, "but as you were my only daughter I would have liked to see you married to Andy. I hope you may have much happiness, and if my blessing will add anything to it, you shall have it in full. The Lord bless you both," and as he spoke he kissed Annie tenderly.

"I shall leave it to you, father, to tell mother," said Annie, and her father promised to do so "in time."

The Saturday evening following. Mrs. Haylock returned to the farm, fully resigned to the inevitable as regarded Annie. Secretly she experienced some elation over the prospect of visiting Annie at a city church. The following Monday when Annie was about to leave for the village Mrs. Haylock said to her :

"I am quite resigned, Annie. You may follow your choice. Mr. Greenway is a good man, I suppose. If he is your choice, I shall raise no objection. Only I hope he may never take you away among the Indiyans or the Chiny people."

"You need have no fear of that, mother," said Annie, smiling and kissing her mother good-bye. "Mr. Greenway will never do that. If he goes to China, or if he goes away among the Indians on missionary work, he will have to go without me."

"Thank the Lord," murmured Mrs. Haylock.

XXI.

PLEBEIAN AND PATRICIAN

DURING the following weeks Greenway was permitted to taste the sweets of the pastoral honeymoon. What a pity that such a ministerial existence could not endure all through a pastorate! But the laws of being and the hard facts of life appear to forbid such perpetuation of paradisiacal delights.

The new preacher had made many calls in other families before he called on either Harry Duffield or John Starr. For reasons of his own he was in no hurry calling on either of those families.

Harry Duffield had pondered the problem of the lost bale of goods, but while he had weighed in his mind the possibility of many different persons fulfilling the capacity of thief, or of "playing a trick," he did not even once suspect Greenway. It happened too near to the beginning of his ministry. On the other hand, the preacher did not feel that he was hiding anything which he ought to disclose, and, therefore, felt no embarrassment or condemnation in Duffield's presence.

During a few summers previous to Greenway's arrival some neighboring townspeople had dropped into the habit of coming to Lockton Green to spend

a few weeks' vacation by the lake. An ambitious correspondent of the local papers began to expend the efflorescence of literary genius in "writing up" the place and the families who came to "camp," so that gradually the little town came into newspaper notoriety, and became a point of social interest. Some of the "better families" began to come also, bringing the flavor of aristocratic greatness with the tents that began to appear on the sand. The lake, also, and the novelty of the lighthouse drew many ephemeral visitors. Some also came to Lockton House for a few weeks, and that summer Haddon Gregory was receiving his share of lake shore visitors.

Among those who had already appeared that summer and had created a considerable impression was a young man, who registered as "Lord Viqhart." Gregory had looked at the name, and then ejaculated:

"Oh! Lord Viqhart! Indeed! We are not often honored by the presence of nobility, and I assure you the people of Lockton Green will extend you a warm welcome."

The distinguished guest replied: "Only adherence to the truth and an honest desire to represent myself correctly, or rather not to misrepresent myself, induces me to reveal my identity, which otherwise I would prefer to keep hidden. But I wish you all to feel that I am one of you, a commoner at heart; and difference of birth and station in life make no real difference with me in my feelings and sympathies. How truly Burns once said:

"The rank is but the guinea-stamp,
'The man's the gowd for a' that.'"

"That's it, my friend, Gregory. After all is said, we are all one—one race, one brotherhood, one nation, and a great nation, too. Who can compare with us as a nation! We have fought them all, and beaten them all, and we could do it again. Yes, my friend, Gregory. We are Britons! Britons true, and we are brothers, too. Give me the hand of a brother and a friend!" Of course, the hand was given.

Lord Viqhart paid his bills with perfect nonchalance, and often he paid for "soft drinks" for the crowd, thus gaining a rapid popularity. He also smoked good cigars, and distributed them very liberally. Part of his time he spent at Pier's Bay, and part in Lockton Green, and in the latter place he was soon acquainted with the majority of the families. He soon became intimate with Harry Duffield, at whose home he was a frequent visitor, showing a deep interest in everything around the home, and also in Elsie Duffield. At times he would hire a sailboat at Pier's Bay, and having spent the afternoon at Lockton Green, he would take out a party of young people for a sail in the evening. The Duffields were sure of an invitation, and Elsie would go, if no one else. When he drove down from Pier's Bay in one of Dill Decker's finest carriages, those who might be invited to ride with him were considered fortunate; but no one rode with him more frequently than Elsie Duffield. Harry Duffield attached no more importance to their intercourse than the flavor of distinction it added to his house to have one of the "English nobility" as a frequent visitor.

"There's just this into it," he once said to Mrs. Duffield, when Lord Viqhart was under private discussion, "we are not going to lose anything by his friendship, and we may gain by it; for one can always learn from persons in higher life in many ways. I may get him to take an interest in the mill. He was looking at my cherry lumber and pronounced it the finest he ever saw. He says it would draw just three times as much in the Old Country as I can get here, and he may purchase it yet, for he has money to speculate with. If he would put in five thousand for a half interest, we could enlarge the mill, and begin to raft timber from the North Shore instead of running this one-horse business about half the year."

"How does John Starr take to him?" asked Mrs. Duffield.

"Oh, John always takes to any decent man all right. If Horace was only a little wider in his views of men, I could do more with the father; but Horace fights shy of Viqhart, I suppose, because of a foolish prejudice against his title."

On the day that Greenway made his first call at the home of Harry Duffield, Lord Viqhart had taken a sailboat at Pier's Bay, and had come to Lockton Green, going straight then to Duffield's. In the afternoon he and Harry had strolled down through the glen and into the old cemetery. The eye of John Reigh in the light tower followed their every movement, and noted how interested Lord Viqhart was in the epitaphs on the few remaining grave stones. They strolled past Dusky's house, and then called a few minutes on Sandy Sanderson, for Lord Viqhart

had an interest in any one by the name of Sanderson. He was related to the Sandersons of Clackmannan, and there was just a possibility of Sandy being a kinsman. Sandy apologized for his humble abode, but Lord Viqhart assured him that it was no humiliation to him to enter the dwellings of the most lowly. Had not Burns said:

"What though on homely fare we dine,
Wear hodden gray and a' that,
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that!"

Sandy was delighted, and rubbed his hands excitedly for very joy. After hearing the quotation he could scarcely restrain his giddy laughter. Then Lord Viqhart shook hands with Sandy, dropping a crown into his palm, and assuring him that he would investigate their relationship and would call on him again. If Sandy had no objections, he would send on a man to repair his house before the winter set in, and a coal stove would add to his comfort. Duffield had always a supply of coal on hand. All this Sandy accepted graciously, and rubbed his hands.

When the two strollers returned home, Greenway was present, and Harry introduced the scion of nobility and the preacher, with a degree of pleasure that was very manifest to the latter. Nor did the blush that came to Elsie's cheek, and the love-light that kindled in her large, full, dark eyes on the return of the stranger, escape Greenway's notice. But he thought that Viqhart manifested no more than a courteous and condescending interest in the young

girl, and his self-contained manner was in striking contrast to her effusiveness.

Harry Duffield now complimented the preacher on the ability of his sermons since his appearance in Lockton Green.

"There's just this into it," he began, "a man's first appearance and first sermons create an impression that lasts, and I like it when a man starts off well. If his first few Sundays' work *takes*, why there's just this into it, he's *likely to take* all the way through. I have heard several persons speaking of your work so far, Mr. Greenway, and I am sure you may feel that your work here is taking all right. Mr. Smooth is a pretty good judge, and what is better, he's a pretty good man, and he is greatly taken up with matters now, especially with the morning services."

"Thank you," said Greenway, with a smile. "I am glad you think I have *taken* so well. Your opinion ought to be worth something *at such a time*. If my work *takes* as well all along, I shall surely grow in importance, and be able to do something here. I suppose I shall find in Lockton Green plenty of work to do."

The preacher's smile and easy words might express a real pleasure, or they might infold a grim irony. He had deliberately shaped a sentence, out of which a twofold meaning might be taken—by any one who could do so. A spirit of defiance rose up in him at the proximity of so much hypocrisy—a dangerous spirit under the circumstances. Lord Viquhart might be a real lord, or he might not. Greenway was indifferent about his credentials. The fact that he was

fast becoming a friend of this man Duffield—that put him into Duffield's class. He might be a dupe, though he did not impress Greenway as a man of weak personality. Rather the opposite. That tall figure, bright blue eyes, high prominent forehead within which a machine worked brimful of energy; that clear, square jaw and ready speech were not indices of dupeability. And his estimate was correct, for Lord Viqhart observed his words closely and noted the emphasis he laid on the words "takes" and "such a time." But Duffield had not revealed to him anything about his loss.

Soon Greenway rose to depart.

"Will you not remain with us for tea?" asked Duffield. "Lord Viqhart is going to be with us, and we shall be delighted to have you also." Mrs. Duffield also joined in the request, but Elsie was silent. There was to be a sailing party that evening.

"Thank you," replied Greenway. "My calls are brief. You know how anxious all the families are for a call from the new preacher, and I am not through yet. I shall go on now to Mr. John Starr's home."

"Well, if you cannot remain, perhaps you would conduct devotion," suggested Duffield.

It came to Greenway more in the nature of a challenge than a sincere request. But he alone saw it in that way. Still, difficult as he felt it would be to do so, the defiant spirit prompted his reply:

"I will if you desire," and drawing a small testament from his pocket he read from St. Luke xii. 1-15.

Lord Viqhart bowed with the others as Greenway engaged in a brief, fervent supplication, in which he

was even more at ease than in the reading of the lesson, for the spirit of defiance had left him, and he was speaking with a personality "face to face."

He went away from Duffield's home wondering where he had seen a face that resembled very much the face of Lord Viquhart. He had seen one. Yes. Now he recalled the person, but he did not even dare to mention the name to himself on the street of Lockton Green. Besides, what did it matter. Such striking facial resemblances are frequent.

Still meditating, he came to John Starr's home, and entered.

XXII.

ADAM STARR

THE residence of John Starr was an index of his wealth. It was a large, two-story brick, with mansard roof and wide verandas on the east and south. On the west the orchard came close up to the house. Large metal vases set on stone pedestals adorned the spacious lawn in front. Within, an almost prodigality of costly furnishings gave further evidence of the financial freedom of the proprietor, for neither money nor price had offered any restraint in the purchase of everything the eye fell on or the foot trod on. Taking what he saw as evidence it was plain to Rev. Owen Greenway that John Starr was a wealthy man.

When seated in the parlor in conversation, Greenway had an opportunity of observing the man. Of tall, well-proportioned figure, dark complexion, full beard, saturnine temperament, a man strong in mind and will, in whom self-esteem was so high that he was incapable of advice from others, Greenway imagined that he might even be secretly wounded if the opinions he advanced in ordinary affairs were not received as ultimatums.

Horace came in from the mill, and looked very capable of his work. Bags of grain were only trifles in his grasp. But he possessed an affable countenance.

"Did you get that shipment of flour all ready, Adam—a—Horace?" asked Mr. Starr, as the son was passing out again.

"It is all ready, and the teamsters will be on hand in good time in the morning." Then to Greenway he said, "You will remain for tea with us?"

The preacher accepted the invitation, and after Horace had gone out Mr. Starr explained:

"I am constantly miscalling my twin boys' names, Horace for Adam, and Adam for Horace. I never could tell them apart. I have to leave that to mother. She could always distinguish them."

Mrs. Starr was looking out of the window, a far-away look, when Greenway said to her: "Then you have another son, Mrs. Starr, have you?"

Her head inclined affirmatively as she said, "He is in the West." Then moving to a small table she produced photographs of her sons, the name of each being on the back of the card.

"They are indeed alike!" exclaimed Greenway. "I would have taken these for photos of one and the same person. Let me test your power of distinguishing now, Mr. Starr," holding up a card before the father.

"It will be guesswork only with me," said Mr. Starr. "I really do not know, but I will say Adam."

"Wrong," turning the card over. "It is Horace."

"Now, Mrs. Starr, I shall try your knowledge of their faces," and after moving the cards about he held one up.

"Oh, that is Adam," replied Mrs. Starr, with a pleasant smile. "I do not think you can trip me on those faces. I could always tell them apart."

"How could you distinguish them? I declare I cannot," said Greenway.

"Well," replied the mother, "to my eyes there was always a slight difference in their features. As babies Adam was a little heavier than Horace. Then there was some little difference of tone in their voices. Even at night when they would cry, I could always tell which of the boys was crying. No one but myself could. You know there is something about a child by which a mother knows it to be hers, even with her eyes closed, by a sort of mother-sense. Even blind mothers can tell you when they have hold of their own babies."

"I believe you are right," said Greenway, with emotion in his voice. "And I am glad to hear you say these things. Don't you remember, 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you'?"

Horace soon returned, and in a short time they sat down to tea.

"You are taking meals at the Lockton House, I understand?" said John Starr.

"For the present I am," replied Greenway, "but I cannot say how long it may continue."

"Have you some thought of changing?"

The question gave Greenway an opening, and he replied: "I may not change unless Gregory takes out a license. In that case I shall withdraw."

"I would suppose you would," put in Horace, with much emphasis.

"Indeed!" exclaimed John Starr. "I would not just expect that such a thing would induce you to leave."

"Well, I certainly would," reiterated Horace.

"There are few people associated with the Church in Lockton Green who would be satisfied to see their minister remain there if the house passes under a license. To leave would be to raise himself in their esteem."

"We all think a minister has moral power sufficient to remain unscathed in such environment, Adam—or Horace," said John Starr. "There now, I am miscalling you again."

Horace colored perceptibly, after casting a glance at his mother, and then replied:

"That, no doubt, is true of most ministers, and without any doubt true of Mr. Greenway. But his presence there would add a certain dignity and respectability to the place, which does not inhere in such a business. I believe in stripping such places of any extraneous respectability or adjuncts of social decoration that would help them along. Let every business take chances on the merits of the business. We have to do that in milling. I imagine that if the liquor traffic were judged by such standards as we apply to other lines of trade invariably, it would drop far down, very low, indeed, in the social scale. Too many people of good social standing have interested themselves in it, and too many forces, social, political and legal, have been employed to sustain it in a position of respectability."

There was a pleased look on Mrs. Starr's face, which showed her sympathy with her son's words. But the father's reply was ironical.

"Horace, I believe you would make something of a temperance platform orator if you were to study

Hawkins and Gough. You are really eloquent when you get under the breeze."

"I might do worse than follow your suggestion," said Horace; "and there may be need of a 'temperance platform orator' if Gregory ever obtains a license here."

"You might, indeed, do worse," said John Starr, "and I think a worse thing might happen to Lockton Green than that Mr. Gregory should obtain a license."

As John Starr uttered this last sentence a wave of indignation swept Greenway's spirit. Why would a father, even by a sentence, thrust such a sentiment upon his son, especially when he saw how little sympathy Horace had with the trade? How did he know that son's future? Was it a father's work to chill with cold satire such priceless enthusiasm? How many fathers, looking upon debauched and dissipated sons, would have given their millions to see the eyes of those sons kindle with such pure fire as burned in the eyes of the younger Starr at that moment! The pointed inquiry burst hot from Greenway:

"Can you tell us, Mr. Starr, what that worse thing might be?"

"Well, I put my statement in that form," said John Starr, "simply making use of the word, Adam—a—Horace had used. Many terrible things might happen here as you know."

"I do, indeed," said Greenway, "and that will be one of the terrible things should it ever come."

"A plague might break out here," said John Starr.

"A licensed bar-room would be a perennial plague," answered Greenway.

"We might all become rogues and wife-beaters, a community of lawless men and lawless women, too," said John Starr.

"A first-class preliminary step to such a demoniacal social condition would be to inaugurate a licensed bar-room here," replied the preacher, and at this retort the son laughed outright at his father's growing confusion.

"You are two against one," said John Starr, rather angry at his son's boisterous mirth.

"I can well afford to drop out," answered the son, and he took no further part in the conversation.

"You may well mention all of those dreadful possibilities, Mr. Starr," went on Greenway. "Let me tell you they all follow in the wake of the licensed bar-room. If such a place should ever again be established here, be sure of this—the worst things you can mention, even to murder and suicide, may happen here. That is true to the history of the liquor traffic. There is no evil among men that is not associated with it. Let me tell you another thing that, perhaps, you have not learned, but which official statistics will prove—for every licensed bar in our country, one young person, man or woman, goes down annually to swell the great army of drunkards. That army, at the farther side, is dropping into drunkards' graves, yet the number of it is not decreasing, but rather increasing. Therefore, it is being recruited at the nearer, the youthful side, each year. Every community that supports a licensed bar must furnish an annual victim. Now, Mr. Starr, whose boy is it going to be?"

"Well, it will not be my boy, I am quite sure of that," said John Starr, proudly. "My boys do not drink. Liquor has never done us any harm. I have no fear of it personally, nor have I for my family."

"God grant that it may not be your son," said Greenway, fervently, "but, Mr. Starr, it must be somebody's son or daughter, and parental love is much the same the world over."

"It is their own fault," said Mr. Starr. "People should know better than drink to excess."

"The large majority of them in the beginning do know better," answered Greenway, "but there is how vitiated appetite overpowers reason, destroys judgment, and subverts the will. The terrible truth is that *they do know better*, yet governed by the insatiable thirst they go on, on, on to ruin and death."

"I have very little sympathy with those people," said Mr. Starr. "We are created with minds to acquire knowledge, and will power to exercise when such knowledge is gained. At some point the person who becomes a drunkard must deliberately turn from doing the thing which he knows is right, and proceed to do wrong. He is, therefore, to blame. Look at Nolan Cafferty. He has had every chance, and he has deliberately disgraced his family and himself. I have little faith that he will do any better in this new move he is now making in the drug business, for that was how he got into drinking. I would put such a fellow into an inebriate asylum."

"I believe we shall see Nolan doing better," said Greenway. "No one knows better than he how very ungrateful and negligent of opportunities he has been;

but he would like to do better, and I for one shall help him."

"Oh, certainly, and I shall also," answered John Starr. "But what good will it do? He'll break out again. His mother has nearly impoverished herself in helping him, and you see what has come of it."

"I am glad to hear you express a willingness to help him," said Greenway. "The opportunity may come to you. Meantime, pray for him. You believe in the power of prayer, Mr. Starr?"

John Starr smiled a saturnine smile, for the idea of praying for "a sot like Nolan" was rather droll to his sense of humor. So he did not promise any intercessory exercise."

"I suppose you do not find that there is too great a demand for the commodity you produce in your mill?" questioned Greenway.

"That is an old argument you are coming at," said John Starr.

"What argument have you reference to?" asked Greenway.

"Well, the argument that money spent in liquor cannot go to purchase flour and other necessities."

"Just so," said Greenway. "It is to the interest of men like you, indeed men in any productive business, to keep down the sale of liquor, and to use your influence to abolish the traffic, because what goes to the traffic is diverted from legitimate lines of business. Now, Mr. Starr, we will suppose that a bar is set up in a place which has not had any. Have you considered what the net result of the matter is going to be? What will it mean to that community?"

"Well, evidently you have considered it, and you can speak with some authority," replied the other sarcastically.

"Yes, I have considered it," said Greenway, "and as the question may come before us in this community, I am glad to be in a position to speak. In addition to what I have already said regarding the sacrifice of a life and a soul annually, here are some further things that it will mean: A license fee must be paid. That fee must be drawn from the people of the community. A business that receives the sanction of the law may be expected to be pushed by all 'legitimate' means, and in such a business do not be surprised if means that are not 'legitimate' shall be employed to further it. A house is opened up representing a trade which has never done any good, moral or material, to any community, but invariably evil. All the evil influences that proceed from such a centre of social life fall like a blighting, baneful curse on the youth of the place, because so many of them will gravitate toward the bar-room, for which they are the 'raw material,' and the finished article is such a one as Nolan Caferty. Even he is not so perfect a specimen of its work as may be found in almost every community. But you see that an institution has been established in the bar-room, which takes away from the community even the very life blood, without giving anything in return, except the spread of moral contagion."

"Have you nothing favorable to say about the license fee?" asked John Starr.

"I have shown you that it must be first drawn from the community in order to be handed over to the

public treasury. The balance of the profits are retained by the man who manages the business, and that business deteriorates everything that it touches, and ultimately destroys those who engage in it, the man who sells the drink as well as the man who drinks."

"Well, but our taxes would be higher if there were no revenue from the liquor traffic," said John Starr. "That may be said to be the other side of the argument we began with."

"I am not prepared to admit that taxation would advance," said Greenway. "I am convinced that ultimately taxes would be lower in proportion to the amount of our national wealth. Business men consider that an average clear profit of ten per cent. is a good investment for capital. I shall not tire you with statistics, but I may say that the abolition of the liquor traffic would mean the saving of many millions of dollars annually (possibly a hundred millions), and this wisely invested and yielding a net profit of ten per cent. would give back to the nation more in one year than the traffic has done in any year of its existence. Keep in mind, also, that as this would be *an annual increase*, wealth would simply pile up from this means of economy alone. Within one decade the liberated nation would have grown so rich that the matter of raising a few millions for revenue purposes, even by direct taxation, would be a mere bagatelle. Again, it is admitted that sixty per cent. at least of the expense of administration of justice is due to the liquor traffic. Abolish the trade and you free the country largely from this vast annual expenditure.

This, again, would reduce the probability of the taxpayer being burdened. And though there were some direct taxation for us to bear (a thing which is very improbable), this Christian nation ought not to complain that it would have to pay the expense of government on Christian principles. The people of Canada ought not to forget that either we must govern ourselves on Christian principles, or we must go down as other nations have gone down under the blighting curse of God that is sure to follow the sin not repented of."

"Well, that is a plausible way of putting the matter from your side," answered John Starr, "but you would find difficulty in convincing the average taxpayer by that argument."

"Other causes are at work," replied Greenway, "to render the average taxpayer obtuse and unwilling to be convinced by the very clearest argument. Many of them are very ignorant, and have strong political prejudices received in home education. Many of them, too, are fond of liquor, and no argument would ever convince them. They sadly need temperance education, and they are receiving it, even though it be only a few precepts in a year. As a result of these disadvantages many of them are dazzled by the prospect of eight million dollars being furnished ready to hand for government purposes, and they blindly imagine they are relieved just to that extent in taxation. The time will come, however, when the average taxpayer will see that temperance people have hold of the strong arguments, and will both adopt our theory and give their votes to embody it in law. Our hopes

lie in the rank and file of the common people. You will not consider me offensively flattering, I hope, when I say that I scarcely look upon you as one of the average. Evidently you have superior business ability and advanced judgment. Now, are you convinced?"

John Starr's self-esteem raised no objection to Greenway's compliment, by which, however, the preacher had only intended to state a fact, for the sake of the further advantage it might bring to the cause he was pleading. So he modestly moved his hand across his forehead and muttered something about "no offence at all," and that he probably had "fair business ability." After a pause he said:

"Well, perhaps, if it were a question in which I had more personal interest I might be more easily convinced by what you say."

"Mr. Starr," said the preacher, slowly, "the question of prohibiting the liquor traffic is one in which every man has an interest, whether he realizes it and believes it or does not. *You* have an interest in it as a father; as a citizen, you have; as a Christian, you have, and as a man capable of temptation, you have. None of us can divest ourselves of that interest. It presses in upon us on every hand. Now, will you not take your stand with me on this matter, and should an attempt be made to re-establish the blighting curse in the Lockton House, with me use your influence against it? Will you promise me that, Mr. Starr, for the sake of both known considerations and unknown possibilities?"

"I would not care to promise you on such an im-

portant matter so soon," replied John Starr. "If the occasion should ever come, I shall then consider it."

Greenway had been speaking with an energy and a freedom which was a surprise even to himself. Thought and language had flowed in upon him. But—when John Starr made this reply—he *had lost*.

The inspiration was lifted up. He had done all he could for this proud, self-willed man. More he felt he could not do. He must go.

The son went out with him when he left the house. For a time they walked in silence, enjoying the calm beauty of the night. They could hear the voices of the boating party, as they sang:

"'Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea.'
These words came low and mournfully
From the pallid lips of a youth who lay
On his cabin couch at the close of day.
He had wasted and pined till o'er his brow
The death shade had fallen slowly, and now
As the land of his fond-loved home drew nigh,
They had gathered around him to see him die."

The voices were those of Elsie Duffield and Lord Viquhart, and the old song rose and fell on the calm air of the lake in cadences of surpassing sweetness. Horace and Greenway paused a few moments to listen while another verse was sung. Then Horace laid his hand on the other's arm and said:

"Mr. Greenway, I thank you with all my heart for that conversation with father. No one ever spoke to him before as you did to-night. Surely the message was given to you, for it was just such as he needed."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Horace," replied Greenway. "I must say I did experience great freedom in speaking to Mr. Starr. We do not know how much good it may do."

"You will be surprised when I tell you," said Horace, "that my father is mysteriously under the influence of Duffield. He cannot be convinced that Duffield is not a good man. I have warned him to beware of him, but it is all in vain. I have no doubt an effort will be made to establish a bar here; but you may count on me to do anything I can to assist you in fighting it. Oh, if my father only knew the facts of the case! You heard what he said—that liquor had never done his family any harm. He does not know that my brother in the West is already dissipated. That is the reason he does not come back."

"Does your mother know of it?" asked Greenway.

"She knows it all," said Horace. "And my own case—why, Mr. Greenway, if I were to give way to the feeling that comes upon me at times, I would go to drink. I imagine that I inherit an appetite for it, which has leaped over one or two generations, although I am not a drinker. But I would go to it as a covert from a deep sorrow that I carry with me always. I may not tell you now. Perhaps I shall some day. I really cannot keep the matter to myself much longer. The end must come soon, I feel."

"Well, Horace," said Greenway, "your sorrow is your own. Keep the secret until you think that telling it may do good. Then if I can be of any service to you, I shall help you, if you think me worthy of your confidence."

"You call me '*Horace*.' Did you notice father made a mistake two or three times and miscalled me '*Adam*'?"

"I did, but he explained it," said Greenway.

"Yes. I heard him explain it. He always does that to strangers. He declares he never could tell us apart. My brother and I are twins, and in appearance each is the replica of the other. But my brother is *Horace* and I am *Adam Starr*. However, you will please continue to call me *Horace*."

Up from the lake swelled the sweet cadences of the concluding stanzas of the song:

"And there is another whose tears will be shed
For him who lies far in an ocean bed.
In hours that it pains me to think of now
She hath twined these locks, and hath kissed this brow.
In the hair she hath twined shall the sea snake hiss,
And the brow she hath pressed shall the cold waves kiss.
For the sake of that loved one who waits for me,
Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea!

"She hath been in my dreams— His voice failed there,
They gave no heed to his dying prayer.
They have lowered him slow o'er the vessel's side,
And o'er him hath closed the dark blue tide
Where, to dip their bright wings, the sea-fowl rest,
Where the blue waves dash o'er the ocean's crest,
Where the billows bound and the winds sport free.
They have buried him there in the deep, deep sea!"

XXIII.

SEARCHING FOR THE PANCAKE PREACHER

ABOUT five miles to the eastward of Lockton Green began a flat, swampy tract of country stretching for miles northward and southward, and which was known as the "Big Cedar Swamp." For many years after the more rolling country around it had been occupied and cleared, this tract, densely wooded with cedar, pine and ash, still remained in the hands of the Crown. The swamp lands were under the strict surveillance of Lawyer Sharppe, who guarded the timber interests with a watchful eye, although he never objected to any one appropriating the game, which was abundant there. Dusky Broom availed himself of the latter privilege regularly, and he was acquainted with these hunting grounds from end to end.

A few years previous to the period of the opening of our story, persons had purchased from the Government certain rights in timber; families without a genealogy had moved in and located about the borders of the swamp, living in little log shanties, and the men engaged in making hoops of ash and shingles of cedar. But the chief centre of industry was a lumber camp at the north of the Swamp, about ten miles from Lockton Green, which was operated by a company,

who erected a sawmill on the Spiller. The place afterwards came to be known as "Upper Mills." The entire region was regarded by the inhabitants of Lockton Green as if it belonged to another world.

The hobos who pursued hoop and shingle manufacture and the men employed in the lumber camp were bitter enemies. When either party came to Lockton Green it was always in large companies, and they never failed to obtain liquor. If the hostile bands met in the Lockton House, they fought "to a finish" for possession of the bar.

The hobos and lumbermen were of one mind, however, in their opposition to any missionary efforts being carried on among them. At one time they had received a supposed missionary's visit. But he had developed a commercial spirit, and "an evil eye." To some of the lumbermen he had sold "solid gold watches," and "solid silver watches" at a marvelously low figure; but the watches had rubbed down to brass and white metal, and the lumbermen had cursed the deceiver. There were homes, also, among the hobos that were less pure after he had been associated with them for a time. So, lumbermen and hobos had agreed on one matter, literally agreed, that they would admit no minister or missionary among them again on pain of being whipped with rods on his bare back. Thus for some years the people of the Big Cedar Swamp had been living in a sort of heathenism, and their families had grown up in irreligion and vice. The Big Cedar Swamp came to be spoken of as the "God-forsaken hole," and it fully sustained its atheistic reputation.

One day in spring a man who had the appearance of having only recently recovered from sickness, rode into Lockton Green on a wretched-looking horse that moved with slow steps and low-hanging head, with ears drooping forward. Going to the Lockton House he asked of Gregory:

"Can you tell me, sir, where the pancake preacher lives, if you please, sir?"

"Who?" asked Gregory, in amazement.

"The pancake preacher," said the sickiy man again.

"The pancake preacher! God bless me! I never heard of such a person. You must be crazy, my dear fellow," said Gregory, in something like alarm.

"No. Don't you fear. I'm not a fool any more'n yourself," replied the stranger. "The pancake preacher must live in this here town, I think."

"Never heard of him," said Gregory, shaking his head, but watching the stranger closely. "The only preacher that lives here is a Methodist, and he's no pancake, I'll tell you. I'm afraid if you go about his house calling him a pancake, he'll make a pancake of you pretty soon."

"Well, maybe I be mistaken," said the stranger, "but I be pretty sure he lives in your town," and he turned to his horse again.

"Where do you come from?" asked Gregory.

"From the Big Cedar Swamp," said the other.

"And was this pancake fellow down there?"

"Yes. He's been among us a good many times the past winter."

"Well, I guess you'll find that there's been some fakir among you. We have no such preacher here."

You'll never see our man down in that God-forsaken hole."

"Well," said the sickly man, "I dunno if he be your man, but the man that come to us was no fakir, I know that much." Then he went away with disappointment on his countenance.

But something in the words of the hotelkeeper had lingered in his mind, for in a few days he returned and presented himself before Gregory again, saying, "Well, boss, I'm back."

"So I see," answered Gregory, dryly. "Well, what about your pancake preacher? Did you find him?"

"No, I didn't, but I think yet your man's him."

"Who? The Methodist preacher? I told you that last day that our man wouldn't go down there among such a lot of half-civilized bushwhackers. Why, you have forbidden a preacher to go among you there, and I know our man has plenty to do on his field here."

"Well, if you will please, sir, to show me where his house is, I'll go in and see if it's him."

But Gregory had no desire to have this man call on Greenway, only, as he thought, to give the preacher annoyance and beg money from him, and probably tell the preacher who had sent him to his home. Just at that time, for certain reasons that will appear presently, Gregory desired to be as conciliating as possible with the preacher. With a view to getting the stranger away from his own house and gaining a little time, he said: "Let us go over to Ben Haylock's grocery and ask him about the pancake preacher."

They found Ben at leisure, and at such times Ben was always in a mood to make fun.

"Say, Ben," said Gregory, entering, "did you ever hear of a fellow called 'the pancake preacher'?"

"Called what?" cried Ben, and a look of amused surprise lit up his face.

"This man wants to find the pancake preacher," said Gregory, bursting into a laugh. "Do you know of such a person, dead or alive?"

The next thing Ben did was to lean over the counter in a paroxysm of laughter, for Ben could always laugh heartily when he did not wish to commit himself, or saw an opening for some amusement. When he had sufficiently recovered to speak, he said:

"Perhaps it might be Dusky Broom. They say he is quite a cook, and pancakes are a part of the business."

Then he lay across the counter again and gave way to uncontrollable laughter.

The sickly man now stepped over near him, and tapped him on the ear with his large blue-beech walking-stick, saying:

"Young man, don't laugh, if you please. I have bought goods in this here shop before now, and paid for them, too. We know Dusky. He sold us medicine once, and if he ever goes back there to try to sell any more of it, I think the lumbermen will hang him to a sapling. I be in earnest, and I want to find the pancake preacher. I kind o' got track that he come from this here town, and I'd like to see him at home. Us folks in the swamp didn't know where he come from at first, when he come with a shotgun 'huntin'.

But I was sick of 'larial fever and in pretty bad shape, and he come and brought in a good many partridges to my wife, and other things, too. One day last fall he was shootin' up around the lumber camp near where a couple of fellers was cuttin' down. They had lodged a tree, and went in under to cut down the other. That's dangerous, you know. The lodged tree slipped down on them, and killed one, and broke his mate's leg. The young feller with the gun carried the broken-legged feller to camp, nearly two miles, and fixed him up not bad till the doctor come in."

Here the sickly man paused, for his long testimonial to the mysterious one had taken more breath than he could spare. After a few moments he resumed:

"The day before Christmas the pancake preacher took over to the camp a bag full of geese, turkeys, and other Christmas things, and a big jug of maple syrup. He spent Christmas Day with the men feastin' and shootin', and they had a big time, I heard. Not one of them got drunk as they used to. In the afternoon he made them some Christmas pancakes for supper, and served out the big jug of maple syrup. He made them about two hundred and fifty pancakes, and not one was left. They got singin' songs after supper, and he sung with them, too, for a while. Then the first thing they knew he had them switched off onto singin' some hymns. Then he asked them if he might read them a story, and they said: 'You bet. Read on.' And he read them a story about Someone that was born in a stable on Christmas Day. After that night they called him 'The pancake preacher.' Once in a while he's come in through the winter nights and

stayed with them and had meetin's, and they're allus glad to see him come in. The camp's changed since, I'm told, and there's quite a few families among us hobos that's a bit changed, too. It's the pancake preacher did it."

Ben had turned his back to the man as he was speaking, and feigned to be setting some things in order on the shelves. But his hand stole up to his eyes once.

"What is the preacher's right name?" Ben asked.

"I never heard him get any other name but 'the pancake preacher,'" replied the sickly man.

"Who told you that this man lived here?" asked Ben again.

"It was Groppe, the gipsy," said the sickly man.

"He lives down among us a good deal, you know, and travels about. This is his horse I have to-day."

To balance his emotions Ben returned to bantering Gregory.

"Gregory, what do you feed the preacher? Do you make a large use of pancakes in your house?"

"Pancakes! Oh, bother your cracked head!" returned Gregory, with some irritation.

"Mr. Greenway seems to thrive pretty well on pancake fare," continued Ben. "Perhaps if I were to begin and eat pancakes regularly I might be able to put on some flesh. I imagine pancakes would be as good for that as beer. What cook-book did you get the recipe out of, Gregory?"

"Ahem," said Gregory, and scowled at Ben as he rose from his chair and walked to the door.

"If you would be so kind as to give me the recipe

of your pancakes, Gregory, I might turn a few dollars out of it by giving it away with sales of baking powder. Or I might start a hot pancake counter for next winter months if I only knew how to mix the batter. If you can't afford to be neighborly, how much will you take for the pancake recipe?"

Gregory turned impatiently to the sickly man and said: "You stay here until I come back, and I'll go over and see if our preacher is the fellow you are searching for."

He went out, and was absent only a short time when he returned to say that Greenway was not at home, and his horse was not in the stable.

The sickly man went away again much disappointed at having failed in his search. Gregory loaded him with a good basket of groceries from Ben's store, and as he was leaving advised him not to return on such an errand as had brought him that day, for no such person as the pancake preacher had ever been heard of around Lockton Green.

Gregory watched the sickly man and the wretched old Arabian horse disappear down the road in the direction of the swamp, and then turning to Ben he said: "Well, that's one citizen of a queer section of country. They're a mucky lot down there in the Big Cedar Swamp."

"Could it be possible," said Ben, "that it is really Greenway he was looking for? Dusky goes out there shooting once in a while, and he might have gone out with him."

"Ben, you're a clean simpleton," said Gregory. "You would have been willing to let that dying con-

sumptive go in to-day and bother our preacher. Don't you know that those savages in the Big Swamp have sworn against any one going in there to do missionary work among them?"

"I heard that," replied Ben. "But you know that Greenway has a knack of getting hold of tough characters and getting them out to church—John Reigh, for instance, or for that matter, yourself, Gregory." Then Ben laughed a little.

"Oh, I went to church before he came here. But you have no idea of the low life of those hobos down there. I was down at the swamp one day with Lawyer Sharppe. He had his revolver, or I think we would never have seen civilization again. Pigs, dogs, chickens, and children all run together down there, and some of the children running naked! A trip down there among them is enough to keep a man from sleeping for a week. And the appearance of their women—oh, say! But I need not tell you, for you would not believe me if I described them. You just want to take a trip to the Big Cedar Swamp."

"Well, since they are in such low social conditions, it is a wonder, Gregory, that you, who have seen it, should sell them liquor when they come out here occasionally," said Ben.

"Oh, that's another matter," replied Gregory. "No matter how much liquor any one might sell them, it would never make them lower down than they are now."

"Well, I don't think it will ever improve their condition or help to raise them up for you to dose them with your 'red whiskey,'" said Ben.

"Raise them up! Raise those hobos and their dirty wives and children!" exclaimed Gregory. "No power in heaven or earth could raise up that crowd of Sodomites."

"But that man has just told us that there is a change for the better in the lumber camp and in many of the hobo families already," replied Ben. "See here, Gregory, men who can be pulled down by whiskey could be raised up to something better by coming at them in the right way. Now, evidently that is what the pancake preacher has been doing among them. He's got in among them, I suspect, without their knowing what his real purpose was. That must be what Paul meant by 'taking you by guile.'"

"Oh, you don't need to believe all that sickly sucker told us. I tell you, Ben, those people down there are lower than the native Indians, lower than cattle, lower than the beavers that used to build dams over there in the swamp."

"Well, that's a pretty dark picture," said Ben. "But you've been there and I have not."

"None too dark," said Gregory, raising his hand.

Ben's final thrust in the argument with Gregory was: "All the more honor, then, to the pancake preacher, whoever he is, if he has succeeded in making a flank movement on the swamp people to get in among them, and is doing something to lift them up. I am going to try, Gregory, to find out who this pancake preacher is, and if I succeed in finding him I'll put him on your track. If he can convert the citizens of the Big Cedar Swamp, as you report them, there must be some hope for you yet."

XXIV.

DEAD MEN TALKING

THE first year of Rev. Owen Greenway's pastorate wore away, shortened, to some extent, by incidents of a local interest such as he met with, and the summer was well on its course. Rev. Thomas Lester was still residing with his daughter, Mrs. Elliott. The utmost vigilance of John Reigh had failed to discover the return of *The Eaglet*, and Dusky had not been molested. But, accustomed to observe certain barometric signs in conjunction with the lake, John Reigh interpreted this unexpected non-appearance and quietude as the precursor of a storm.

An event of the winter of more than ordinary social importance had been a short visit of Miss Agnes Wilson, lady evangelist, with her friend, Mrs. Elliott. Lucelle contrived an arrangement with Ben Haylock, by which Agnes was impressed to address the Young People's Society one evening. Greenway was present, and as he listened to Agnes he felt his prejudices against "women preachers" slipping away from him. Another event more interesting to the preacher than the brief visit of Agnes Wilson was Gregory's attempt to obtain a license for his house. He succeeded in getting a sufficient number of signatures to his petition.

But Greenway met this with a counter-petition. The license inspector also threw the weight of his influence with the preacher against the granting of a license. But the feeling of the Board seemed to be in favor of granting the license, the chief reason for this being that "in such a place as Lockton Green a house with a license seemed to be a necessity." Greenway presented the counter-petition to the Board, at the same time informing them that to this list of rate-payers and to himself a licensed house in Lockton Green *did not seem a necessity*. After some discussion the Board decided to leave the case of Gregory's house over "for further consideration." Some mention was also made about requiring Gregory to make certain "improvements." This decision gave the preacher some uneasiness, since Gregory appeared to receive it with satisfaction. However, he did not leave the hotel, believing that it might be some advantage to his cause to remain there.

The second summer of Greenway's pastorate was passing, and the good impressions made by his first year of pastoral service had deepened. Billy Shire had become one of his warmest friends, being now fully satisfied about the preacher's loyalty, for Greenway had preached a fine sermon on "Patriotism" to the Orange Order in Lockton Green. The sermon, however, had been "too secular" for Grey Coltman, who found in it additional confirmation of his first impression of the preacher, that what he needed was "more light."

Lawyer Sharppe had taken considerable interest in Greenway as a preacher from his first appearance.

His attendance had been so much more regular than formerly as to occasion remark; and Grey Coltman had expressed himself as hopeful that Lawyer Sharppe "might yet be brought into the light." One day the lawyer met Greenway near the door of his office, and invited him to enter. The conversation that took place between them had some elements of mystery. For instance, Sharppe quoted such a passage from the New Testament as, "he being dead yet speaketh," and then asked the preacher, "Do you really think that the dead speak, Mr. Greenway?"

"Well, correctly interpreted," replied Greenway, "I take no exception to the passage you quote, although the phraseology is rather peculiar, for, after a fashion, the dead do speak."

"I wonder if the dead men down in the old cemetery on the sand ever speak. I am told that recently lights have been seen at night quite frequently down there. It's strange. I wonder if old Oliver Duffield and Captain John Reigh and Nigger Brown ever get into a jangle over past grievances, coming out at night and sitting on their neglected graves? Eh? What d'ye think?"

Then Lawyer Sharppe laughed at the weird imagination of a lively wrangle among yellow and grey skeletons sitting upon graves of white sand.

"You know, Mr. Greenway," he continued, "there are queer stories told about the men who sleep in that old graveyard. But, oh—you'll hear them all before long. Say, I liked that sermon you gave last Sunday on 'Dead men talking.' I'll bet a nickel it set some in the congregation thinking. Really! Ha! ha! ha! I

suppose every man ought to take as much of the sermon as fits him, and let other people do the same; but I really could not help stealing a glance at some faces when you were preaching."

Then Sharppe slapped his thigh and laughed loudly again. "You will pardon me for laughing, Mr. Greenway, but that sermon did me more good than anything I have heard for years. I hope we shall have some more like it. If you were to announce beforehand your Sunday evening discourse, I might be induced to give up my nap at the 'Swan's Nest' on the pond on Sunday afternoons. Still, I don't know. It is lovely to get away from this old office and spend a few hours down there among the willows and heavy foliage. I get a sermon from the trees and quiet surroundings."

"If nature is so worthy of being loved," said Greenway, "(and I agree with you in that, for I love the glen, the ravine, the cedars on the sand, and also the blue waters of the lake), what about loving the Creator of all these?"

"That is a close question, Mr. Greenway."

"Of course," said Greenway. "Anything else would be unsuited to a lawyer. Here is another: Supposing I were to announce a special sermon from the Gospel according to St. Luke, eleven and forty-six; would you give up the 'Swan's Nest'?"

"Ha, ha! What's that, I wonder?" asked Sharppe, turning and picking up a Bible.

Just at that moment a client appeared, and Greenway withdrew, pleased to get out of the presence of a man whom he rated in his own mind as a suave, cunning, unscrupulous scoundrel.

Before turning to the client Sharppe found the passage. "That's not so bad," he said, with a light laugh, as he laid down the Bible. "By Jove, I did not remember reading that before. But those were not lawyers of our class."

Then Sharppe, turning to the client, said:

"Good morning, Mr. Duffield. Well, what do *you* think of dead men talking, eh? I was just speaking with the preacher on that line, and I wondered if the dead men in the old cemetery ever talk."

"I have been thinking of several things which concern living men more than the dead," replied Harry Duffield. "I want to have a straight talk on matters with you. Are we alone here?"

The levity had departed from Sharppe's voice as he replied: "Oh, I think we are as private here as there is any occasion for." He was not desirous of being altogether isolated with Duffield at any time. Then he continued: "Have you fixed matters with the captain?"

"I have," answered Duffield, "but between you both you are going to *fix* me. He wants a thousand dollars, and you say you must have two thousand. There's just this into it, I might as well let the whole thing drop and take the chances of a lawsuit."

"Well, you will save a considerable sum of interest on the mortgage all these years, for it is almost as much as the amount of the mortgage. So you will save all that."

"I don't believe the mortgage will be of any value now," said Duffield, showing anger.

"It was a first mortgage," replied Sharppe. "It

was duly registered. It was put on when your father bought the old Reigh property, as he had to raise some money. A certain amount of interest has been paid on it every year since, and I am of the opinion that it will, for these reasons, be recognized by the courts as valid."

"Who paid interest on it?" asked Duffield.

"Well, it was paid and entered on it, and it has been handed over to Nigger Broom's heir, and a proper receipt has been secured," answered Sharppe.

"Then you are the man who paid the interest," said Duffield, fiercely. "But you will never collect it, never! I can keep it out of you."

"It will be collected by someone," said Sharppe, coolly. "If you came here to spit out your anger you may leave at once. I don't care a — for your anger. It's only a matter of time with you, and not a long time either. I know, and you know, that a court is the last place in which you wish to appear on any cause."

Harry Duffield glared fiercely, but helplessly, on this wily antagonist, who had possession of secrets that might work his financial ruin. Then in a voice that the very force of helpless rage had subdued, he said: "This Will that you have discovered. You know that is a — fraud, worked along for years."

"There is no fraud about it," said Sharppe. "The Will is genuine, as, at least, one living witness can certify. It was really lost. I never expected to find it again. Whether it will stand in court or not I cannot say, but you must take the risk. Nigger Broom was supposed to have died a pauper almost.

No one ever thought it worth while to look into his affairs, and Old Dusky was simply left in possession of the old place. Of course, you are not a beneficiary in this Will, and you have no right to see it, but I might show it to your lawyer."

"I suppose you have no objection to giving me the substance of its provisions," said Duffield.

"Oh, no," said Sharppe. "They are very simple, as you might expect, from Nigger Broom. If Dusky shall continue imbecile up to the age of fifty-five, John Reigh or his heirs are to have everything, with the proviso that they shall care for Dusky while he lives. After his death all is Reigh's unconditionally. It is a good thing for the Reighs. Some day they will have back all the old property owned by Captain John, for you know of the clause inserted in the deed, which provides for its return to his heirs to three generations if they should ever be able to repurchase at the same price. The mortgage is now worth between five and six thousand dollars. So, now, Mr. Duffield, you may take your choice. I will get a good thing for the Will from John Reigh. You know he hates you. If he could only humiliate you it would be such a satisfaction to him that I believe he would not care if I kept the whole of the mortgage money. One-half of it is easily mine. You must come to a decision, for there is not much time to lose. If you can get Dusky out of the way and agree to my plans, why, then—you can stay in your home and run the mill. If not—why, you know."

Cunning now rose up to meet cunning and defeat it, and succeeded fairly well, too. In a submissive

tone Duffield replied: "It's pretty hard lines, Sharppe, after a man has reached my age. You have no children. I have a daughter to provide for. After I settle with you, then will come on this living witness, and nothing will be left."

"Never you mind the witness," answered Sharppe, growing magnanimous, as he saw Duffield apparently breaking down. "I will satisfy that witness from my share."

"Well, that's not so bad, and makes it a little easier for me," continued Duffield, submissively. "Now, supposing we let Dusky remain where he is. He can do no harm. What will you take and destroy the Will? Then I am done with Captain Cahan."

"I cannot deal on that line," said Sharppe. "Even though I might hand over the will to you, I cannot destroy the remaining witness."

"We might satisfy him with a grant," suggested Duffield.

"No, no," said Sharppe, determined that no witness would hold secret lines over him; "I cannot consent to any such procedure. I have made you a proposition. The alternative is a process at law."

In his deep, villainous soul, Duffield said: "No, not that. There is another alternative better." Then aloud he asked: "Are you in possession of the Will?"

Without any hesitation Sharppe answered: "It is in my personal possession." He was sure he had whipped Duffield into submission, and he had no particular reason for secrecy on this point.

But Sharppe was mistaken, for Duffield was resourceful. "There's just this into it," was a phrase

meaning more than an habitual expression. It was an index of a mind that looked keenly into matters in which self-interest was concerned, especially if they touched his pride, or the dignity of his house. In his *role* Duffield was a genius. He rose to go, saying: "I must have a little time to think it over." As he walked away certain little mental decisions were deposited in their proper and permanent places.

Among the conclusions arrived at were: That Sharpe had himself drawn Nigger Broom's Will, which was undoubtedly genuine. The remaining witness was either himself or old Sandy Sanderson. He would proceed with the plan to get rid of Dusky. He must obtain possession of the Will or pay the mortgage. John Starr knew nothing of its existence, and he might obtain money enough from him by placing a second mortgage to relieve the situation.

Self-composed, cool, clear-headed, determined, defiant, Duffield went to his home. Before a week John Starr had taken a mortgage for three thousand dollars on Duffield's property. Duffield was going to enter on a plan of rafting timber from the North Shore. A *quietus* of five hundred dollars caused Sharpe to look graciously upon Duffield.

XXV.

THE TURF AS IT WAS

ON a beautiful summer afternoon the "Infidel Club" was assembled on the green at the Lockton House to play a match with the club from Pier Bay. Of late the members of the "Infidel Club" had been taken up with the most recent developments of rationalistic Higher Criticism, and the leading spirits among them were making masterly efforts to reconcile the conflicting conclusions of German scholarship, but in vain. The visiting club not being given to literary disquisition, there was not much stimulus to argument on controversial lines. As might be expected, the men who came for "sport" won the bowling match. The players then gathered in and about the hotel, most of them relieving the heat of exercise by the use of "soft drinks." For one afternoon Jonah was allowed to retain his ancient claim to a three days' habitation of a "fish's belly," and those mysterious creations of modern biblical scholarship, "J.," "E.," "D.," "P.," "H.," together with all the difficulties connected with their relative dates as to the *terminus ad quem* and the *terminus a quo*, were allowed to represent the full measure of their mystery and profundity of erudition.

During the afternoon a very dark complexioned young man, much resembling an Indian, or foreigner of some type, had strolled into Lockton Green, and up to the hotel. He watched the game with considerable interest, and to Gregory he made known in poor English that he was "travelling," and that his name was Henri Laquerre. After the game he sat on the veranda.

It was wearing on in the afternoon when Dill Decker, the horse dealer from Pier Bay, joined the players. He drove a fine bay gelding, and with an employee of his stables, was returning from having made a shipment of horses from another station. As he was well known to the members of both clubs, he soon entered into the "swing" of the company, sharing in the "soft drinks." It was an open secret that during his widowhood Decker had offered some attention to Mildred Gregory. Much to her father's annoyance Mildred had not encouraged these attentions, but Decker entertained the suspicion that Gregory secretly discouraged his suit, and only business considerations kept them on friendly terms. To-day Mildred saw him from an upstairs window, and remained upstairs. The occasion, however, offered Decker another opportunity of gratifying his vanity by throwing money around in the Lockton House. As the players drank at Decker's expense they discussed the match, rallied him about Mildred, and paid compliments to their "Grand Patrons," Mrs. Gregory, who moved among them on the veranda.

Those on the veranda now observed on the other

side of the glen a large gipsy van, drawn by a team, slowly descending the hill, then across the bridge, and up the hill again to the hotel, where it drew up. Both of the horses were thin and jaded-looking, and someone on the veranda called to Decker that here were horses to purchase. Decker stepped out quickly. His experienced eye saw that the horses had "some breeding," but even the better of the two, a spotted Arabian, with thin mane and scutched tail, was a poor-looking nag compared with Decker's fine bay driver. After eyeing the gipsy's horses, Decker remarked: "Oh, I'm not in for that kind of stock to-day. I have just sent off one of the finest shipments of roadsters I ever handled, and I've handled some good uns. I don't think the gipsy's would fill the bill."

The gipsy had got down to water his horses, and now revealed an extraordinary lameness, moving only by the help of a crutch. He turned a sharp glance of his black eyes upon Decker, and his little, low stature, and wizened, villainous features appeared to bristle up with angry wickedness at what had been said.

"Are you a horse dealer?" he asked of Decker.

"I believe I may say that I am," replied Decker, with some loftiness.

"What's your name?" asked the gipsy.

"What's your own? I've told you something, now tell me something," replied Decker.

"You need someone to tell you something," replied the gipsy, hotly, "for you're nothing but a — conceited, purse-proud blow-hard. I suppose you've got a little money out of your business, and you think you can run the town and the country, and no one

has anything half as good as your'n. I'm not afraid to tell you that much, and if you don't like it, why, if you're man enough you can take it out of Old Groppe, the gipsy; that's me."

"I'm happy to meet you, Groppe," replied the other.

"I'm Dill Decker, the horse dealer from Pier Bay. Don't get angry, old man, before you know me. When you've a good horse to sell or exchange, why just come to my stables."

"Your stables!" exclaimed the old man, now furious. "If all honest men had their own, you wouldn't have enough left to buy a hen roost. You lie ten times every horse you buy, and you tell fifty every time you trade horses. Oh, no. You don't 'trade.' You just 'exchange.' Then you go swelling around running down other people's animals. What right have you to say my horses 'wouldn't fill the bill'? You're an impudent, proud, empty snob, you are."

Here the gipsy went up close to Decker, and leaning on his crutch shook his fist in the other's face, at the same time making a fiendish grimace, and muttering, "My horses can fill the bill."

The old man's impudent defiance was such a surprise to Decker that he could scarcely reply. Ordinarily he would have knocked down any man daring to say half as much to him, but honor forbade him to strike a cripple. The crowd, too, had become interested and gathered around, and as Decker glared angrily upon the impish figure before him, a childish voice called from the van:

"Your horse can't beat Shanks, our old Arabian, in a run. Try if you dare!"

All eyes turned to the van. They saw over the back of the seat the head and shoulders of a little girl. Her dark hair was cut short, her eyes were black, and her face was swarthy, but beautiful. Then a faint voice within the van called: "Sephie, you sit down and don't meddle." Sounds of deep coughing, as though from a consumptive, followed the command. Sephie disappeared, but she had launched on the crowd the suggestion of a horse race. Crowley, the sporty banker from Pier Bay, and a very intimate friend of Decker's, now said:

"There, Decker, 's a challenge. Suppose you fellows settle your dispute by trotting your horses on a bet, say for fifty or a hundred dollars."

"My horses are running stock," said the gipsy. "I could not race in a trot."

"Running stock!" shouted Decker, with a loud oath. "Ha, ha! Why a couple of spring calves would run away from them bone piles."

"No, they wouldn't," said the gipsy, setting his jaws and shaking his head defiantly. "Nor your horse can't either. I'm prepared to put my old Arabian against all comers. He's won more'n one race, and he's got a good deal more up his sleeve yet, has Shanks."

"Put up your money, both of you," said Crowley, anxious to see some sort of a race as a finale to the day's "sport."

"I'll put up a hundred at even money on my old Arabian," said the gipsy.

"Why, old fellow, do you want to throw your money away?" asked Decker. "That's what you would do. Why, if your horse and mine were racing, there would be so much difference in their speed that these fellows would think your plug was going the other way."

The crowd laughed, and the gipsy now became very much excited, talking loudly, and all the while gesticulating wildly. The uproarious voice drew Mildred to the window, and Decker, who had stepped over to his horse during the gipsy's angry outburst, caught sight of her. He lifted his hat and saluted her.

"No fear of that," the gipsy was saying. "You only want to back down. You're made of back-down stuff. You're a slinking shyster, and you daren't unhook your horse for a run. Come on, if you dare!" he cried, holding up a handful of money. "The best two in three runs! Up with your money, or I'll put my old crutch over the head of the biggest and emptiest bluffer that ever lifted his hat to a young lady at the window!"

A shout of ridicule and laughter arose from the crowd as the old man hurled his jibes and challenges at Decker. Crowley now stepped down to Decker, and in a low voice said: "Decker, you're a — fool if you let that gipsy's money slip through your fingers. Get your horse ready. You'll easily run away from such old carcasses as he drives. Why, any man with half an eye might see that they haven't eaten a gallon of grain all summer. I wouldn't stand it. By Jove, I wouldn't, Decker. What will the girl think of you

if you refuse to race? Your cake will be dough round here."

"Keep quiet, Crowley," replied Decker. "I'm going to take him up, but we'll bleed him all we can. I only want to draw him on. Don't you see he's getting so excited that he'll soon bet any money we offer him."

"Oh! That's it?" said Crowley. Then going back to the crowd he called out to the gipsy: "Decker's a man of money, gipsy. Perhaps your bet is too small. Make it five hundred."

"Five hundred it is, then," replied the gipsy, all excitement, and began to produce the money.

"Here, Gregory, you hold the stakes," said Decker, "and you, Crowley, be judge of the race. We'll give this old half-breed the race of his lifetime."

"Don't call me a half-breed," shouted the gipsy, with an oath; and lifting his crutch he hopped on one foot toward Decker, who was laughing at his rage. But finding locomotion in that way difficult, he put his crutch again in place, and hobbled back to his horse.

"Who rides?" asked Crowley.

"Let each man find his own rider, or ride his own horse himself," said Decker. "I have a rider with me who is something of a jockey, too. The old half-breed can ride his own, I suppose. Say, old limpy," addressing the gipsy, "it will be worth a good deal to see you on that old horse. Don't use your crutch for a whip or you will break in all his ribs on one side."

For reply Groppe only shot a fierce glance at Decker

that embodied as much hatred as could well be communicated to one expression of a human face. Looking around the crowd he asked: "Who can I get to ride?"

The colored young man now spoke: "What you gif me an' I ride?"

"Can you ride?" asked the gipsy.

"Me ride all right, — good," said the young man of foreign features. "You gif me fifty dollar, an' I ride. Come in head. Whish!" and he swept his arm around, at the same time making a hissing sound through his teeth.

"All right," said the gipsy. "I'll give you fifty dollars if you bring in my horse first. But if you don't, I'll kill you dead. Do you hear?"

"All right, — good," said the young man. "But I want my money now, before I ride."

"You'll get your money when you earn it, just as I will," said the gipsy.

"No, siree," said the young man. "I no ride then. Money now, money down, or I no ride."

"That's right, Indian," called over Decker, who was fastening a saddle on his horse, which he had borrowed from Gregory. "He's a dead-beat. I don't believe he has any more money. He thinks he'll win your fifty from me, but if you count on that you'll not get your money. Don't run, Indian, till you get it."

"Ah, Decker! You want to get out of the race," jibed back the gipsy; "but I'll not let you. Here's your money, you yellow-skinned scoundrel, and mind

what I have told you, if you lose the race,—I'll kill you."

The money was now in the hands of Gregory, and as the bets were the largest ever known in that section of the country, excitement ran high.

To the north of Lockton Green the military road stretched straight, level, and smooth for about a mile. If anything, there was an ascent as the land receded. Half across this concession was selected as the race-course, so that the horses could be seen from the starting point. The race was to be the best two in three. The driver of the carryall for the bowlers was selected to start the horses by ringing Gregory's dinner bell, which was improvised for the occasion. The gipsy had a riding outfit with him, and the horses were soon ready. They presented a contrast indeed, as they trotted away to the starting line. The gipsy's parting word to the rider was, "Win now, or I'll kill you," and after his horse trotted away he continued to move restlessly about, hobbling back and forth to the van, which faced the starting point. Once he climbed up on the seat, and spoke to those within, but his excitement was too great for him to remain seated. He got down again and continued to hobble about the road. But Decker was perfectly cool, and followed his horse with his gaze till he saw them stop, turn around and draw up together for the start. Then they saw the starter step to one side, and raise the bell. Next moment his arm fell.

"They're started! Hurrah!"

A cloud of white dust arose behind the horses as they dashed forward at a tremendous speed.

"Decker's horse is ahead!" cried Crowley, wild with excitement, and a cheer arose from the bowlers, for the bay was making a fine dash and was drawing away from the Arabian. As the horses came nearer Gregory observed that the rider of the bay was using his whip freely, and the colored young man was not whipping. Decker was watching his horse intently, and a flush of pride and suppressed excitement came up over his face as he saw the bay bounding forward at a winning speed. He turned and looked up at the window again, and was about to make a salute when he observed that Mildred was not there—only Mrs. Gregory, who was leaning far out watching the horses and did not observe him. But Groppe did observe him, and turning his head away for a moment he indulged in a suppressed chuckle. Then the gipsy hobbled over into the middle of the road, and his actions became curious to the point of absurdity. He stood on one foot and swung his crutch wildly about his head, shouting: "Come on! Come on, Sh. ks! Come on, you villain of an Indian! Come on or I'll kill you!"

"Come out of there, you miserable old half-breed!" shouted Decker. "My horse will be on top of you in half a minute! Come out of that!"

With a look of terrible hatred the gipsy turned and yelled: "How dare you call me a half-breed, when I warned you not to, you vile-tongued blackguard;" and with his crutch uplifted he began to hop over toward Decker, but he stumbled and fell prone in the dust just as the horses swept in, Decker's bay three lengths ahead.

Some of the bystanders helped the old man to his crutch again, and he made for his horse, or rather for the rider, uttering fearful imprecations upon him. The rider slipped off as soon as he could, and having turned Shanks let him go back to Groppe, while he himself stood on the side of the road with a broad grin. "I've got my money, gipsy," he said. "If you no want me any more, just say so."

Groppe led Shanks over to the van and proceeded "to handle him," but not an angry word escaped from him further.

After the tension of excitement was over, Decker received the congratulations of his friends. They were, of course, all taken into the bar-room and given more "soft drinks," from which they came forth a roystering company. Decker's pent-up feelings now broke loose, and he called over to Groppe: "Well, gipsy, how are you feeling?"

"I'm all right yet," replied Groppe.

"What about your money?"

"Well, it's not lost yet," growled the gipsy.

"I'm afraid it is," replied Decker. "You might as well tie up your old horse, or take him down to the sand and shoot him for crow-meat. Seeing that it's a hot day, I'll drop the race if you like, and let you down with half money. Two hundred and fifty in a few minutes is not bad earnings for me. What do you say, gipsy?"

"I say that five hundred for me will be better earnings, and I'm going to win out yet."

Decker and his friends laughed incredulously, and Decker then said: "Perhaps, gipsy, you would like to double your bet, when you are so sure of winning."

"Don't rob the old man completely," said Crowley, offering a mild protest.

"I'll tell you what I'll do now," said Groppe. "That rider is no good. Shanks hasn't had a fair chance. Let me change my rider and I'll double my bet."

"That's all right," replied Decker. "Put any rider you like on your plug, and put up your money," and he turned to Gregory and put another five hundred dollars in his hand.

Gregory now drew him aside and said: "Dill, be careful how you bet. That old horse ran better than I ever supposed he would. I noticed, too, that your rider whipped a good deal, and the other one did not. You know there is always some risk in racing."

But the "soft drinks" had put Decker beyond the point of caution, and he declared that his horse was not running his best, and the thousand dollars would be "easy money."

Having deposited another five hundred with Gregory, Groppe went over to the van and called out: "Joel! Joel! Wake up, Joe! I want you to ride Shanks."

In a few minutes a boy stepped out of the van dressed in jockey outfit. He was slender and rather pale, and wore his peaked blue and red cap drawn close down over his forehead, almost hiding his eyes. He walked over to Shanks, and at sight of him the Arabian whinnied. "Joe" patted him on the head, rubbed his nose, and then kissed him. Then the gipsy whispered to the boy, "Not more'n a length, mind, Joe," and helped the boy into the saddle. Shanks cantered away to the starting point

followed by the bay. Groppe climbed upon the seat, took out a pipe and began to smoke, his excitement apparently much abated.

Again the horses lined up. The starter stepped to one side again with his arm raised. Then it fell.

"They're coming!" shouted Crowley, as a white cloud of dust again arose behind the horses. Every eye was now strained to see if possible which horse might be merging ahead. If the bay should win the heat, the race would be ended, and Decker would have his thousand. If Shanks should win, then there must be another heat to decide the race. Intense excitement restrained any loud expressions, for the horses appeared to be running neck and neck. The closeness of the race made it all the more interesting. This time, however, Decker observed that his rider was making free use of the whip, while "Joe" was not. They were now within two hundred yards of the winning mark and no one could discern any difference. But at this point suddenly "Joe" drew his whip and struck the Arabian twice, and the horse bounded forward with half a dozen great leaps, in which he drew away a good length from the bay. The rider of the bay now gave a loud shout and plied his whip desperately, and the bay almost closed up the gap between them. But "Joe" opened the gap again with another stroke of the whip. Decker had observed this sudden change in the relative position of the horses, and he could scarcely believe his eyes. Crowley also saw it, and lifting his hat he shouted:

"The old horse has it, boys! Give him a cheer. Hurrah for the gipsy!" and a loud cheer went up as

the horses again swept in, the Arabian winning by a good length.

"Joe" soon checked Shanks and brought him back to the van. The crowd flocked around the lad, and the old gipsy now getting down from the seat, cried: "That's all right, Joe. I couldn't have done it better myself. Another like that and we'll win." Then he bustled about the horse, pushing the men out of his way with his crutch, and asking why they didn't go and get another treat from Decker. Were they looking for one from him? Decker, indeed, had been left alone with Gregory and his rider.

Gregory had stepped out on the road to examine the tracks made by the Arabian, and coming back to Decker he said: "Did you notice how the gipsy's horse ran? How he threw his hind feet out around his front like a hare in running? He overlapped his reach fully eighteen inches. He's running stock all right. Your rider had better lose no time next heat, for I imagine it's going to be interesting for your bay."

"Oh, Gregory, you make me tired," said Decker, impatiently. "I saw how it happened. You would think I never saw a race before to hear you talk. Ned says the bay was ahead when the other fellow unexpectedly made a spurt. But didn't you see how my horse closed up the gap again, so that he was not running his best before. This time Ned will put him to his best from the start. Don't you fear. We'll win, and the gipsy's disappointment will be all the worse after winning this one."

"I hope so," replied Gregory; "but mind you, it's

not the horse that's ahead at the middle of the race that's going to win the money. Put your bay to his best speed, for I imagine that old Arabian can do better yet."

The gipsy had finished preparing his horse for the final run, and had then permitted the discarded rider to walk him around awhile, after which he hobbled over to Decker followed by the crowd.

"Well, Decker, how are you feeling? What about your money?"

"Oh, it's like yours. It's not lost yet."

"I'm afraid it is," replied Groppe, repeating Decker's own words. You might as well tie up your horse, or take him down on the sand and shoot him for crow-meat."

The crowd laughed at the gipsy's jibes. Decker was smarting and was fast becoming angry; but this was just what he did not want. So thinking to bluff the gipsy, he turned and said to him: "Do you imagine the race is going to be yours, gipsy?"

"Of course it will be mine," replied Groppe. "That horse of yours is not running stock. I believe there is some shire breed in him. Why, a spring calf could run away from him."

Again the crowd laughed uproariously, and Crowley declared the set-to of the men was better than the race.

"Well, gipsy, if you are so sure of winning this race," said Decker, "perhaps you would like to double your bet again, and make it two thousand."

"Done with you. Put up your money," answered the gipsy, and the crowd yelled with delight at the

old man's pluck, as he drew out an old greasy purse and counted out another thousand dollars into Gregory's hand, and Decker told Crowley to make out a cheque for a thousand.

"Will you honor the cheque if I win?" asked Groppe.

"Oh, yes," replied Crowley, "for ten times that amount five times over."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Groppe. "It's nice to be rich, and have a banker paid to blow hard about it. But—all right."

He turned and went back to his horse. As he helped "Joe" to mount, he whispered: "We've two thousand up, Joe, so put a good gap between them this time, so they can't squirm. Don't whip much till you see the sign. Shanks has his running blood up by this time, and he's going to win the money."

Very soon the horses were down the road again and drawn up for the final run. Meanwhile, the opinions of the crowd had divided, and there was a good deal of small betting in progress. The eyes that followed the horses to the line were as full of excitement as any that ever followed horses around the track in more modern races. The very horses seemed to have caught the spirit of the hour, for it was observed that the riders had some difficulty in getting them to satisfactory positions. As the starter's arm fell they bounded forward as though leaping for life, and again the cloud of white dust arose.

At first the spectators in front of the hotel were almost silent, or talked low. The gipsy was out on

the road, and his features showed the intense passion that burned in his soul. Decker, too, was looking keenly at the oncoming racers. He was thinking not of the money, but simply of the winning of the race that he himself had provoked. The horses were now about half-way home and were running close. The issue looked doubtful. Either of them might win, most of the spectators thought, but Gregory noticed again that "Joe" was not whipping Shanks, while "Ned" was mercilessly lashing the bay.

Suddenly the gipsy stepped apart from the men, and stretching out his arm shook out a red cloth, and then swung it around his head two or three times. At that moment "Joe" brought down his whip on the Arabian, which was about a neck behind the bay. The old horse responded, and shot down close to the ground. In a few grand leaps he had cleared a space between himself and Decker's horse. "Joe" plied the whip freely now, at the same time shouting, "Go it, Shanks! Go it! Go it!" Faster and faster flew the Arabian, and for a few moments Decker's horse was lost in the cloud of dust behind him. A few moments more, and then a wild cheer went up from the crowd as the Arabian leaped past them five or six lengths in advance of the bay. And the race was won.

XXVI.

WHAT FOLLOWED THE RACE

"My money," shouted the gipsy, as soon as the horses were in.

Gregory looked at Decker. The latter nodded, and the stakes were given to Groppe. He drew a fifty dollar note from the pile and handed it to Gregory, then he hobbled over to the van. The young "Indian" had taken Shanks in hand and had replaced the harness. In five minutes the gipsy was on the seat, and the van was moving away with the strange young man inside.

When Crowley saw all this he swore. "Well, I'll be —, if we're not gulled, the whole crowd of us. That game was planned, and put upon us. That young duck is the old man's confederate. Gregory, you shouldn't have given up the money."

"Decker agreed to giving it to him," said Gregory. "Besides it was a fair race, as such things go."

But the occupants of the van were not done with the crowd and with Decker yet, for suddenly "Joe" appeared at the rear door of the vehicle and called out: "Hello, Decker! Hi! How much for your horse? I'll give you a Yankee quarter for him. How'll you trade him for my jack-knife? Yah, yah! My, you've lots of money, Decker. Yah, yah! Hi,

take your Clyde down to the sand and shoot him for crow-meat! Yah, yah, Decker! Poor old Decker, the horse dealer! Here, catch this kiss for your girl! Yah, yah! Good-bye, Decker!"

Then "Joe" disappeared, and the "Indian" came in his place, and began blowing a horn. The unusual noise startled some dogs that began following the van, and the young man started to sing some improvised verses:

"Hark! hark! The dogs do bark.
The gipsies are leaving the town,
Some on nags and some in rags,
And Groppe in a velvet gown."

Again he blew his horn vigorously, and changing his tune sang out:

"Tally ho! Tally ho!
We, the jolly gipsies, go.
We have won the game to-day,
We have made Dill Decker pay,
We have winked the bowlers gay,
We with Shanks have beat the bay.
Tally ho! Tally ho!
See the jolly gipsies go."

As the van got out of easy speaking distance, he raised his horn, and gave another blast, after which he called at the height of his voice: "Decker! Decker! Dock your horse's tail and put him in pickle!" Another farewell blast of the horn and the gipsies were gone.

At the hotel the assembled company had begun to look into one another's faces. If a tornado had struck

the village and passed on in its course, the impression made would have been similar. Crowley, the banker, felt himself badly beaten, but he also felt amused. Gregory felt clear of the affair, and justified himself in his own eyes. Decker had disciplined himself into taking defeats, but never before had any one "soaked" him with his eyes open. He knew he was "done for" around the Lockton House. Mildred might now despise him as an empty, swaggering bluffer.

Over another glass of "soft drink" Crowley remarked: "I would be willing to bet some money that the gipsies belong to the crowd in the Big Cedar Swamp. It's a bad one on us, but I must say, too, that it's what I call sport. So here's to the gipsy and old Arabian Shanks."

"Did you lose any money over it?" asked Gregory.

"Money!" exclaimed Crowley, "I'm not such a fool."

"Then I must be one," said Decker, in a surly tone.

"Well, Decker," said Gregory, "you know I gave you some advice on the side, but you would not take it from me."

"Take your advice!" exclaimed Decker. "Why, wasn't your advice a part of the game? You got fifty dollars for your part, I suppose."

"You're a liar!" cried Gregory, in sudden indignation. "Take that back, or—" and he walked out from behind the bar.

"Not much. I won't take it back," said Decker, "and you are not the man to make me do so either. I saw the gipsy give you a fifty dollar note. Did he, or did he not?"

"He did," replied Gregory, "but I had nothing to do with the race more than—"

"Well, then, you are the liar," broke in Decker, and before he could say more Gregory had struck him in the face. Decker struck back and a fight began. Both were strong men, and no one cared to interfere. Crowley only saw in it some more "sport," and kept aloof. But Decker was the younger man, and it soon became manifest that he was going to give Gregory a bad defeat. The bowlers of Lockton Green now interfered to stop the fight, but the sporting crowd from Pier Bay had had enough of stimulants to prompt them to take sides with Decker. Soon the bar-room was a mass of men struggling, shouting, cursing, and beating one another, for no other reason than that they were of different localities, and were intoxicated. In the general mêlée the first two combatants were lost sight of. Decker had put Gregory down and was kicking him to pulp.

Suddenly the cry of a child, followed by the shriek of a woman, rang with piercing distinctness through the room, and the hubbub ceased. Little Alonzo Gregory had entered the bar-room by the rear door, and seeing his father lying prostrate, he threw himself over him. In his rage Decker scarcely noticed the child until several kicks had wounded him. Then he caught up Alonzo and hurled him toward the door as Mrs. Gregory appeared, just at the moment to see her little boy raised aloft and viciously thrown toward her.

At the same moment the tall figure of Horace Starr appeared at the front door. With the strides of a giant he leaped into the bar-room, throwing the men

right and left before him. "Where is Gregory?" he shouted, and as he spoke he caught sight of Decker about to return to his brutal attack on his fallen antagonist.

"No more of that, Decker," said Horace, laying his large hand on Decker's shoulder. But Decker turned on him with a savage oath, and drew back his arm to strike him.

"Decker, don't you dare to strike me," said Horace, in warning tones. "If you strike me once you will never do so again."

But Decker did strike him—once. The next moment he was knocked insensible to the floor by a terrible blow from Horace.

"Clear the room!" shouted Horace, and catching up Decker he held him at arm's length horizontally, and pressed the crowd of men toward the door. Failing to press them out he caught Decker by the legs, and swung him before him from side to side, knocking the crowd in every direction. Then when he had fought his way to the open front window he shot Decker out through it. After this he caught up half a dozen in succession and hurled them out after Decker, while the others inside made a rush for the door. In a few minutes the bar-room was cleared and Horace locked the doors within.

Mildred Gregory had heard the angry words between Decker and her father, and fearing the worst had rushed away to ask Greenway to come to the hotel. He was not at the parsonage, and on the way returning she encountered Horace Starr, and implored his assistance. But Haddon Gregory had been badly

beaten, and Horace had to assist him to his room. Little Alonzo had received a broken and dislocated thigh, besides body bruises and some injury to his spine.

"Are you suffering much pain, Alonzo?" asked Horace, bending over him.

"Some," replied the little fellow. "You were good to help papa. It wasn't papa did it. It was that wild man. Papa's good. My papa never hurt anybody. I'm sorry for poor papa."

When Mrs. Gregory reported the conversation to her husband, he was overcome with remorse.

Dill Decker was carried home in a helpless condition, but the bowlers kept the affair quiet.

Horace Starr received the gratitude of Mildred and Mrs. Gregory for his timely assistance. They pressed him to remain for tea. He could not, but promised to return in the evening. It was a fateful night for Horace. Haddon Gregory had a private cabinet of liquors in his room, and toward midnight, against Mildred's protest, he requested Horace to give him some wine, and what was so much in accordance with his notions of true hospitality as to ask the young man who had come to his rescue to partake along with him?

"Father, you know Mr. Starr does not use liquor," said Mildred. "Do not ask him to violate an established rule of his life because of your gratitude."

"That wine will not hurt any one," replied Gregory. "Here, Horace, I want you to feel that I appreciate what you did for me to-day," and he pointed to the decanter, which Horace had already handled.

When Mildred saw Horace reach forth a trembling hand, and pour out a dainty wineglassful, her heart sank. "Don't, Mr. Starr; oh, don't take it, I pray you!" she cried. "It is the first, but you do not know what may follow. Do not drink it!"

Horace allowed the glass to stand on the table. As the light of the lamp shone through the liquid it looked beautiful and tempting, and when Horace saw it gleam and sparkle in the glass, he felt that inexplicable desire which he had mentioned to Greenway stealing into his mouth and palate. The longer he looked the more he desired it.

"Mildred," said Gregory, "if I thought that Horace would come into the least danger, you know I would not ask him. Surely he is entrenched safely enough in temperance knowledge."

"I urge Mr. Starr not to take it on better grounds than your knowledge or his own," answered Mildred, firmly. "Mr. Starr has read these words, 'Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup. . . . At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.' If Mr. Starr does not take the first glass he will be certain never to feel the sting of the adder. I feel sorry that he should get the first drink in my own father's home, and that my father should offer a glass of wine as a symbol of gratitude."

"You were always a great hand at quoting Scripture, Mildred, when you wanted to be contrary," said Gregory, becoming irritated. "Of course, you can find passages in the Bible to suit any doctrine."

"Father," said Mildred, "I do not wish to take

advantage of your condition to-night to thrust Scripture texts upon you, but where I find a truth that fits a case appropriately I have a right to use it. The same wise man asked: 'Who hath woe? Who hath contention? Who hath wounds without cause? They that tarry long at the wine.' Drink was the cause of the trouble here to-day. Mr. Starr knows that I speak the truth. Why will you urge him to drink when you know that you, perhaps, would have been killed by a man crazed by drink if he had not rescued you?"

"Oh, Decker was angry because the gipsy won the race, and he had to spit it out on someone."

"Well, father, at another time we can talk over the affair of to-day. But do not urge Mr. Starr to drink."

The glass of wine still stood on the table, and Horace's eyes had turned to it several times. Each successive look increased that mysterious thirst. At last he reached out his hand for the glass, and turning to Mildred said: "Miss Gregory, I appreciate your kind and thoughtful warning, but if I drink this little glassful it will gratify your father, and—"

"That's it, Horace," broke in Gregory. "It's only a matter of good fellowship. Take it, of course."

Horace bowed, and after a pause resumed:

"I was going to say that surely the man who responded to your appeal for assistance is strong enough to control himself over so small a matter as this one little glass of wine. With all respect to your kind advice, Miss Gregory, I shall gratify your father's wish for this once and drink."

He drank, and Mildred watched him. She noted the greedy gulp with which he swallowed the contents of

the glass, and then bursting into tears she left the room.

"That's beautiful wine, isn't it?" asked Gregory, when they were left alone.

"I am not a connoisseur in drinks," replied Horace, "but I confess the taste is very fine to me. It is as good as it looks in the glass."

"Have some more, and take a larger glass," said Gregory. And Horace took more. The mysterious fire was kindled and quickly leaped up to a flame. Not half an hour passed before they both had taken more wine again. Then Gregory suggested that Horace bring some brandy from the cabinet, which he thought would help him to sleep. Horace brought out the brandy and they drank together once and again.

About four o'clock next morning John Starr was awakened by someone stumbling about outside the house; and talking incoherently about a "door." He called from the window to the intruder, and the voice of his son answered him, but it was thick and husky. When John Starr opened the door a few moments later, Horace staggered in, and fell over a chair to the floor.

It was nearing sunset when the gipsy, after driving along the "military road" about two miles, turned down a road that led toward the lake, but which was seldom used. The descent to the sand was made in safety by locking the wheels of the van. Then he doubled on his course and came back toward the light-house to a small "clearing" among the cedars of about half an acre, where stood an old deserted house in

which he stabled his horses. Soon a tent was set up on the clean white sand, and from the van the gipsy and the young man bore, first, a couch and placed it in the tent. Then the young man carried into the tent with tender care a young woman of very delicate appearance. She was his wife and the gipsy's daughter. Groppe went out to light a fire, and left the young couple alone.

"We have had a great day, Lallie," said Henri Laquerre to his wife. "Two thousand to-day!"

"But, Henri, it's such an awful way to be living, and to be taking money from other men in making bets," answered Lallie in a feeble voice. "I fear I will not be here long, and I wish I were good; oh, I do, Henri! I wish father would give up this wicked life, for I think it isn't right to do these things. I think I am going to die soon, and what will become of me? I wish I knew some good people who could teach us all how to be good. May be you can find someone and bring them to me. Poor little Sephie. I was afraid she might be killed to-day."

Henri was kneeling in the sand beside his wife. Bending over her he kissed her tenderly, saying: "Don't speak of dying, Lallie. The lake breezes will do you good, we hope. We couldn't live without you, you are so good. I am sure that those they call angels are not better than you. Who could be better than you are, dear?" and again he kissed her pale cheek.

Sephie now came into the tent, and Henri, with a smile of admiration, said to her: "Joe, you are a great rider. Shanks fairly flew under you. Lallie has just told me that she was afraid you would be killed in the

race to-day, but you rode fine, the best you've ever done."

The girl only smiled, and said: "Oh, I wasn't afraid. I like riding Shanks. See my new ring?"

The deception that the gipsy and Henri had practised upon the crowd was deeper than the victims supposed, for "Joe" and "Sephie" were one—Josephine. But Groppe was in his hiding-place, and to the people of Lockton Green he was as one who had vanished out of their sight.

Two days after the race Greenway received Horace Starr's resignation of the superintendency of the Sunday School. From Mildred he learned the details, and later Horace told him everything. In vain did Greenway plead with him to return to ways of soberness and virtue. Before the following Sunday he met him at the hotel again under the influence of liquor. Greenway trembled as he remembered John Starr's own boastful statement, that liquor had never done him nor his family any harm.

XXVII.

A DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

THE ordinary quiet of the home of John Muneymaker was seriously broken by a quarrel between him and his son George, the *casus belli* being the choice of a plow to be used in cultivating a certain field. George had been ordered to use a "narrow cut" plow, but he argued that a "thistle cutter" plow was the proper implement for that particular job. The father told George to do as he was told or "leave," and George chose the latter alternative.

John Muneymaker had failed to observe that his son was grown to manhood, and should have been consulted with instead of being "told." For months previous George had been chafing under inconsiderate and unjust parental dominance. It required only a small cause to foment rebellion, for he had felt those stirrings of latent manhood that must cast off the swaddling garments of unjust restraint, and assert itself. But as he went away from the old home he was still so much a boy that he shed silent tears, and more than once looked back at his mother's tearful face at the front window. He was very crude and too inexperienced for the vicissitudes of life away from home, and ill-prepared for "A Declaration of Inde-

pendence." Nevertheless, he took the step. Greenway met him at the Lockton House, and learning the cause of his appearance there, he took George to Mr. Muir's home to remain until he could see his father and endeavor to bring about a reconciliation. While at Mr. Muir's, Nancy did her best to entertain and amuse the lonely young man, and succeeded amazingly, considering George's natural dulness.

But John Muneymaker would have held out against his son only for the mother's tears and pleadings for "the poor child" to be brought home. These, together with Greenway's judicious advice, finally swept away the father's anger so completely that he, too, began to weep, and admitted that, perhaps, he had been "too hard on the youngster." The second day after George's departure the father went to Mr. Muir's, and asked him to return home. Nancy had laughed just a little at the way in which George sprang to the window when she called: "George, there's your father."

George, however, surprised his father by the mysterious statement that he had "broken new ground," and by declaring that his father must accept his "terms," or he would not return home.

"And what do you want?" asked John Muneymaker.

"I want to be a man, like other young men," said George. "I have been your boy and servant long enough, dad. I must be allowed my say in planning the work, and I must be allowed to handle one-quarter of the money. Henceforth I must know what I am going to get for my work. When I take a mind to use the horse and buggy to drive out with a girl, why, I

must have it, and 'no bones about it,' dad. When I want to get married, you nor mother must not stop me, nor try to choose a wife for me among my cousins with a view to keeping money or property in the family. I must pick my own wife in my own way. Then when I get married I want a new house built, or else full possession of the old one. Then after that I must have one-third of the money we make. Now, there's my terms, dad, so what do you say?"

"Who in the world has been stuffing your head with all this nonsense, George?" asked the father, in blank amazement.

"If you think it nonsense you may go home without me," replied George, very proud at having gained the first advantage over "dad."

"No, I came for you and I want you back," said John Muneymaker, none too well pleased, because he saw Nancy laughing at his chagrin.

"Well, I want some money down, dad."

"What for? What do you need?"

"Never you mind, dad," answered George. "We cleared twelve hundred dollars last year. One-quarter of that is three hundred, and a month's wages is twenty-five. Now, hand out twenty-five dollars. I want a new pair of calfskin boots and some other things to match."

"Aha! I knew someone had been filling up your head with idears," grumbled old John.

"A few bright ideas will do his head no harm," said Nancy, now rather angry; "for, like yourself, he hasn't too many of them."

John Muneymaker now drew out his purse, looking

not very pleasantly at Nancy, and counted over the money so dear to him.

"There, now. Go to old Crabb and leave your order for new boots. Then come home. You have lost two days from the plow already."

"Hold on, dad," said George. "You're forgetting I'm not to be 'ordered,' or keep your money. I have declared my independence, as the Yankees say, and I must be free to go where I like for my boots. If I go to Crabb I'll take no slack from him. I'll walk out on the street if he says a cross word."

"But you'll go there, won't you," said the father. "Crabb keeps the best leather, and gives best value for your money. Don't go to Wick's. He'll put in split cowhide, and they'll not be worth half the money. I want my money well spent, or—"

"Hold on, dad," called out George again, raising a warning finger. "Is it your money, or is it mine? If it's yours, why, keep it, and buy the boots, but I won't wear them. If it's mine, why, I'm not to be 'ordered.'"

John Muneymaker went home carrying with him George's promise to be "along in an hour or two." After he was gone George prepared to go to Crabb's shop, for "the best value for his money" had persuasive influence with even George. Nancy accompanied him to the gate. "You've made a good start, George. Now stick right to it, and don't give in an inch. They'll think all the more of you—and—and so will I, George. I like pluck. They call me 'Miss Spitfire,' but I don't care. A person has to stand up for himself in this world, and you have made a good

beginning. Come back again, George, if you have time before you go home."

As George shuffled along the street he said to himself, with a chuckle: "Say, now, Nancy's cute. She's all right, all right, I tell you. She got them wages down fine. Ha! ha! Wasn't dad surprised!"

When George made known to Crabb his desire for a new pair of calfskin boots, the old shoemaker looked up at him over his spectacles, then down at George's large feet as if estimating leather in square inches. Then he snarled: "You'll need a calfskin to cover them big splaw feet of yours."

"All right, Crabb, I can pay for it," answered George.

"Did your father tell you to come here?"

George was unwilling to give the impression that he was now in any way dependent on parental direction, so he replied:

"It don't matter. I'm here."

"Well, don't I see you?" snarled Crabb. "My, but you're smart. Of course you're here, you big gawky, and your big feet are here, too; but who's to pay for the boots?"

"Keep a more civil tongue, Crabb, or you won't get a chance to measure me," said George. "You don't know that I've declared my independence."

"You've declared your independence, eh? Well, I'm sorry for you, you big, soft lummix. If you had been an inch of a man you would have done that long ago."

"Hold on, Crabb," called out George. "I'm as much of a man as you are. If you weren't an old man I'd put you on the floor for your offensive words."

"I do declare!" exclaimed Crabb. "If that's not talk from a red-skinned lobster like you."

"Not much difference between a lobster and a crab," said George, with a very wide grin.

The old shoemaker raised his hammer as if to strike George, at the same time screaming out: "Get out of my shop, you know-nothing!" But George only answered: "Put me out if you can, Crabb."

Crabb was nonplussed. George's stupidity alone saved him from a blow of the hammer, for Crabb began to imagine that he might be "a little off." So after glaring at him in vexatious astonishment for a few moments, he threw down the hammer.

"I can't take your order unless you make a deposit of half the price of the boots," he said. "You have no money, I know, for your father never gives you any. So you may go home."

"Oh, haven't I some money? Look here," said George, drawing out his bills.

"You never got that money honestly," said Crabb, looking sharply at him. "I won't make boots for you. That would be the same as receiving stolen money, and the constables would be down on me. Go away from my shop. Go to Wick's, or go some place, but don't come back here with stolen money."

In vain George protested his honesty, but Crabb told him to leave. He was now in trouble, not knowing what to do, for he neither liked to obey Crabb by going to Wick's nor to disobey his father's advice. Instead he went back to Mr. Muir's and told Nancy all. She was indignant, and proposed going out with him again to Crabb's shop to certify as to how George had obtained the money. They went out, and Crabb,

who was now more rational, was satisfied with Nancy's evidence. He took George's measure, but declared that he must charge fifty cents extra for leather, since his feet were so very large. Then Nancy spoke again:

"Mr. Crabb, do you know that you have exposed yourself to a suit for slander in accusing George of stealing money? You did accuse him, for you have admitted it before me. He may sue you for a thousand dollars damages, or five thousand."

"Sue a beggar and catch a louse," snapped out Crabb. "You can't take feathers off a toad."

"This shop and lot are yours," said Nancy, "and you are responsible. You must make this right and apologize to George for your insult. And you must put in that extra leather free. I believe you are taking advantage of him there. We all know you are an old skinner, Crabb. Now, hurry up and make it right with George, or I am going out to call on Mr. Duffield, and the constables will be here in good earnest."

There was fire in Nancy's words, and Crabb understood her point. George looked on amazed at Nancy's cleverness. Then Crabb spoke:

"You know, young lady, that George never handled any money—his father never allowed him to do so, and I—"

"Mr. Crabb, will you apologize or not?" asked Nancy, in a sharp tone, and taking a step toward the door.

Crabb was now really alarmed, but his paleness was partly from anger, too. Passing his tongue over his dry lips, he said quickly: "Yes, miss, I will. George is an honest boy, I'm sure. But he has awful

big feet. There'll be no profit in his boots. Still, I'll give him the boots at the regular price, miss."

"Does that satisfy you, George?" asked Nancy.

"Oh, I guess so," said George. "Mr. Crabb will remember after this that I have declared my independence."

"Go home, you idiot!" blazed out Crabb, as he turned to his work, while George and Nancy went out.

After being left alone Crabb took a "chew" of tobacco, and went at pounding in tacks with nervous rapidity. It was some satisfaction to be able to pound the sole of a boot while he mused. "Such a dunder-head! Has declared his independence!" Here Crabb smiled and drew his hand across his mouth. "And that little impudent witch. I could have cut the tongue out of her head. I see what she's after. If she don't marry that big pumpkin, I'll eat all the leather in my shop." Thus he soliloquized as he pounded tacks.

"Say, Nancy, you managed that all right," said George, when they were outside. "I never thought of that. You have done so well for me the least I can do is to go home with you. Nancy—if you—er—if—"

"Of course you'll come home with me," replied Nancy, and she slipped her hand into George's arm, and walked on.

It seemed to George that he grew a foot taller all at once. Never before had he walked with a young lady. And his arm, indeed, his whole body, was tingling with new and delightful sensations.

"And so willing to be with me," he said to himself. But George did not, as yet, entertain the slightest senti-

ment of love for Nancy. He was only captivated by her dash and versatile spirit, which were all new to himself. And Nancy knew that George was not in love with her. She only believed that she was acting in the manner best calculated to impress such a dull, stupid creature, and she was correct, for her conduct had impressed the materialized George as pyrotechnics please and impress the unthinking.

Nancy, you are very clever, I see," said George, when he could control his fast breathing sufficiently to speak.

"Yes, I am, George," replied Nancy.

"I wish I were more clever," said George.

"When a man isn't clever himself, he should marry a clever wife," replied Nancy.

"You're right, Nancy, I believe," answered George, "and I'll keep that ideal in mind."

They had reached Mr. Muir's gate, and Nancy said, "Won't you come in, George?"

"Well, Nancy, that would be three times in one day, and the people might think I was courting you," answered George.

"Just let them think what they like," replied Nancy. "You are welcome three times every day if you wish. I have enjoyed your company and I am sorry you are going away. Remember, George, stick to your stand for independence. And the sooner you get married the better able you will be to maintain your independence, too. Come and visit us as often as you like, George."

"Well, I'll see after I get my new boots," replied George, and he shuffled away.

A DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE 271

Nancy leaned over the gate watching his retreating figure. After a few moments she said in a low whisper: "Well, George, *you are* an awful softy, but it's more your parents' fault than yours. I believe I could make something of you, and I might do worse. After you get your new boots!"

Covering her face with her hands she burst out laughing, and ran inside to tell the people how she had "scared old Crabb half out of his wits," and secured George a reduction in the price of boots.

XXVIII.

ONE WAY OF FINDING A WIFE

GEORGE MUNEYMAKER had been accustomed to seeing things done in one way only, for the most part, and as he possessed the minimum of original thought or inventive capacity, his life ran largely in the hewn grooves of precedents and predecessors.

From the time when first his thoughts had turned to such matters as courtship and marriage, George had entertained one elect idea of becoming and successful courtship. He saw young men occasionally go with horse and buggy on Sunday morning to the homes of their future brides, spend the day with them, perhaps conduct them into church afternoon or evening amid smiles, winks and suppressed giggling from other young men, but still "facing the music like men." That was George's "one idear" of successful courtship, and of conduct becoming to a man who "meant business with a girl."

After his return home George made it no secret that he would marry "before long." His father took him in earnest, and began one day to give George "a few pointers" about the choice of a wife, emphasizing the fact that "a young man is just as well not to be in too great a hurry getting married," since accumulated worldly wisdom would most likely insure a better

choice, and also reminded George that the Ritual exhorted that the step be not taken "unadvisedly, but reverently, discreetly, advisedly and in fear of God," which was one of the best things in the Ritual. Then the father pointed out that if a man remained single five or ten years longer than foolish fellows generally did, he ran "better chances of meeting a girl with some money." The last of the "pointers" had reference to the superiority of the rural maiden. "Don't marry a town girl, George. They know nothing about farm work, so they must have a servant all the time, and that runs away with the profits. Most town girls are butterflies, too, and are hard to settle, and you know, George, the half of them are apt to be too fond of ribbons and dresses and pet dogs, and if they can't have just what they want, they run away from their husbands before a year. You want just some good, smart, tidy, wide-awake farmer's daughter, who knows farm life, and won't grumble when you nudge her at five o'clock in the morning, nor whimper that she doesn't want to get up so early. A wife like that, George, won't drain your pocket for a servant the year round, and for feathers and big hats, and black curly dogs with long ears. I have been over the road, George, and I know. Take my advice, and be careful about the choice of a wife, or if you don't you may rue it."

George was in sympathy with a good deal of what his father said on the matter, and he resolved to go cautiously. But he was also resolved not to wait "five or ten years," and he remembered that Nancy had told him "the sooner the better."

A bright Sunday morning saw George in his buggy ready for the road that would lead to the Realms of Romance. He wore his new boots and a fine suit of new clothes.

"Good luck to you, George," said his father.

"Thanks, dad, and same to you," answered George, who never wished any one worse nor less than they wished him.

George directed his course to the home of Cyrus Littmer, who had a daughter, Rosa, of marriageable age. Littmer himself was a stiff Episcopalian, a large, red-faced, full-blooded John Bull.

"Good morning, Mr. Littmer," said George, as he met the old farmer in the lane.

"Oh, good morning, sir," said Littmer. "Let me see—who are you? I don't just remember?"

"I'm George Muneymaker; you know my father, John Muneymaker?"

"Oh! I should think I do know him, and with good reason, too," said Mr. Littmer.

"Anything particular?" asked George.

"Well, if you want to know, he beat me about five dollars a head on those six steers he bought from me. I should have got another thirty dollars for them."

George laughed, and then said: "Father is pretty sharp on any cow-beast deal, I tell you."

"He's a little to — sharp, I should say," blurted out Littmer, at which George laughed innocently again, and then remarked that he knew his father was "well pleased with the deal."

"I should think he would be," said Littmer. "Better pleased than I be. I didn't think a Methodist would go it so sharp as all that."

Seeing that George was inclined to stay, he remarked: "You're on the road early for Sunday."

"Yes, I am. You know the early bird always gets the early worm."

"Will you put in and stay awhile?" asked Littmer.

"Well—I don't—know," answered George, slowly. "Is Rosa at home?"

"I think she's gone to the Sunday School. Our school opens at nine o'clock, you know. Did you want to see her? You can leave any message you may have for her."

"Well, yes. I wanted to see her," replied George. "I suppose it would be all right to tell her father, but it won't be any good if I do, because since she's not at home I can't wait. I must be going on."

"Well, it will be all right if you tell me. I shall let her know when she comes home," said Littmer.

"I'm sorry Rosa isn't here, because—"

"Well, I'm sorry, too," said Littmer, rather curtly; "but she isn't here and that's all there is about it."

"I was going to say," resumed George, "that I am sorry, because I have taken a notion to get married, and I wanted to see if she has any notion about the same thing. You know we should be agreed on the matter."

Littmer was now staring at him, and rather glad that he was the stronger man, for he was inwardly questioning George's sanity. Then he said:

"If that's what you wanted to speak with her about, I can answer for her. There is no chance for you. Rosa is only eighteen, and will not think of marrying for ten years yet."

"Oh, well, I can't wait ten years, nor five years," replied George. "I want to be married this winter if I can find the right girl, so I guess you need not say anything to Rosa about it. Good morning, Mr. Littmer."

"Good morning, George," replied Littmer, nearly breaking into laughter. "I hope you may have good luck to-day."

"Thank you, Mr. Littmer. Same to you."

George went away, and Littmer walked away toward the house, stopping occasionally to look after George and indulge in a laugh. "Well I'll be boosted if I ever saw anything like that," he muttered. "Won't Rosa laugh! That's one way to look for a wife." Then he laughed again.

Mrs. Littmer observed her husband's unusual conduct as he approached the house, and she went to the door to inquire what George wanted.

"Why didn't you make him wait?" said Mrs. Littmer, when she learned the facts of the case. "Call him back, Cyrus, and get him to wait."

"Call him back!" exclaimed Mr. Littmer. "No, indeed, I won't! I'm too glad to get rid of him. Why, the fellow is as crazy as a loon. No sane young man would go out driving around making a show of himself in that way. Why, he would frighten Rosa into fits. I wouldn't have a son of Old John Muney-maker for my son-in-law—no, sir! That fellow is a regular gossoon. I'll swear I never saw the like of it. I suppose he'll keep on the go till he finds some young woman as big a fool as himself."

"Indeed he may make a good husband," said Mrs. Littmer, interested in her daughter's matrimonial pros-

pects. "You should have kept him here. It's surprising what a good wife will make of some of them queer fellows. He may fall in with some good girl yet. Now, we'll see."

"Well, I pity the girl," said Mr. Littmer. "I wished him good luck to-day, and what do you think? The stupid, fish-eyed donkey turned around and said, 'Same to you.'"

George passed on to the home of the Codreys, a good Methodist family, where were four daughters grown to womanhood. But as he came in front of the house he found himself forestalled, for already three young men whom he was not acquainted with, but who were really cousins of the family, were seated on the veranda with three of the young ladies and the mother, and George's courage failed. The house stood near to the road. Either from the surprise he received, or subconsciously following some preconceived plan he had in mind before arriving, George drew up his horse, all the while staring at the company on the veranda. Mrs. Codrey recognized him, and thinking that he wanted to speak, she advanced to the gate, saying: "Good morning, George; you are out early. Are you looking for something? Is there anything wrong at home?"

"All are well at home," said George. "And I am looking for something, but I can't find it here. Them fellars are ahead of me, so I must go on."

"What have you lost, George?" asked Mrs. Codrey.

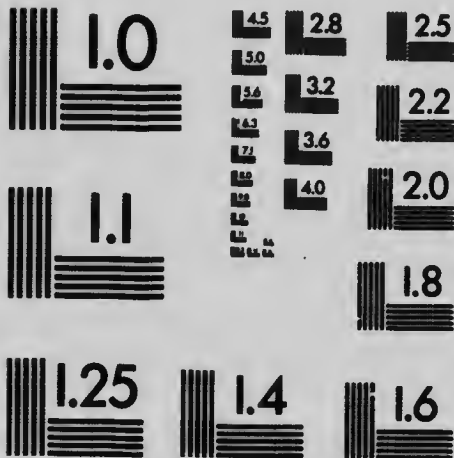
"Haven't lost anything, Mrs. Codrey," answered George, "but I'm looking for something I won't be very well able to lose."

"And what is that, George?"



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After a moment's hesitation, in which he blundered slightly, George answered: "I'm looking for a wife."

"Come right in, George," called one of the genial young men, who had overheard the remark. "We can furnish you with a first-class one here."

"Is that so? Do you really mean that?" asked George.

"Most certainly, George," said the other. "What purpose could I have in misleading an honest fellow out on such an errand. Come right in."

"Oh, for goodness' sake, Cousin Alf?" cried one of the young women, springing to her feet. There was a clatter of chairs, and the three young ladies vanished within the house in a moment. Once inside they sought a window and peered out through the lace curtains to watch developments.

When George saw them disappear he said: Aw—I guess—I'll go on. Good morning."

"Good morning, George. I wish you every success," said Cousin Alf.

"Same to you, stranger," said George, grinning, as he touched his horse with the whip.

George next drove to Thomas Mason's home, where there were two daughters. The family was just getting home from morning service as George arrived, and they invited him to remain for dinner. But it happened that the younger daughter had been captured by Rosa Littmer, and had gone with her to spend the afternoon. The elder daughter was accompanied home by a young man from Pier Bay, and who, as George saw, was evidently paying attention to Marjorie Mason.

Mr. Stipler was a genial fellow, and soon engaged

George in conversation. The latter was painfully feeling the pressure of new boots, and moved his feet uneasily. George was much pleased, however, when Mr. Stipler complimented him on the excellent finish of his boots, and it put him in the humor to tell them of Nancy's set-to with Mr. Crabb, and how "she brought the old chap to time." Both Mr. Stipler and Miss Marjorie laughed heartily over the affair, and the former remarked that "Such a young woman as that would be worth looking after."

"Well, I travelled home with her that night, and she asked me to come again," said George, with some dignity.

"Then make use of the chance you have, George," said Mr. Stipler. "Such a chance may never come again. A girl like Nancy would be a treasure to you."

"And don't you think I would be a treasure to her, too?" asked George, smiling. "You know the rule should work both ways, as dad often says."

"I certainly think you would, George," said Mr. Stipler, repressing a smile. "If Nancy is just the right person to appreciate your worth, it would be a most fortunate thing for you both. But girls are sometimes peculiar."

"Has Miss Marjorie been peculiar with you sometimes that you speak so of girls?" asked George.

Miss Marjorie hid her face in her handkerchief, and Mr. Stipler's repressed smile broke away into a hearty laugh. It was difficult to answer George, just as it is difficult to make reply sometimes, to the unsophisticated question of an inquiring child. At length he said: "I think I shall have to ask Marjorie to answer for me."

George drove away some time after dinner, feeling

sorry that the younger sister had not been at home, for he believed he had made a good impression on Miss Marjorie and Mr. Stipler. The latter's words about Nancy recurred to him as he drove along.

Just how far George might have driven on this notable day of his new era of life, or how many homes he might have visited had not an event, quite unforeseen but natural, made it necessary for him to return, it is impossible to say. But he had one more family in mind, that of Colin Campbell, a rigid Presbyterian of the old school. Colin's family consisted of one only daughter, named Cassie, an heiress, for Colin was rich. It had been a great strain on Colin's conscience to allow certain suitors to come to his home on Sunday afternoons, and they generally received a rebuke for "breaking the Sabbath." Indeed, some had a suspicion that Colin had used this whip of scorpions especially when unacceptable suitors came. But at length Duncan Findlay had won his way, both to Cassie's heart and to Colin's home, and was permitted to come without the weekly castigation. On this particular afternoon Duncan was present, and with Cassie was sitting under a spreading apple-tree, far enough back in the orchard to be unobserved, but still in a position to see all that transpired on the road.

George opened the gate, and tied his horse within to the lane fence, by passing the tie rope around the "cap" board of the fence. Within a foot of the rope, and directly in front of the horse, but on the other side of the "cap," hung a huge gray wasps' nest, as large as a pail. Cassie saw the danger, and was starting up to call to George, when Duncan caught her in his

arms, and pressing his hand over her lips, said: "Sit down, Cassie. That mushroom has come to see you, but he will not want to come again after the wasps get through with him."

George had barely finished tying the horse when the animal began to nibble at the "cap," and shook the nest beneath. Out came a valiant guard and drove the hot end of his body into the horse's nose. The animal started back with a snort and a stamp, and gave a tug on the rope, which shook the nest more, and now a small company came out to fight the disturber of their peace, and more hot spears were driven into the horse's nose. In an instant the animal had wrenched the "cap" from the fence, and literally tore the wasps' nest in two. In a few seconds a black-and-yellow cloud of them flew about George and his horse, inflicting summary, but terrible punishment. George was quick to see and to feel what was wrong, and catching the bridle endeavored to lead the horse forward, trailing the board with part of the torn nest. But this made matters worse. There was nothing to do but stoop down, and with unprotected hands untie the rope. The horse was kicking and stamping wildly, and writhing in the harness, while George was vociferously shouting "Whoa! Help! Whoa! Mr. Campbell! Whoa! Help!" Finally the stubborn knot was untied at the expense of setting George's hands and face on fire in a dozen places, and he rushed forward leading the animal down the lane.

After the dinner hour Colin Campbell had taken up his large family Bible, and while lying on the sofa reading, his eyes had gradually closed until he had dropped

asleep like any good Presbyterian who believes in a Sabbath of rest. He was rudely awakened by George's agonized shouts for help. Colin rushed out to the lane bareheaded as George came running down with the horse, followed by a swarm of the fighting brood. Unfortunately a few of the wasps desisted from George, and stayed to offer a rather warlike salute to Colin, who hastily retraced his steps to the house, swinging his arms and uttering what he himself would have termed "pechs," as the wasps gave him jab after jab. Colin was going out again to administer a very strong lecture to George on the sin of Sabbath breaking, and to remind him that he could not expect anything better to happen to him, when he observed that George had climbed into his buggy, and was turning his horse toward the gate, which fortunately was left open. George had caught sight of Duncan, and saw that he was enjoying his discomfiture. He lashed his horse into a gallop, and ran right over the wasps' nest, out the gate, and away down the road. The wasps rallied their forces, and pursued the flying unfortunates, inflicting a vicious revenge.

George did not need to use his whip after passing the demolished nest, for his horse sped homeward. His face was beginning to swell and discolor, and fearing that his eyes might close before he reached home he began to think of Nancy. Finally he decided to drive first to her home, which he did, and arrived there without being seen by any one on the road.

XXIX.

NANCY WAS CLEVER

AFTER arriving at Mr. Muir's home George received every possible kindness from Nancy, but she had a suspicion that there was something in the background. When she and George were left alone she said to him: "George, how did you ever fall into such trouble at Mr. Campbell's?"

"Oh, I called at his place among others," said George, slightly on his guard.

"And were you at very many places, George?"

"About half a dozen," replied George.

"You must have had important business to call on so many, and on Sunday too?"

"Well—it was business—oh, that young fellows generally do on Sundays, because it's more convenient for them both," said George.

"Both? Who do you mean by both?" asked Nancy.

"Why, young fellows and the girls they go to see on Sunday, you know," said George.

"Oh, excuse me, George. My questions have been impertinent," said Nancy. "I think I know what you mean. You need not tell me any more. But it was a pity you had to call on so many families to meet one young woman."

"Oh, I met more than one, but there were some young men there before me. So I kept moving on."

"I hope you had some dinner, George?" said Nancy, interrogatively; and George proceeded to tell her about having dinner at Mr. Mason's, and that Mr. Stipler had admired his new boots, which had opened the way to his telling Mr. Stipler about Nancy's part in the purchase of them. "And what do you think Mr. Stipler said, Nancy?" asked George in conclusion.

"Oh, likely something nice," replied Nancy, "for he must be a very nice gentleman from what you tell me of him."

"You may well say he is nice," said George, "for he said that such a young woman as you, Nancy, would be well worth looking after, and I ought to make use of my chance. Wasn't that nice?"

Nancy laughed, and allowed herself to color slightly. Through the limited aperture of vision which remained to George he noticed Nancy's blushes, and he was sure she looked very pretty. After a few moments Nancy continued: "In so many calls, George, you surely obtained a favorable opportunity of conversing with some more suitable young woman than I, and better worth looking after?"

"No, not one," said George. "They were all taken up ahead. All I got was this sore face, and a bad chasing. Do you know, Nancy, girls are far scarcer than one thinks till you get out, and begin to look for one for yourself?"

"But you have not yet proposed to any of them, and you may find out when you do that they are not all engaged."

"I am sure that all I saw to-day were engaged," said George. "Well, perhaps, Rosa Littmer is not, and I may go back there again."

"Oh, goodness, George!" exclaimed Nancy. "She has been engaged for a year to Collins, the teacher of their school. I know she is. Never go near her again. It's no use."

"Well, then I won't," answered George, putting up his hand to his face. "My, how my face does smart."

Nancy came up very close to him and placed her soft hands upon his eyes, saying tenderly: "I am sure it is painful, George. I am so sorry for you. But you see what you got by chasing shadows, just chasing shadows, George. Don't do it any more. Now, will you promise me you won't?"

"I will promise you, Nancy," answered George, "if you will promise to let me take Mr. Stiplier's advice about you. Now, will you promise me?" He had taken Nancy's hand from his face and held it, while a strong emotion rushed over him at her delicate and sympathetic touch. Nancy bent her head and indulged in a little laugh, which rather puzzled George. She was on her guard, and after having drawn out George's secret she was resolved to make a sure case of it. So she asked:

"Well, if I do promise you, will it mean anything? And if so, then what does it mean?"

"Of course it means something, Nancy," said George, emphatically. "It will mean that as soon as I can arrange we will be married and set up house. Why, I don't believe I could find another girl in these parts, Nancy. Mind you, it isn't every girl I would marry. And it will mean that I will have the smartest, cleverest, bestest wife around Lockton Green. Don't you remember, Nancy, that I have declared my independence, and you have advised me to stay right

by that? I am going to be married soon, and you are the first girl I have proposed to, and Mr. Stipler told me—"

Nancy's hand slipped down over George's swollen mouth, and she whispered: "I promise you. Hush, George," for a step was heard approaching the room door. Then she took up the vessel containing the lotion, and began to bathe his face again.

In the evening George's face was improved somewhat. He suggested that Nancy drive home with him, and his father would bring her back. But Nancy was far too clever for that. She knew John Muneymaker too well to reveal herself. "Oh, George, that would never do," said the sly Nancy. "Your people might be suspicious and say I had bewitched you. Better go home alone. Just tell your people you have found a first-class wife, that the stings were an accident, but don't tell them you were here at all. Never tell them who the girl is until I am nearly ready. Work on their curiosity. You know, George, that half the pleasure of a wedding is in keeping most of your relatives guessing. It's just fun to have them guessing who and when and where and what. Keep them at it for a couple of months. Always come here after dark, and once in a while drive out the other way early Sunday morning, and come back around here to spend Sunday with me. I'll have plenty to talk about, and lots of things to entertain you with. Then we'll spring a great surprise on your people, George, when I tell you, but not till then."

"But I want to take you into church some Sundays like other fellows," said George.

"Oh, dear, there'll be lots of Sundays after that to go to church," replied Nancy. "You know, George, Mr. Stiplier thought I was clever at planning, and that I handled Crabb well. Now, then, you take my advice and it will all come round all right." Here Nancy bent her head and kissed George's swollen face, and George then felt under obligation to kiss her in return, and several exchanges were given, for George began to feel that he was really falling in love.

"Do you think, Nancy," said George, as he was about to get into the buggy to leave, "that I will need to order another pair of new boots for our wedding. You know they are quite expensive."

Then Nancy looked down at his boots, and said with a smile: "Oh, I don't think so, George. I would rather have you married in those, because I helped you in getting them. But we will see. Good night, dear."

As George drove away Nancy bounded into the house with a loud peal of laughter, exclaiming: "'Another pair of new boots'! Poor softy George. But I'll manage him all right, see if I don't."

Among sisters the bedchamber is generally the confessional, and that very night Nancy told Muriel and Verna, when they were preparing to retire, that she would marry George Muneymaker soon.

"Marry George!" exclaimed Muriel.

"Are you crazy, Nancy?" cried Verna.

"No, I am quite sane," replied Nancy, coolly. "I have really promised to marry George."

Muriel went to the head of the stairs and called her parents, who still sat beneath, discussing the evening sermon. "Ma and pa, come up here and learn some

news." Mr. and Mrs. Muir went up and found two of their daughters in dishabille, and both of them crying bitterly.

"Oh, ma, did you ever hear the like of this!" cried Muriel. "Nancy was just telling us that she has promised to marry George Muneymaker."

Mrs. Muir dropped into a chair with clasped hands, and uttered a deep groan. Then she murmured: "Nancy, Nancy! And I intended you to marry a druggist."

"Well, ma, where is the druggist?" asked Nancy, sharply. "Why do you not produce him, and let us begin the courtship? He lives in your imagination, but I have never heard of the real human druggist you speak of. Now, where is he?"

"Oh, Nancy, he will appear in due time," said Mrs. Muir. "If you had only been patient he would have come."

"It's all very well, ma, for you to talk in that way about your own ideals and your imaginary splendid husbands. But that doesn't bring the husbands to us girls. I can have a husband in George, and I'm going to marry him. Bother your druggist!"

"Well, it was you that did the courting," said Verna, wiping away her tears, "for George hasn't sense enough to know how to go about courting."

"Well, someone has to do the courting," said Nancy. "Ma has told us she had to encourage pa or they never would have reached the point, and as far as sense goes, George has more sense than your imaginary druggist, or the latter would have appeared long ago to carry me off, or at least propose. I'm going to marry George."

"But, my dear, such a husband for you, Nancy!" cried Mrs. Muir. "You are fitted for any professional man's partner, and you will go deliberately and bury yourself on a farm. It is like a lily giving itself to a burdock. For years I have hoped to be able to visit you in some fine town or city residence, and have your husband preparing my drugs and nostrums with his own hand, all free of charge, and doing it with such care and exactness. I am sure I would have been willing to take any preparation from his drug store, if it had been poison itself, if I knew he had prepared it—"

Here Nancy brought down her foot in a loud stamp, saying: "Oh, mother! Such nonsense about your drugs and nostrums and taking poison!"

"There you go, Miss Spitfire," cried Verna. "Now, get angry and abuse ma."

"Call me what you please to-night," said Nancy, "you will soon have to call me Mrs. Muneymaker. And I'll be a great sight better off than you girls sitting around here like dough dolls, growing older every day, and more cranky. You, Muriel, are going to marry a preacher, and you, Verna, a lawyer. But where are they to come from? Mere visions. Bah! I will be married before you and leave you dreaming."

"But, my child!" cried Mrs. Muir again. "Think of George's connections. Think of having that old John Muneymaker for a father-in-law, that stingy, flinty-faced old miser! The very thought of it makes me sick, that you should wear his name and be one of his family. You know they are nothing thought of in the community. They are despised!"

"The community does not despise George," said Nancy, "and it is his name I'll wear, for I'm going to marry him; I don't care what you say, ma."

"No, they don't despise George," said Verna, "because they know he has no brains and no manhood. They regard him as a half-idiot, more to be pitied than despised."

"Tell me, Verna, how much brains has your imaginary lawyer?" said Nancy, defiantly. "How much do the people think of him? Lawyers are generally very popular, are they not? Of course, people know you are going to marry a lawyer, and they are laughing at you for living by faith, and all the while becoming an old maid. I saw gray hairs in your head to-night when you took down your rolls. Even if you try to roll them out of sight, they are there. You will soon need some hair coloring, Verna, to be ready for your lawyer."

"What a lovely time you will have with Old John," said Muriel. "You and George will get the remains of his table to live on, and you won't see enough money in a year to put on a collection plate for one Sunday. He's an old copper-dropper."

"Never you mind, Muriel," replied Nancy. "George and I have fixed that. We shall have our own house, and Old John won't run it either. I'll make him keep his own place. If I can't, no one else need try. If he thinks that George's wife is going to be his servant girl, he will get his eyes opened, mind you. I'm going to rule my own house, and George will agree to my advice."

"You'll do all that, Miss Spitfire," said Verna. "You have ruled the house here for years."

"You must admit, Verna, that I have done it well," said Nancy, and no one dissented.

For the first time Mr. Muir now spoke. "Now, my dears, I think enough has been said about this matter. Nancy has promised to marry George, and it is too late now to try to change her determination. Let us hope that she has decided wisely. Probably George may be a good husband. I have never known anything wrong with the young man. He has been unduly restrained by his father, but he may develop wonderfully when he starts in life on his own responsibility, and has our little clever Nancy to help him. The right thing for us to do now is to receive him as a son and a brother of the home, and begin at once to get Nancy ready for marriage. Let nothing be said that you will regret afterwards. You shall have a father's blessing, Nancy. I hope you and George may be very happy."

Nancy flew to his arms and clung to his neck, sobbing, and Mr. Muir fondly kissed his favorite child. They were all weeping again, and before retiring Nancy kissed and embraced them all.

"Nancy, you will forgive me for calling you 'Miss Spitfire,'" said Verna.

"And you will forgive 'Miss Spitfire's' sharp words," said Nancy, throwing her arms around Verna again and covering her penitent lips with kisses. Then she fled away to her own room. For the Muir sisters could quarrel, but they could also forgive.

XXX.

THE DYING GIPSY

SOME days after the eventful horse race, Greenway received an afternoon call from an unknown young girl, who brought a note from Lizzie Reigh. On inquiring the little girl's name she answered: "I am Sephie, the gipsy girl. Auntie Libbie sent me with this note to you." The note was a request for him to go first to the lighthouse cottage, and thence Lizzie would accompany him making a call on the gipsy's daughter, Lallie. He proceeded at once to the lighthouse. Lizzie informed him that she was expecting Lucelle to visit her that afternoon, but thought she might return in time to receive her. Leaving Sephie with Alex and her father, Lizzie started with Greenway over the sand, and through the thick groves of small cedars to the spot where Groppe had located, and which John Reigh had discovered. She had already visited the sick young woman several times, and the latter had expressed a desire to talk with a minister. But Lizzie said nothing of the conversations she had had with Lallie during those visits. Groppe, who had also desired Lizzie to bring Greenway, was outside the tent waiting for them, and grasped Greenway's hand warmly.

"Oh, sir, I'm glad you have come to us," he said, choking with emotion. "From what this young

woman told us of you we thought you would come, and it's very kind of you to come to such a place. My daughter, Lallie, is very sick, and well—oh, you will know what to say to her. You can have the tent all alone to speak with her."

Lizzie had already entered, and Greenway waited until she appeared again, and beckoned him in. She was about to retire after introducing him to Lallie, but he motioned to her to remain.

The first glance revealed plainly to Greenway that Lallie was a consumptive far spent, and had not many days, perhaps hours, to live. When he was seated on a camp-stool beside her she said: "We have had beautiful talks together, Lizzie and I, but there were some things I wanted to speak with you about when she told me she thought you would come. It was so kind of you to come, too. This is a lovely quiet place to rest in, and the lake breezes refresh me, but it will not be for long. Something says to me that I am not going to be here long. When I lie awake at night and listen to the quiet splash of the little waves on the sand, something like a voice tells me that I am soon going for a journey away over the waters." She paused a moment to gain breath, and then resumed:

"Last night I watched the sun setting among those large pillars of cloud, and as I looked at the parting between the clouds it seemed to become a wide door opening into some beautiful place full of light. Through the night afterwards I dreamed that someone in white came over the lake in a light boat and called to me: 'Come away, Lallie; come away over the waters with me,' and I seemed to be moving away with

someone when I woke up. Do you think, Mr. Greenway, that the waters have a voice?"

"Oh, yes, Lallie," replied Greenway, "the waters have many voices for those whose ears can interpret their sounds, and who are sufficiently spiritualized to understand their beautiful messages to the soul. Sometimes the waters whisper and sometimes they sing; sometimes they laugh and sometimes they sob and lament, as if in sorrow for the dead they embrace. Sometimes their voices rise high and shout angrily in the roar of the storm, or, again, they are very quiet, as if resting beneath a peaceful Hand. But I think very few ever hear their voices, and those few are in close touch with the Creator, and have first heard His voice. It is happy for you, Lallie, if you have heard the waters talking with you in the night, and bidding you come away. Now, are you willing to go away over the waters, Lallie?"

"I cannot say, because I do not know what it will mean to go away, nor do I know where I shall go to," replied Lallie. "Lizzie has told me of a good place she calls heaven, but I never heard of it before, except when I used to hear people swear, and I did not know what they meant, and how am I to get ready for heaven? I am sorry to leave Henri and father, but I worry even more for poor little Sephie. We have been such companions, and I am sorry to part with her. If I could only leave her in some good person's care I would feel better, I am sure. Would you take care of Sephie, Mr. Greenway? Lizzie thinks she might stay at her place for a while."

Without a moment's hesitation at the task he was

assuming, Greenway answered: "If you want me to do so, Lallie, I will take care of Sephie."

"Oh, thank you. That is so good," cried Lallie, and a new glow of joy came to her countenance. Then as though perfectly satisfied that the question of Sephie's guardianship was settled, she continued:

"Now, tell me about where I am going to, and how I am to get ready for that good place Lizzie calls heaven. For a long time I have felt that I would like to be better, and I would have liked Henri and father to give up this wild, wandering life. They are both always very good to me, but still I am not satisfied. I feel that I am not right yet, and I do not know what to do to get right. But you can tell me."

For a few moments Greenway almost lost his voice, but he struggled hard to control himself. He realized that he was dealing with a simple, untutored child of nature, whose mind was as virgin soil, ready for the simple story of love and forgiveness. In simple language he began and told her the story of the Babe of Bethlehem, then the short story of His life, closing with the scenes of Calvary, and how we have life through faith in Him. "Now, Lallie, let me show you what I mean by faith. You asked me a few minutes ago to take care of Sephie, and I told you that I would. You believed what I said, Lallie, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Greenway, I believe you," replied Lallie, eagerly. "I am sure you will, for I am sure you are good, and you are so strong and so able to take good care of the dear child."

"Very well, Lallie," said Greenway, "that was just

what I was coming at. You have *faith* in me. You trusted me to do the thing you asked, and you believe I will do it. Now that is faith. You believe in and trust someone whom you think is worthy of such trust, and that is what you are to do with Jesus your Saviour."

Drawing a small Testament from his pocket, he continued:

"Here is what the Saviour said: 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.' Again: 'Him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out.'"

Then he read the ever beautiful words: "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"Now, Lallie, that 'everlasting life' is heaven. And you are only to believe the Saviour's words and trust Him this moment to save you, and you shall be fitted for heaven."

Lallie was looking at him with wide, wide open eyes, and her thirsty spirit was drinking in his every word. She was naturally calm and undemonstrative, and she had followed intently all he said. She now raised herself on her arm, and putting out her thin, pale hand to his, she exclaimed:

"But is that all I have to do, Mr. Greenway? Is it all so simple as that? Is there nothing more than what you have said? You know I am fully depending on what you tell me, Mr. Greenway. Now, is that all, only to believe and to trust Him?"

"Yes, Lallie, that is all," he replied, and then the

strong man's feelings overcame him. After a few moments he recovered himself and said:

"You can surely believe Him and trust Him just as you have believed and trusted me, can you not, Lallie?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Greenway, I can, and I am doing it now," she replied. "Already I feel better, and I see matters so much clearer and so different. You know I was thinking *I must do something* to get ready for heaven. But now I see He did it. I feel a great peace now, but you know it is all so new to me and so strange and wonderful that I can hardly realize it as my privilege."

"Shall I sing you a hymn, Lallie?" he asked.

"If you please, Mr. Greenway. I love singing."

Greenway looked toward Lizzie, as if to ask her to join with him, but she was quietly weeping. Then he sang in a beautiful clear tenor:

"The mistakes of my life have been many,
The sins of my heart have been more,
And I scarce can see for weeping,
But I'll knock at the open door.

"I know I am weak and sinful,
It comes to me more and more,
But when the dear Saviour shall bid me
come in,
I'll enter the open door.

"I am lowest of those who love Him,
I am weakest of those who pray,
But I come as He has bidden,
And He will not say me nay."

"Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed Lallie, as Greenway finished the chorus after the second stanza.

"Surely that is meant for me, for I am the weakest of those who pray. I am so weak to-day. Sing all the hymn, if there is any more, please."

He sang the two remaining stanzas:

"My mistakes His free grace will cover,
My sins He will wash away,
And the feet that shrink and falter
Shall walk through the gates of day.

"The mistakes of my life have been many,
And my spirit is sick of sin,
And I scarce can see for weeping,
But the Saviour will let me in."

Lallie had closed her eyes during the singing of the last two stanzas. She now opened them and said: "Thank you, thank you, Mr. Greenway. That hymn is lovely, and it just speaks my own case. I am sure now the Saviour does take me in. He does. I trust Him and I feel He does. Oh, it is so good and all so simple. If I only had known I might have believed and trusted Him long ago, for I wanted to. But I do now. I know He saves me, and I am going to heaven! heaven! heaven! I will tell Him there how kind you and Lizzie were to me, and how I found the way. Perhaps I may go to-night, and I may not see you again for a while. But Lizzie told me we shall know Him in heaven, and we shall know one another. So we shall meet again, Mr. Greenway."

Lallie had spoken slowly and with difficulty at times. She now lay with closed eyes. A sacred stillness fell upon them in the tent after Lallie had ceased. Suddenly the stillness was broken by a great sob outside the tent, and Lallie opened her eyes. Then all was

still again. The sob appeared to recall something to Lallie, and beckoning Greenway near, she whispered: "You will speak to Henri, and father, and little Sephie about Him, and explain to them all how simple it is."

"I will, Lallie," said Greenway. "Now, we may not meet again, I know. But before we part I wish to tell you that you have done me good to-day. Your faith is so simple and so true that it has helped my faith, and I, too, see matters more clearly. Really it is like a new conversion to me. If you are able to bear it I will sing you an old hymn of heaven. We call it 'The Sweet By-and-By.'"

"Yes, sing it, I am able," said Lallie, in a low voice, and Greenway sang the hymn through, after which he offered up a brief prayer.

Lizzie now came forward and embraced Lallie—a long, long embrace, and immediately she left the tent.

Greenway now spoke again to the dying woman: "Good-bye, Lallie. All is well with you now?"

"Yes, all is well, Mr. Greenway. I have a sweet peace, and I feel that all is well." Then in a lower voice she said: "You will be careful of Sephie. She is not my child, nor is she my sister. Father knows the mystery of her parentage, but I do not. I hope Sephie will be good. I think she will. Good-bye."

It was their first and last meeting. That night the Boatman in white came over the waters again, and Lallie went away with him.

XXXI.

THE SPELL OF THE LAKE

WHEN Greenway stepped out of the tent no one was in sight but Lizzie, who stood among the cedars at some distance. The afternoon sun was sloping toward the lake horizon. A new light beamed on the young preacher's countenance, but not of the sun. He had seen the first-fruits of his ministry, and was thrilling with the deepest and most unselfish joy a human heart can know, the joy of winning a soul.

"You are happy, Mr. Greenway," said Lizzie. "I discern your feelings by your countenance."

"How could I be otherwise," he replied. "And you have reason also to be happy, Lizzie. It was by those conversations you had with Lallie that her spirit was prepared. I only led her within, while yours was the more important part of leading her up to the gate of the kingdom."

"Well, I am now satisfied that Lallie is a child of the kingdom," said Lizzie, "and it matters little whose words brought the light to her. You said some things I could not have said, and Lallie received them with more confidence from a preacher. It was beautiful to listen, and as I listened I was impressed with the thought of that divine authority which is given to

those ordained to preach, and who know how to exercise it wisely."

For all such appreciative expressions Greenway's ears were only too eager. Surely every man makes a greater success of his profession if the woman he loves is deeply interested in his work, and the stimulus of two souls is added. But Lizzie was unconscious of the effect of her own words, and simply spoke as she felt.

For a while they moved along in silence, and as they walked the spell of the lake and the silence of the listening cedars stole over both. Greenway looked now over the lake at a visible sail, or a dark line of smoke from some steamer beyond the horizon, now in advance among the cedars, silent and glowing in the afternoon sun. He broke the silence: "The Christian ministry has its disadvantages, and, perhaps, I may say trials, but it has compensations. A sordid man of the world could never see nor feel what we have to-day. I would not exchange places with him whatever his gains may be."

Lizzie observed the use of the pronoun "we." Pausing in her walk she said: "And you are only at the beginning of your work, Mr. Greenway. I reverence the work of the ministry, and though I shall have to look at it always from a distance, yet I trust that this is only one of many thousands whom you shall have the joy of leading into the kingdom of grace."

Noticing the effort at dissociation, Greenway replied: "Pardon me if I remind you that Lallie's conversion was not all the result of my effort. I but

reaped where you had sown. I could only wish to reap in more fields as well prepared in advance by a worker so well qualified."

Lizzie's eyes fell, and the color rose to her cheeks as she quietly replied: "I was thinking of the wish expressed in 'The Choir Invisible,' which I thought worth memorizing."

"Repeat the lines if you please."

They were moving slowly as they talked. In a clear voice Lizzie began a quotation from those noble lines of George Eliot, that reveal so much of a misunderstood life:

"O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven:

To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.

This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world."

"The thoughts are beautiful," said Greenway, as Lizzie ceased, "and the language, like almost all she ever wrote, is perfect. Surely the one who wrote those lines must have loved God, if 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh'; and one may entertain the hope that she has entered into the 'glory.'"

"I try to hope so," replied Lizzie, "for as I read George Eliot I meet ideals so pure, and good, and high that I cannot imagine how they could emanate from one who did not love God. And yet, is there anything in this poem from which I have quoted which shows her belief in immortality?"

"True," replied Greenway. "The 'immortal dead' she refers to in the poem have an immortality of this world, 'in minds made better by their presence. But back of that thought of immortality which she advances there, and basal to it, is the true Christian thought of immortality which George Eliot's heart accepted, though her intellect failed or refused to apprehend it. Why was she all her life a student of Thomas à Kempis? Even weaving selections from the old monk into her writings? Why does Dinah Morris preach Christ crucified to a crowd on the village green? Her mind was gloomy by its own very greatness. But a novelist's characters express the deepest life and thought of the novelist. And I think that through her characters George Eliot allows her heart to express things which her mind, her reason and intellect refused to apprehend."

Thus chatting they moved on till they reached a small creek that flowed through the sand from a nar-

row ravine. Greenway had thrown a piece of driftwood over the shallow current, and taking Lizzie's hand as he had done when they crossed previously, he steadied her over the doubtful bridge. When she stepped from the piece of wood he still held her hand, and they stood thus a moment regarding each other. Then Lizzie withdrew her hand with a slight effort. Greenway now spoke:

"I wonder, Lizzie, if we misunderstand each other. If so, is it not better that we clear away all doubts? It is not my nature to conceal a matter of great interest to another. If you will allow me to speak I will do so now."

Lizzie started as if alarmed, and then became very pale. "Oh, Mr. Greenway, forgive me for seeming rude. I am afraid there is some misunderstanding, and I am sorry. You are not deceitful, I am sure. You are honest and true, and my remorse will be all the deeper if I have caused you any pain. Do not think of me as one who rejects you, or trifles with you in the least. It was because I felt I could trust you fully that I had resolved to reveal to you some day the story of my life. I hope you may be willing to listen to it, and give me advice. You are a very, very dear friend, and I give you my hand for the hand of a friend (extending her hand again). But I am not at liberty to tell you more yet. Will you accept this much from me, and still think of me as a friend? I want to retain you as a friend, Mr. Greenway."

Gallantly facing a new revelation Greenway replied: "You have not caused me any pain, Lizzie.

I believe you incapable of doing such with any one. But I would scarcely be true to myself if I were not to say that I am sorry. I hope the way may yet clear between us."

"Mr. Greenway, I am not a stranger to love. I have loved. I still love. The inference I draw from your words is that you love me. Am I correct, Mr. Greenway?"

The preacher hesitated. Not often that he did. But who was the object of Lizzie's love? Himself, or another? Her embarrassment seemed to point to another. Yet it might not be so. Hints had come to him of a mystery in her life, and she had spoken of taking him into her confidence and revealing everything to him. What would she reveal? Again, was he fully prepared to declare to this woman that he loved her? Or were his feelings for the moment begotten of the rapturous scene in the tent with Lallie, the romantic surroundings, the spell of the lake, the sunlight, the silent cedars? Was it these, or the presence of this woman, sweet, pure and unsophisticated as the Nature with which she dwelt? Gradually his deepest emotion was thrusting itself upward and forward toward an impulsive affirmation, but Lizzie, observing his hesitation, said:

"Mr. Greenway, you will allow me to withdraw my question. Perhaps it was not quite right for me to put it to you. You feel like speaking, but it may be that our good angels sometimes seal our lips when what we would say is better unspoken. But let me say that if I have caused you to think of me with any deeper regard than friendship it has been unin-

tentional. I would gladly give you liberty to express yourself to me as your heart might prompt were I free to do so. But I am not. Really, Mr. Greenway, I am not free to say that I am my own, for I am not my own. Perhaps the mists between us may yet clear—perhaps never. I cannot say. I am just waiting as the days go by to see what the issue of it all may be. But if, by any future revelation that may come to you, you will not regard me as untrue in what I now say—if it will make any atonement for any pain I may have caused you, I will promise you now one thing, that is, should the way clear between us I shall never personally lay any obstruction in that way again. So far as I am concerned the way shall be perfectly clear. But it may never be, and I really could not say that I am wishing it were."

The almost Delphian form of Lizzie words left Greenway in a maze of doubts; for her words he could not fathom. Yet he believed her true. Never for a moment did he in his mind charge her with equivocation. He was astonished at his own lack of action, or words rather. The privilege of speaking he had asked she had granted, and he had failed to speak.

On her part, Lizzie was in doubt about Greenway. A suspicion of his being in love with her had reluctantly flashed upon her. Yet he had not confessed it when she put the question with a view to offering as much explanation as it lay in her power to give. The self-conviction of error caused the color to mount higher on her countenance.

Still they stood with hands clasped. Suddenly the

figure of a woman was disclosed coming slowly around a clump of cedars, perhaps forty yards away. The spell was broken. Quickly Lizzie withdrew her hand. But a deep blush burned on her cheeks that contrasted markedly with the rather pale appearance of her friend to whom she now advanced and said: "How are you, Lucelle? You reached the lighthouse before me. I was hoping to be back in time for your arrival."

"I have been there," replied Lucelle in a subdued voice, "and that young girl told me you would likely soon be home, so I took a stroll among the cedars hoping to meet you. I have always loved such a quiet ramble, and to-day this spot is like an enchanted land. But really, Lizzie, I did not know whether to believe what that young creature said or not, for she has a strange, wild appearance. And yet, do you know, her countenance reminded me of someone I have met somewhere—I cannot now tell where. It was singular, too, that she did not let me know that Mr. Greenway was with you."

Lizzie offered some explanation about the presence of Sephie at the lighthouse, after which Greenway asked: "Did you not meet Alex or Mr. Reigh?"

"I did not," replied Lucelle, and she wondered what the question could have to do with matters as they stood there.

As the three returned to the lighthouse Lizzie explained to Lucelle the nature of their visit to the gipsy's tent and the result, to all of which Lucelle gave attention. But though she talked cheerfully, the paleness remained on her countenance. In contrast, a deep red persisted on Lizzie's.

XXXII.

GHOSTS IN THE OLD CEMETERY

A FEW days later Greenway received another call from Sephie, who brought a note from John Reigh informing him that *The Eaglet* had returned, and advising him to look to Dusky's safety, as the latter was at home. He would await Greenway and his party at the light-tower after nightfall.

"How are you enjoying your new home, Sephie?" asked Greenway, as he scribbled a reply.

"Oh, it is quiet, but I like it for Aunt Lizzie's sake," said Sephie. "Then I like to go up on the tower and walk around that narrow platform and look down, or away out over the lake. I'm not a bit afraid up there. I sometimes wish up there that I had wings like the gulls, so that I could fly away over the lake as they do. Don't you think it would be nice to fly like the birds?"

"I have no doubt it would be very pleasant," replied Greenway, "but we can do some things the birds cannot do. We can make boats to sail in, and balloons that can carry people through the air. We can talk, and read, and sing, and play musical instruments."

"I would like a balloon to fly through the air

with," said Sephie. "Have you ever been in a balloon? Will you take me in a balloon sometime?"

"I have seen a balloon," replied Greenway, with a smile, "but I never sailed in one. You know it is dangerous, Sephie."

"Oh, I would like it for that," cried Sephie. "I like danger. I like to run horses at full speed. I just tingle all over when I can ride 'Shanks' at full gallop. Do you remember the day of the horse race here? I won the race and beat Decker's horse. But his horse ran well, too, and I was none too sure of the race till near the last. I have heard that he says he is going to find out grandpa and beat him with another horse. But he can't beat 'Shanks' if I ride him. I can put him a mile in a hundred seconds."

This was a new thing to Greenway, and he noticed that the girl's eyes were aglow with excitement at the remembrance of the race. He thought also of the promise he had made to Lallie to act as guardian of this wild, undisciplined young nymph.

"Sephie, did Lizzie tell you that I had promised Lallie to be a guardian to you, and care for you?" asked Greenway.

"Oh, yes," said Sephie, "but you need not trouble yourself. I shall soon be able to take care of myself. I am not going to leave my grandpa. He is good to me, so is Henri, and I like the van and the travelling about."

Greenway concluded that gentle persuasion would be best in dealing with Sephie; besides he had no legal authority over her. So he said quietly:

"We would like you to learn to read and sew, and

to learn how to cook your own food. You will need to know how to do all those things if you are going to travel about with grandpa and Henri."

Sephie acquiesced. "Oh, yes. I am learning all that from Auntie Libbie. I may go to school, too, after a while, if I can find enough money, and if it agrees with me. And I am not going to be bad. I like good people. Lallie was good. So is Auntie Libbie. You are good and I like you. And grandpa is not a bad man, nor Henri either, only they bet money on races, that's all. But grandpa prays at night since Lallie died, and Henri told me he found him twice kneeling beside Lallie's grave among the cedars, you know, where you read from the book over her coffin, and Henri just let him stay. I know he is better than he was before. I told grandpa that I liked the races, but I don't think it is right to take other people's money in bets, and I won't take bet money to go to school with. He doesn't need it. But he says it's no harm for him to take Decker's money, for he doesn't like him. Do you know, Mr. Greenway, from what Henri told me once since the race, I believe grandpa and Decker are relations. Henri tells me lots of things, you know."

Then Sephie asked Greenway to show her the parsonage, for she had not seen the interior of many houses. He took her through all the rooms, except that one in which the contraband goods lay, and which he told her was "private," and then he had to explain to her the meaning of "private." Sephie was much interested in the parsonage furnishings, the dishes, the carpets, and the few pictures which Green-

way had hung. She was also interested in his books, and in the old sword which John Reigh had given him. Her greatest surprise was expressed at the globe, which represented the earth, for Sephie had always supposed the earth was flat. When handling Greenway's Bible she told him she had never looked into one before. He told her to carry it away for her own, and learn to read it. Sephie hugged the book and screamed with delight at the present. "What fun I will have reading out of this to grandpa and Henri when I learn!" she cried, dancing on her toes. She was so excited over the gift that she could scarcely take time to look at the cellar and the stone cistern. She did not think the latter was nearly so good as the lake! Next she took a hurried look through the stable and surveyed Greenway's horse with enough interest to induce her to ask the privilege of riding him some day, which Greenway promised. Then Sephie flew home to Lizzie, with her Bible and a wonderful story of all she had seen, and to pour out her admiration of her new found friend, the preacher. The party that drew off from the lighthouse that night in John Reigh's boat consisted of Nolan, Greenway and Ben Haylock. John Reigh was to walk across the sand and meet them at Dusky's house. Then Greenway, Nolan and John Reigh would go inside, and Ben, after landing his companions, would draw off the boat and watch developments from without. Ben carried two parcels tied up in paper, the purpose of which he declined to explain. He also appeared to be in a rather hilarious mood, so much, indeed, that Nolan hinted at the possibility of his

having been indulging in "soft drinks" at Gregory's. As they rowed quietly over the still waters Ben began to poetize:

"Three sailors bold rowed forth in the cold
And dark of an autumn night,
To war in the room of Dusky Broom
And plunge in the awful fight.

"A preacher one, and a widow's son,
And a grocery lad the other,
Beneath a dark sky to do or die,
Thinking of home and mother."

"Stop your nonsense," cried Nolan, "or I'll throw you where they threw Jonah."

"Indeed, Nolan!" exclaimed Ben. "I did not know that it was around here that Jonah got into the water. You must have been reading one of the 'higher critics.' Where did you obtain your information?"

For a reply Nolan raised his oar and dashed a spray of water back on Ben, who was holding the rudder cords.

"Nolan," said Greenway, "it might be well to let the machine run for a while, and see what it will really turn out impromptu. Consent to another stanza. Ben is not frequently of a poetic turn. I wonder if he has not been falling in love."

"All right," replied Nolan, "but only once," and Ben resumed:

"In the stern of the boat sat the humble poet,
Full fluent and modest with grace,
When that impudent cad of an Irish lad
Dashed a spray of the lake in his face."

"That isn't so bad," said Nolan, with a laugh.
"I'll tolerate another if you put it on the preacher.
Hurroo, now!"

Ben continued:

"With his Irish 'hurroo,' which everyone
knew

Was the ignorant index of pride,
He offered to buy the poet so shy,
If the preacher he'd only deride."

Down came Nolan's oar again, sending back a
dousing splash on the poetic Ben, who, however, began
the manufacture of another literary missile:

"It appeared full soon, though no light from
the moon

Shed its radiance over the water,
That Nolan, the cad, was silly and mad,
By his loud demonstration and clatter."

"Whisht!" said Greenway, in a low whisper.
"See that light in the old cemetery?"

Ben's poetic apostrophizing of Nolan came to a
premature ending. A few moments the light
glimmered, then went out. The party in the boat
were now opposite Dusky's house, and Greenway
directed Ben to land them immediately, which he did.
Nolan and Greenway quickly entered the house, and
Ben drew out again on the lake. He rowed a con-
siderable distance down past the old cemetery, keep-
ing a constant watch on the light as it appeared once
and again. Then he landed and drew his boat up on
the beach, and taking his parcels from the boat he
moved cautiously toward the old burying-place.

Simultaneously from the lighthouse side John Reigh was moving toward the old cemetery also. The reports of lights having been seen in the place at various hours of the night had proceeded from him. From his place in the tower he had seen them. He had a strong suspicion that Duffield and Lord Viquhart were searching for Nigger Broom's grave, and John Reigh had determined to-night to test the strength of their nerves, by wrapping himself in a white sheet and thus come upon the ghouls at work. But a new man was trying his hand to-night. Captain Cahan and four of his men had left *The Eaglet* shortly after nightfall, and were making a diligent search for the grave, which the captain imagined to contain buried gold. Their ruthless spades had desecrated several old graves, and whitened bones and grinning skulls were scattered on the sand. As Ben stole along toward the grave robbers he stumbled across two such newly-made holes, which did not help the "creepy" sensation he experienced walking through the old graveyard at that hour. Of all wind instruments, perhaps none has yet been invented that can be made to give forth such sepulchral and unearthly sounds as the vocophone, and Ben had provided himself with one. Creeping up within ten yards of the grave robbers, and taking a position behind a convenient cedar, Ben drew about his shoulders the lace curtain, which he had in the other parcel, and then awaited his opportunity. John Reigh was only about ten yards to Ben's right.

"I imagine we have struck the nigger this time, boys," Captain Cahan was saying, as he lowered a

small lantern into the hole his men had made. "That's a solid-looking box, and I'll be — (uttering his favorite oath) if it's not oak, too, as sound as the day it went in there—"

He stopped suddenly, for at that moment deep, hideous, sepulchral tones from somewhere were heard. The sailor called "Sliver Jim," who was digging at the time, also heard the sounds, and stopping short said: "What's that noise, captain?"

"I'll be — if I know. Listen," said the captain.

From somewhere the horrible sounds came again, but articulate this time:

"Captain Cahan! Captain Cahan!
Are you a devil or are you a man?
How dare you open the narrow room
Of Nigger Broom, of Nigger Broom!"

The sounds were truly dreadful, for Ben was holding his instrument close to the sand. A cold chill ran through Captain Cahan as he listened, fairly dumbfounded, and the sepulchral voice began again:

"Captain Cahan! Captain Cahan!
I too was once myself a man,
But now I'm a spirit, and I'll soon
Have you down here with Nigger Broom."

With one bound "Sliver Jim" was out of the grave, and he stared around into the darkness. At that moment Ben rose up noiselessly and stepped out from behind the cedars, and then as noiselessly moved over the soft sand toward the party around the grave. The men caught sight of the white apparition moving

toward them, and "Sliver Jim" now made one more frightened leap clear across the open grave, and in among the men who stood at the opposite side, knocking one down, and pulling another backward into the grave. Captain Cahan turned and fled toward the boat, uttering profanity that may not be repeated. In the scramble that followed about the grave there was plenty of shouting and swearing, and "Sliver Jim" was thrown into the grave again, thereby affording the one whom he had thrown in a "stepping stone" to climb out. But "Sliver Jim" could leap like a leopard, and was soon out again. He took his revenge on the way to the boat by tripping every man he caught up to, and pelting them with human bones, while they ran and poured out curses upon him.

The rout of the grave robbers was complete. Ben dropped down on the sand to stuff a corner of the lace curtain into his mouth, and roll about in uncontrollable laughter. Finally the risorial paroxysm spent itself, and Ben sat up on his knees, wiped his eyes and disrobed himself of his white upper garment. He had folded up the curtain and was groping around for the vocophone, which he had dropped from his hand, when he espied, a few yards to his right, a tall, white object perfectly motionless.

"Hello!" cried Ben. "That you, Nolan?"

There was neither word, motion nor sound. There the white figure stood. Ben was amazed. It could not be Nolan, for he would not leave the other two in the house. The "creepy" sensation began to come back, and as Ben looked a chill ran down his backbone, and his hair began to rise. Speak he must.

"Who are you? I say, speak!" shouted Ben, rising.

In deep bass tones came back the answer:

"Nigger Broom! Nigger Broom!"

Ben wheeled and ran, but he forgot that there was an open grave in the way, and he went headlong in where "Sliver Jim" had been. The fall slightly stunned him, and for a few moments he lay along the old oak coffin. Then he arose slowly, and groping around for his instrument his hand came upon a spade, by the assistance of which he managed to get out. He looked again for the apparition. It was gone, and Ben moved away as quickly as possible.

Half an hour afterwards he found John Reigh at Dusky's house with the others. It was midnight and no one had come to disturb Dusky. Ben and Nolan rowed the boat over to the lighthouse. Ben was very silent, and when Nolan asked him for some more poetry (a verse on the old cemetery would do), Ben replied that the inspiration came upon him very rarely and under peculiar conditions. He could not induce it.

As Greenway and John Reigh walked over the sand to the lighthouse they arranged that if *The Eaglet* were not departed by morning John Reigh should notify Greenway, who deemed that her longer stay would bode evil for Dusky.

The next morning a young girl delivered a parcel at Ben's grocery, which contained a window curtain, a vocophone and a card that bore the words: "With the compliments of Nigger Broom."

XXXIII.

THE FIGHT FOR DUSKY

THE following morning Sephie came also to the parsonage with a note to inform Greenway that *The Eaglet* was still at the pier.

After nightfall the same quartette rowed away from the lighthouse over toward Dusky's home. Ben was carrying a bundle wrapped in paper, a short wooden bar, and a coil of rope, the purpose of which equipment he declined to explain.

"Any poetry to-night, Ben?" asked Nolan.

"I completely exhausted my muse last night," replied Ben.

"Well, perhaps you could explain something about the lights that we saw in the old cemetery last night," suggested Nolan.

"Some other time I may," replied Ben, "but I have serious business on hand to-night, and I am going to redeem last night's nonsense. Don't touch my bundle. It is dangerous," for Nolan was poking his foot toward it.

Ben was to have charge of the boat again. After landing the three he drew out from shore a short distance and began what proved to a long sentry. But the enemy came at length. He had waited two full hours when he heard the quiet dip of oars coming

from the neighborhood of the pier. Drawing out farther he waited again, and though he could see nothing distinctly, the sounds indicated that a boat was passing inward toward Dusky's house. Ben paddled a little nearer, and heard the men drawing the boat up on the sand, from which he inferred that no one would remain by it. He quietly moved in to the shore a little below their landing-place, and then taking his bar of wood and coil of rope he stole with noiseless steps along the soft sand to a point where he could overhear their conversation.

"There's just this into it," he once heard distinctly, but the men soon moved in a body toward Dusky's house, Ben following as close as he dare. At the door they paused a moment and peered about as if looking for a light, but the house was dark and silent. The door was not locked and yielded easily, opening inward, and the men quickly disappeared within, closing the door behind them. Ben now moved swiftly to the door, across which he laid the bar of wood, and with deft fingers quickly passed the rope through the strong iron handle of the door, and then fastened it taut around the bar, making egress impossible. He was none too soon, for already a light had appeared, and there was a hubbub of voices within. Ben was moving away when a voice whispered: "Well done, Ben. I was just going to do that."

With his heart thumping like a drumstick, Ben peered about, and made out the figure of Horace Starr.

"See, here," whispered Horace, holding up a large basket of eggs. "I'm going to paste them as Mr. Greenway pitches them out the window at the other

side. They will all go out that way, so here's for some fun," and he disappeared around the house.

With some difficulty Ben now shoved off the other party's boat. Then he went to his own, and returning took Captain Cahan's boat in tow. In a few minutes he had rowed back quite near to *The Eaglet*. Letting the other boat go, he moved silently alongside the little vessel.

Meantime, matters were going lively in Dusky's house, for no sooner had Captain Cahan and his men entered than a hidden light was uncovered, and Greenway, stepping out in front of the men, demanded to know their errand.

"I'll be —," roared Captain Cahan, and turning to Duffield beside him caught him by the throat, saying: "How dare you lay a trap for me like this?" As he spoke he struck Duffield in the face and sent him to the floor.

But Greenway knew there was policy in Captain Cahan's action, and taking a step forward, he said:

"Suppose you strike me, Captain Cahan."

"Why, Greenie! You have more respect for yourself than to fight with your uncle. And I have more respect for myself than to strike my nephew," said the captain.

"I quite believe you, Captain Cahan," was Greenway's sarcastic reply. "You have reason to respect yourself. You are here to-night on business becoming a man who has self-respect. Never again let any one hear you call me your nephew, you low,

despicable villain. Only respect for my mother prevents me from breaking the best bone in your body."

"Take it, then," shouted the captain, as he aimed a vicious blow at Greenway. But the preacher was not there to receive it, and as the captain lunged forward John Reigh stepped from Dusky's room and caught him with a heavy blow on the jaw, saying, as he delivered it: "My respects, Captain Cahan."

"My respects to you," said "Sliver Jim," making a spring like a leopard, and dealing John Reigh a stinging blow in the face, only to be caught in turn by Nolan, who struck "Sliver Jim" on the jaw and sent him back among his fellows, with the remark: "Pass it along, sailor."

Captain Cahan had fallen very near Duffield, who had recovered, and was sitting up, and he now began to pummel the captain's face. This appeared to revive the captain, who soon grappled with Duffield, and was getting him under control. Greenway was reserving himself, determined not to strike a blow if he could avoid it. He now glanced at the struggling pair on the floor, and noticed that Duffield had his right hand in his pocket from which he was trying to draw out something. In a moment Greenway had him by the shoulder, and slipping his other hand under his body lifted him up to the level of the window with apparent ease, and shot him out through it. As Duffield went out the window "Sliver Jim" made another of his famous "leaps," and struck Greenway a sharp blow on the cheek, but this time John Reigh caught him with a heavy blow on the body that bundled him far across the room. Greenway con-

trolled himself, and even smiled as he said: "I think you gentlemen might, at least, tell us why you are here and save yourselves and us some trouble."

As he was speaking Duffield's swollen face appeared at the broken window, wearing an ugly color of greenish yellow, while he said: "I am much obliged to you, Mr. Greenway, for letting me out of a den of thieves so easily. You and I will meet again, when I shall be able to compensate your kindness. Good night to you all. I have other business—"

"Pluch." An egg from the darkness smashed on his face! "Pluch." Another on his ear! "Pluch." Another on his breast!

"Git home, Duffield!" shouted Nolan. "The gulls are firing their eggs at you! Git home, man; git home, or they'll hatch you into a rooster!" In spite of anger the combatants all laughed as Duffield disappeared in the darkness followed by a shower of white missiles.

"Now, Captain Cahan, it's your turn," said Greenway, seizing him by the arm, and hauling him toward the open window. The captain struggled hard, but his "nephew" soon raised him high enough, and sent him through the window. Then there were more sounds of "Pluch," "Pluch," as eggs projected from the darkness, hit him. Volumes of profanity flew back into the darkness from the captain, who had never suffered such a humiliation as this in being "thrown out of a nigger's cabin and egged."

"Now, 'Sliver Jim,'" said Greenway, "it is your turn." Every one knew that the crisis had come, for "Sliver Jim" could fight. The general impression

now was that Greenway did not want to strike, but was depending on his superior strength for victory. They had met before in conflict, and Greenway knew that he must grip his shifty antagonist very quickly or receive punishment. The others fell back leaving the centre of the room clear, and Greenway rushed straight at his man, but "Sliver Jim" caught another of the sailors and drew him between them as a buffer. He attempted a couple of passes at Greenway over the other's shoulder, but did not strike him. Gradually the preacher forced them back toward the door. "Sliver Jim" seized the latch and tried to open it. This gave Greenway an opportunity of closing in on him. With one hand he thrust the man between them aside, and grabbed for "Sliver Jim" with the other, but his shoulder came in contact with an old cupboard, which was nailed up to the wall, and which hindered his movement and permitted the crafty sailor to slip under his arm and bound out into the middle of the floor again. For a moment they stood watching each other before closing again, and during that moment there came a boom like the report of a cannon from the direction of the pier. Captain Cahan had fled around to the door to escape the shower of eggs, and finding the door tied he was trying to unloose the rope. Failing to do this he had set his shoulder to the wooden bar, and was lifting it up to relieve the door at the moment of the loud report. The door flew open and slightly diverted Greenway's attention from his man, who noticed his chance, and was about to spring forward, aiming another blow at him, which he would certainly have received.

At that instant Dusky's long arm was thrust out from the room, and "Sliver Jim" found himself caught up and nearly rolled into a ball, then hurled through the window by a pair of arms that seemed like bars of iron, just as Captain Cahan's voice roared in at the door: "Come, boys. Leave the nigger. Something's wrong at the vessel." The three other sailors rushed from the house, and were joined by "Sliver Jim," who had hurried around because the "Pluch," "Pluch," of eggs began again.

Greenway and his friends remained in the house, but Horace Starr followed the captain and his men over to where they had left the boat. Captain Cahan was belching profanity at his men for having allowed the boat "to drift," when suddenly out over the water a flame of fire shot up, followed by another loud report. In fear the sailors stepped closer together, wondering what the loud reports meant. This gave Horace his opportunity.

"Pluch!" "Pluch!" "Pluch!" came the eggs from the darkness, while albuminous material splashed in every direction.

More terrifying still than anything else, there now came a deep hoarse voice from the darkness over the water, resembling the voice heard the previous night:

"Captain Cahan! Captain Cahan!
Are you a devil or are you a man?
Go over yonder through the gloom
And fill in the grave of Nigger Broom."

The captain turned to his men and said in a loud voice: "Well, if this isn't the back yard of hell I

don't know what other place it is." Then with a snort like a wild beast he dashed off into the darkness in the direction of his vessel, and his men followed.

Greenway and his party decided not to follow them. But knowing that Captain Cahan would be loath to renounce the opportunity of making a thousand dollars so easily, he decided to take Dusky home with him until the vessel should leave. So Dusky bade goodbye to the Lair forever.

As the four young men with Dusky approached the village they observed a light in the parsonage. They found on entering that someone had burst in the rear door, and had left the light burning. Greenway went at once to the room where the bale of contraband goods was kept. The door of that room also was broken open and the bale gone.

"This is Duffield's work," cried Nolan. "He suspected you at once when he saw you there to-night. Don't you remember his remark at the window about having 'other business'?"

"I believe you are right, Nolan," said Greenway. "He has come straight here and carried away the goods. He is a villain, but he is clever. We beat him, but he has beaten us, too."

XXXIV.

SEVERAL SURPRISES

THE following morning Greenway was awakened by noises proceeding from the kitchen, where Dusky had already appeared, and was bustling about washing dishes, pots, pans, etc., and making preparations for breakfast. Not finding much in the line of eatables, he had already been out to Ben's grocery purchasing supplies. When Greenway came downstairs about nine o'clock Dusky had a comfortable breakfast ready for him.

"Well, preacher," said the mulatto, "I was thinking you would need something good after all your work for me last night, so I got up and prepared breakfast."

"Why, this is fine, Dusky," said Greenway, surveying the table. "It almost puts me in the notion of getting married to see such a comfortable spread. Where did you get all this?" Then Dusky explained.

As they sat at breakfast Dusky asked: "Does your jaw pain you, where you got the blow?"

"Did I get a blow? I don't remember. Oh, yes. 'Sliver Jim' gave me a tap, but it's all right. I was sorry you took him out of my hands, but I am glad you had some part in your own defence. With a fair chance, Dusky, you could have put them every one out through the window."

Dusky smiled as he replied: "I had been looking for them to come. I was at Moss House that night you lifted the bundle, and heard all. Oh, that man! He's bad, bad. You did not know before that I was kept a prisoner on Captain Cahan's boat as a cook. They tried to work me to death, but I got away. I have been watching his boat ever since. I know all his men, and 'Sliver Jim,' too. It did me good to throw him out. I know this man they call 'Lord Viqhart.' You just wait and see, preacher. That man isn't done with him yet."

"And that was where you learned cooking and housekeeping so well? Say, Dusky, how would you like to stay and keep house for me? I need someone, for I am about tired of boarding with Gregory."

"Good! I'll stay, preacher," said Dusky.

There was a rap at the door, and Greenway on opening it found "Sliver Jim."

"Good morning, Jim," said the preacher. "I'm surprised to see you so early. Come in."

"Surprised to see me at all," suggested "Sliver Jim," entering. "I say, Greenway, I came along to make that thing of last night right with you as far as I can. You fellows gave us just what we deserved for such work. You didn't hear about the boat, I suppose? Someone put a charge of dynamite on her and broke her forepart. Captain Cahan has been raging like a hyena ever since, and drinking like a whale. We had a racket and I'm done with him. I'm sorry I struck you last night, and I wonder you didn't pummel every man in our crowd."

"Well, Jim, I'm a little older than when we had

the last turn-over and I had not as much provocation last night. Come and have some breakfast and we can chat as we eat. I have Dusky for cook, and he's fine." Then calling Dusky, he said: "I guess Dusky, we better all shake hands and let last night go."

"Well, preacher, if you say so I will," said Dusky, "but I feel awful like pitchin' Jim outside again." However, he took "Sliver Jim's" hand.

As they chatted at breakfast it came out that the captain had no funds to pay his men with, since he had not realized on Dusky, and "Sliver Jim" was "strapped."

"I'll lend you enough money to reach Harbor Sand with, and you will be able to ship there again," said Greenway.

"You're a trump, preacher," said "Sliver Jim," with some emotion showing in his voice. "'Tain't many men would do that after last night. If I ever come back I'm comin' to hear you preach. How does it go: 'If your enemy hungers give him some grub,' isn't it? Well, you're doin' as you preach, and you've the big end of it, too, by jingo."

After breakfast Greenway accompanied the sailor to the Lockton House to meet the stage, and to inform Gregory of his new domestic arrangements. The stage had already arrived, and as they stepped on the veranda they saw before them a huge barrel of whiskey. Over the bar-room door they saw a black enamelled plate with bronze lettering, which announced to the public that the house was "Licensed to sell wines, beer and all kinds of spirituous and

malt liquors," etc. As the preacher in amazement surveyed the changed external conditions he heard a smothered laugh within the bar-room. He turned and went in, followed by "Sliver Jim," who remained in the office. Gregory, flushed with drink, was behind the bar. Over by the window stood Harry Duffield, his face considerably swollen, but with a malicious gleam of triumph in his black eyes.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said Greenway.

"Good morning, your Holiness," replied Gregory, wearing also a triumphant smile.

"I suppose, Mr. Gregory, that plate over the door announces the truth," said Greenway.

"Have you ever found Mr. Gregory announcing lies?" asked Duffield, bent on mischief, because he was burning for revenge on the preacher.

"I directed my inquiry toward Mr. Gregory," replied Greenway, quietly.

"Oh, certainly it announces the facts of the case, as far as a license is concerned," said Gregory.

"Well, the Board required you to make certain improvements; where are they made?"

"I don't know that you have any business to inquire into such matters," replied Gregory, sharply.

"That's the inspector's affair. But since you are so inquisitive I will tell you: I have put a gravel floor in my open shed."

"And what more?" asked Greenway.

"Well, you see that new linoleum on the hall, don't you?"

"Yes, I see that. What more?"

"The workman has mended the veranda floor, and he will now repaint the sign."

"And that is all?"

"Yes, that is all, and it is enough. It is more than you have done to your church in the past year. Why don't you repair your church?"

"Well, Mr. Gregory, if the authorities let you down with that amount of improvement, as likely they shall, they are pretty easy fellows. It was not worth their while to mention improvements. There is something in the background of all this that I have not heard of. But I am going to get at it. These improvements are only an excuse for delay. I think myself fortunate, Mr. Gregory, in finding myself this morning in a position to inform you that after this I shall take my meals in the parsonage. Dusky Broom will keep house for me, and I will now pay you what I still owe you."

He laid some money on the bar; but Gregory flew into a passion, and swept it on to the floor, saying: "You and Dusky Broom be —. I see you are angry because I have got my license, and I have knocked out you and your — temperance crew."

"No, I am not angry, Mr. Gregory," said Greenway. "I rather suspected you might get it from what I saw the day of the Board meeting. But let me correct you in one statement you have made. You have not knocked me out, nor my temperance friends either. This will only stimulate us for the fight, and we will fight it out until we get this license out of here again."

At this point Duffield shouted aloud: "Greenway, you are a liar, and a sneak. You are angry at

Gregory's success. I'm glad of it myself, for you are too fond of poking into other people's affairs. You are talking about keeping up a fight. You imagine yourself a powerful man. Now, if you want a fight I will give you one right here."

As Duffield uttered these abusive epithets there was a movement behind the office door, and "Sliver Jim's" coat scaled off. Then he stood holding his breath, while Greenway replied:

"It is not a fight of that kind that I mean, as you very well know; but a fair contest for the clearing out of an institution which will prove an unmitigated curse to this community. We shall see if my words do not come true."

"A great sin has been committed against you and your temperance friends," said Gregory, sarcastically.

"Yes," said Duffield, "pretty near as bad as for a man to go to see another man's wife, isn't it?"

"I thought you were going to say 'pretty near as bad as for a man to smuggle goods, and to break into other men's houses,'" said Greenway. "Now, I shall ask you, Mr. Duffield, for an explanation of your words. May not I, a minister of the Gospel, go and administer the last consolations of religion to a dying young woman without a brazen-faced hypocrite like you putting a shameful construction on it? I demand an apology for what you have insinuated, or if you refuse there is going to be trouble."

But Duffield laughed scornfully. Behind the door "Sliver Jim's" arms began to twitch, for he knew that old-time ring of decision in Greenway's words.

"Leave the house, Mr. Greenway," said Gregory,

coming out from behind the bar. "I cannot have you insulting honorable men in my house. Leave, or I will put you out." He was advancing toward Greenway, whose blood was running hot, and who now said:

"Keep back from me, Mr. Gregory. It is Duffield who is offering insults to me. This is now a public house. I came in on a peaceful errand, and I will not leave it until I am ready. You need not think of putting me out. Both of you could not do it. From recent experiences both of you ought to know better than begin a quarrel. Keep back I tell you," as Gregory, with fists clenched and raised, advanced toward him. "You know, Gregory," he continued, "that a man in my profession does not want to use his fists. But don't crowd me. God Almighty never built me to let my arms hang down while some ruffian pounds my face. Hear what I have to say before you compel me to defend myself, for I certainly will resist you in my own defence if you lay hands on me."

Gregory paused, and Greenway continued: "I challenge you both to an honorable trial of strength that ought to convince you both. Roll in that barrel of whiskey, and both of you together try if you can lift it from the floor and up-end it on the bar. Then after you have tried I shall also try it alone."

The barrel of whiskey was rolled in. Through the opening behind the office door "Sliver Jim" watched the contest of strength. Gregory and Duffield raised the barrel till the upper side came in horizontal line with the top of the bar. But not an inch higher could they put it. Again they tried it, but this time

they failed to raise it as high as the first time. In disgust Gregory let his end drop, and it crashed to the floor. Then blowing out a great volume of breath he stepped back, saying: "It can't be done. Try your hand, you good young man."

As Greenway watched the two men struggling with the barrel all his anger left him, and his great shoulders shook with silent laughter. In lifting such a weight, one man, who can manage to enclose it with his arms, can lift much more than two, proportionately, and he knew that one of the two men would get in the way of up-ending the barrel. He had handled hundreds of them when still a deck hand on *The Rover*.

"I never took so much whiskey to my heart before," he remarked, with a smile, as he knelt by the barrel; and taking it by the ends slowly rolled it up on his thighs. It was even heavier than he had estimated. Slowly, one at a time, he planted his feet under him, raising his body and the barrel with it. Inch by inch he turned his back to the bar, and crept backward till within about three feet of it. The veins were standing out on his neck and forehead, and his muscles were drawn up hard like great blocks of iron. Then with a mighty swing sideways and upward, he brought the end of the barrel against the top of the bar more than half above it, and throwing his shoulders under it he heaved it upright into position on the top of the bar. Then turning on his heel he walked out of the bar.

"Hold on," cried Gregory, "you must take this down for me."

"Certainly!" cried Duffield, "he must take it down again. And there's just this into it, it wasn't done fair either."

"It was done perfectly fair," said "Sliver Jim," stepping out and confronting the two men. "I saw the whole contest, and I say that the preacher did it fair. If either of you say he did not, you lie."

Gregory moved in behind the bar again; but Duffield, without another word, struck at "Sliver Jim." The sailor avoided the blow, and returned the stroke with such force that Duffield went to the floor. He soon rose up again, and "Sliver Jim" began to back toward the door as though retreating. But it was a feint. When Duffield had reached the centre of the room, "Sliver Jim" sprang toward him, and with a second blow knocked him again to the floor insensible. After this he turned toward the door, saying: "There now. I am even with both you and Captain Cahan; and I can go away from here feeling that I have done some good in the world in licking you both."

The stage driver was on the box. Mildred Gregory now came out also.

"Good-bye, Mr. Greenway," said Mildred. "I am going away. I vowed long ago that if this house ever came under license I would no longer be an inmate. I am going to New York. When I get settled I shall write to you, and you will please forward me a certificate of membership in your church."

"I am sorry, indeed, Miss Gregory, that you are going away," answered Greenway. "The house will appear rather forsaken, I imagine, for I also am going

to withdraw to-day. I shall be glad to hear from you when you can conveniently write me."

Greenway then introduced "Sliver Jim" to Mildred, and charged him to see the young lady safely on the train at Harbor Sands.

Mildred's departure was the commencement of a new epoch in the life of her family, as will presently appear. And in another life a new era began that morning.

On the stage journey Mildred discovered that her tall attendant was a man of considerable strength of manhood, although a prodigal. He complied with her request to sign a pledge against liquor and tobacco, and promised to write her and let her know how he prospered in keeping it. Mildred had met "Sliver Jim" at a moment when he was easily impressionable for good, and the stage journey transported him into a beatific region.

XXXV.

ALONENESS

TO EVERY moral reformer, man or woman, there comes sometime, somewhere, the sense of *aloneness*. The extent of one's sphere, be it small or great, confined or cosmopolitan, has nothing to do with it. The world recedes; the soul is burdened, but instinct with sensibility, and all ALONE confronts its life-purpose—and instinctively feels after God.

Rev. Owen Greenway had reached that hour. He returned to the parsonage, where he retreated to his study and sat down. Never before had he felt so much *alone*. Mildred had been a true friend. She was gone. A door to sin now stood wide open for the community. In some way his cherished hope was defeated. In the community there were good men and women, it was true, and they sympathized with him; but on how many of them could he rely to stand by his side in the moral conflict? They could give sympathy. Some, perhaps, would pity him—Greenway would rather walk on hot coals than receive pity. The elements that make aggressive force they had not. They were simple-minded. That was why they fell a prey to passion and appetite. They were easily led into evil.

By the side of this another thought slipped in: these people needed leadership. Was he not there for that very purpose? Was not his purpose worth some further efforts? Might he not win yet, even though now alone? What helping forces might be near at hand? True, he could find an easy and rapid way out of immediate defeat and disappointment. He, like Mildred, could go away. The world of sailor-life was open to him, and success *there* was almost certain, for he had been a success at it already. He might soon command the finest vessel on the lakes, and large financial remuneration. It was an inviting opportunity for relief and release. How easy to go away and get clear of all this irritation and worry.

But another thought came, wedging itself in beside these: Would it be *manly* to do so, to fly from difficulty and moral conflict? In the hour of aloneness, discouraged souls have most frequently missed their way, because they have misunderstood the purpose of it. Surely God gives men this hour that He may appear to their consciousness. Greenway was *alone*, and had reached a crisis of thought. He sat with eyes closed. Into the inward vision came the villainous face of Duffield laughing at his retreat. Would he leave Lockton Green to this man, to dominate it with continued villainy? He turned himself and fell upon his knees.

His supplications past, he arose, and stretching outward and upward his great arms, at the end of which was clenched a sledge hammer fist, he said, as if addressing some invisible personality: "No, sir. I won't leave. I'll stay, and see these matters through."

As he stood confronting one of his book-cases his eyes fell on a favorite volume, "Rienzi." Taking it down and resuming his seat he opened at Chapter III. of the Revolution. Again and again Greenway had read those splendid passages, where the author represents the young patrician, Adrian, confronting the problem of which party he shall give assistance to, the nobles or the plebeians. Again Greenway read the eloquent sentences:

"All men are swayed and chained by public opinion—it is the public judge; but public opinion is not the same for all ranks. The public opinion that excites or deters the plebeian is the opinion of the plebeians—of those whom he sees and meets and knows; of those with whom he is brought in contact, whose praises are daily heard—whose censure frowns upon him every hour. So, also, the public opinion of the great is the opinion of their equals."

Again, farther in the chapter:

"What, then, sustains a man in such a situation, following his own conscience, with his eyes opened to all the perils of the path? Away with the cant of public opinion,—away with the poor delusion of posthumous justice; he will offend the first, he will never obtain the last. What sustains him? His OWN SOUL! A man thoroughly great has a certain contempt for his kind while he aids them; their weal or woe are all: their applause, their blame are nothing to him. He walks forth from the circle of birth and habit; he is deaf to the little motives of little men. High, through the widest space his orbit may describe, he holds on his course to guide or to enlighten; but the noises below

reach him not! Until the wheel is broken—until the dark void swallow up the star—it makes melody, night and day, to its own ear; thirsting for no sound from the earth it illumines, anxious for no companionship in the path through which it rolls, conscious of its own glory, and contented, therefore, to be *alone*."

Again and again Greenway went over the first few paragraphs of the chapter, each time lifted higher by the nobleness and inspiration of the thought, and at each reading feeling himself more willing and better equipped for the "long and severe novitiate" by which he might "dispense with the world," and confront that element of "public opinion" which might censure him in Lockton Green.

That same afternoon Greenway gave the parsonage over to Dusky for "a clean up," as the latter expressed it, while he himself drove to Pier Bay to interview Mr. Lynch, the license inspector.

"Oh, yes, you are from Lockton Green," said Mr. Lynch, after Greenway had introduced himself. "I think I divine your errand, Mr. Greenway."

"Perhaps you do," answered Greenway, "but I shall state it, that you may understand me clearly. I wanted to ask you for some information which I hope you will be gracious enough to give me. You know that a license has recently been issued to Mr. Gregory. May I enquire as to whether or not there have been any secret influences at work in the matter? I am surprised that our petition against the granting of the license did not have more weight, and that Gregory has apparently gained an easy victory. Even your own report, Mr. Lynch, which was against him, did not prevail."

"When you know all the facts of the case, Mr. Greenway, perhaps you may not be surprised."

Mr. Lynch produced the petition for a license, which Gregory had laid before the Board.

"I think, Mr. Greenway, you did not look over this list of signatures before. Just look it over."

The preacher now looked carefully over the list of petitioners associated with Gregory, and found the names of H. Duffield and John Starr, and some others of his own congregation.

"Well, are you as much surprised now, Mr. Greenway, at the action of the Board?" asked Mr. Lynch, observing the preacher's countenance.

"No," said the other, "I am not. When church members will sign petitions of this nature, not much wonder, indeed, that commissioners grant the license. If the sons of God join hands with Belial, how can civic and social righteousness make any advance? I am not much surprised to find Duffield's name here, but I am very much surprised to find the names of John Starr and some others."

"Quite true, Mr. Greenway, quite true," replied Mr. Lynch. "If those who should be temperance men (that is, if they stand by the principles to which they have subscribed as church members) will support, by their signatures, such a petition as this, it is almost impossible for commissioners to refuse it. The man seeking the license comes forward and says: 'Here, I have the signatures of the best men in the community, even church members. Now, I must have a license.' What reply can we make? And there are members in all the churches who do this thing. I am ashamed to

say it, but it is true, and it is one serious leakage of power in the temperance cause, that so many temperance people are double-dealers. They will vote for temperance and afterwards sign a petition of this kind. They lack principle, and are not sincere. Retribution follows such inconsistency, both in the fact that the liquor men despise them and proceed to ignore the law, and politicians distrust them and will not champion prohibition nor commit themselves to the precarious temperance vote. It thus lies in the hands of temperance people to supply strength to their cause in many places where there is now deplorable weakness, laxity and inconsistency."

"I presume you know," said Greenway, "what two persons became his sureties and signed the bond?"

"John Starr and Robert Smooth," answered Mr. Lynch.

"It is easy enough to trace Duffield's hand in Smooth's part, while keeping his own hand free," said Greenway. "Now, another question, Mr. Lynch: Why has a license been withheld from Gregory up to the present? Several months, you see?"

Mr. Lynch shrugged his shoulders, then muttered: "You're not initiated yet. Of course, Gregory has been selling, and he had to purchase supplies that had to be paid for."

"Well, what of that?" asked Greenway.

"Oh, his brewery bills were not paid," said Mr. Lynch.

"Lynch! Lynch!" exclaimed Greenway. "It isn't that bad!"

"Yes, it is that bad, and I am not revealing one-

tenth of the iniquitous work," said Lynch, in a tone of disgust.

"Then it amounts to this," said Greenway, "the breweries have 'a string' on the license commissioners who are appointed by the government, which means that civil machinery which the taxpayers support is employed and subverted to collecting the revenue of the liquor trade! Was there ever perpetrated a greater crime against the civil rights of a free people! Talk about the Church of Rome collecting her revenue by the aid of civil machinery! It has not one-tenth of the offence of this work. It furnishes a strong ground of suspicion, too, that the license commissioners, and perhaps the inspectors in some cases, are nominees of the breweries and the trade in general." Here Greenway arose, and walked with nervous steps about the room.

Mr. Lynch now spoke soothingly: "You are agitated, Mr. Greenway. Let me tell you, if you want to fight the liquor trade, keep a cool brain. It is a crafty foe. The liquor traffic is a bottomless pit. Its iniquities are deeper and darker than hell. Deny it as we may, it is controlling politics and governments to-day. If preachers and laymen do not stand up against it, it will also soon control the churches, and the temperance preacher will not be wanted just because he is a *temperance preacher*. My sympathies are with you. I am going out of this inspectorship, for a man of character and good moral principles cannot do the things that an inspector is sometimes asked to do under present conditions. The license inspector will never be independent until the office becomes elective, instead of

being a government appointment for the compensation of political hacks."

When Greenway returned home he went straight to John Starr.

"Well, Mr. Starr, the license has come to the Lockton House, and I have learned to-day that you helped by the influence of your signature to get it here, and also that you are one man who stands surety for Mr. Gregory."

"That is so," replied John Starr; "and do you mean to insinuate that I had not a right to do that if I saw fit? Am I to go and ask my pastor whether I may do a thing or not, before taking any action?"

"Far from that, Mr. Starr," replied Greenway. "In such a case as you suggest your pastor would be morally bound to answer for your actions if wrong, since he would control your conscience. But if you had followed the teaching of your pastor, you would not have done that thing. Here are questions for you to lay before your conscience, seeing that you are in full control of it: Is it right for a good man to lend the influence of his signature to help an evil cause? Does he in so doing glorify God? Can he, can you, John Starr, feel justified before God in having done so?"

It is human nature, when "taken in the very act," to strike back at the accuser, especially if conditions with the accuser offer any probability of successful retaliation. When we were boisterous lads at school and sometimes guilty of punishable offences, there was danger to the boy who "told" on us, to the extent of

having his ears "cuffed" when the convenient opportunity came. And men are only boys—grown up. But they have carried up in their growth that same human nature that seeks retaliation under certain circumstances. John Starr had once been a boy, and from boyhood had grown up. He had more human nature in him than he might have been willing to acknowledge, and more than was profitable for a church member, as his reply evinced.

"Well, now, Mr. Greenway," said he, becoming irritated, "I am not going to argue these matters with you. It is beneath the dignity of both of us. Your questions are purely academic. You know I am one of the largest supporters in our congregation, and I have no need to be ashamed of my record. But if you are going to raise so much noise over this little matter, I shall withdraw my support, and refuse to hear you preach. I cannot suffer to be browbeaten by any man."

With much dignity Greenway made answer:

"Mr. Starr, if considerations of gain influenced those men who are most successful in the ministry, they would not seek it in preaching. That reference is indeed *beneath your dignity*. I am not browbeating you, and you know I am not, but a guilty conscience accuses you while I speak. It is now too late to undo, even by browbeating, what has been done. You have had a hand in sowing seed that will bear a harvest after its own kind, and you may live to share also in the reaping,—but I will forbear. If you had been willing to receive in the right spirit what I had to say to you on this matter, it might have been of service to you and yours in the future. But you put from you

the advice I might have given. Of course, you are amenable to your own conscience. Therefore, it is clear, and on you lies the responsibility. But I wish to say this one thing further to you: The Church of God is not in your debt. You have enjoyed her privileges while you have given support, and if you have failed to profit by them that is not her fault. And I am not in your debt. I must tell you plainly, Mr. Starr, that I am independent of your financial support, and your moral support counts for nothing after what you have done to assist in establishing a licensed bar-room here. Withdraw your support from the church if you think best to do so. If I stand alone in this matter—then alone I stand. But I admonish you, be careful lest 'the God in whose hand thy breath is and whose are all thy ways' does not also withdraw His support from you."

XXXVI.

GETTING EVEN

WITHIN a week after the rescue of Dusky, Lord Viuhart appeared at Harry Duffield's home. He came to purchase Duffield's cherry lumber, valued at three thousand dollars. He could pay one hundred gold guineas on the bargain if Duffield would sign a written agreement allowing him to move the lumber any time within six months, when the balance should be paid. Lord Viuhart could forward a copy of the agreement to his father to show that he was not asking for more money to squander. As the sale was a good one, Duffield very readily agreed, and after a sumptuous dinner they proceeded to Lawyer Sharppe's office to have the matter settled on paper.

When the agreement was signed Lord Viuhart produced his cigar case and proposed that they all have a smoke. Sharppe took a cigar, but Duffield declined, and started for home. A moment after he had gone out Lord Viuhart excused himself and followed him. "After I have a chat with our friend Sharppe I will meet you down at old Sandy's. A talk with Sharppe may do something for your case, you know."

Harry Duffield was well pleased at the prospect. Moving homeward he experienced considerable relief,

for the gold money came opportunely "to fill up a gap."

"There's just this into it," he said to himself, "if Viqhart does not move the lumber in the specified time, I'll hold on to what he's paid me, and the winter's coming on, so he can't well move it before spring, and perhaps not then."

Harry Duffield was playing a deep game; but his co-partner was playing a deeper. Young in years, Lord Viqhart was old in villainy. A short time afterwards the two plotters found old Sandy at home, and, as was his custom, delighted to meet them. Lord Viqhart produced a large bottle of "Scotch," and engaged Sandy in conversation.

It was a rule with Sandy, almost amounting to a regulation of conscience, that he would "niver drink mair than yin gless, na niver. Ta drink mair wad mak a beast o' a man. An' that's no' Sandy."

But he had a unique way of preparing this one glass. The process was interesting to watch, if you did not allow Sandy to observe that you were watching. That would have given him offence. First of all, the glass was half filled with the raw liquid; then an uncertain quantity of water was added, Sandy explaining that he "cudna tak the stuff clear." Then Sandy would taste the mixture carefully, and sip it several times, until about one-half of it was drunk. No, it did not suit his taste. It was "ower thin." He must add some more of the liquor. The second mixture was then tasted and sipped till about half of it was gone. But again it did not suit his taste. This time he had made it "ower strang," and he must add more water.

So the process was continued, interspersed with sparkling conversation, for if no one were present with Sandy, he would talk to the bottle or talk to himself. Very generally it took Sandy a long while to unite the whiskey and water in such relative proportions that the mixture suited his delicately refined taste. The process of mixing and testing was still going on when his two callers went out.

"Let us call on Dusky," said Lord Viqhart.

"Oh, you didn't know that he has left," said Duffield. "He is acting as cook for the preacher now."

"You don't say!" exclaimed Lord Viqhart. "I hope the preacher has a good supply of gastric juice. Let us look into his old house," and they moved toward Dusky's old habitation. Then, as he saw the broken window and the egg-bespattered wall, he said:

"There's been some strange proceedings going on here. What can this mean? Let's go in," and he disappeared quickly within the house.

Not wishing to offer any explanation of the facts, Duffield followed him inside. He was barely within the door when he received a heavy blow, which felled him to the floor, and the strong hands of Captain Cahan pinioned, blindfolded and gagged him. Then Lord Viqhart administered an opiate under which he became as one dead, except for his heavy breathing.

"I don't know, Sidney," said Captain Cahan, "but it would be as well to finish him now."

"Not now, father," replied that villainous pretender to nobility. "We want to use him a little longer." He proceeded to empty Duffield's pockets of the gold coins he had given him, after which they laid him

on Dusky's bed. "I will come back and give him another dose before morning, and will keep him asleep all day to-morrow, and you hurry away for the boat."

After nightfall they stole out of the house. Again Lord Viquhart looked into Sandy's cabin. The bottle was empty and Sandy was in a heavy sleep. But the excess of strong liquor was too much for Sandy's heart, and before midnight he had ceased to breathe. That night a heavy rain and the first sleet fell.

Mrs. Duffield had become alarmed at her husband's unusual absence, but the next morning Lord Viquhart called in to inform her that Mr. Duffield had gone with him to Pier Bay the night before to arrange with Crowley the banker for the full payment of the lumber. But the banker being away for the evening Mr. Duffield had been his guest at his hotel. Mr. Duffield had some other matters of business with Crowley and would be home in the afternoon. Meantime he had teams ready to move the lumber on board Captain Cahan's boat, which had arrived early that morning. As Mrs. Duffield had no suspicion of Lord Viquhart, the lumber was allowed to be placed on board the vessel.

After nightfall again Captain Cahan and his son Sidney went to Dusky's house. Duffield had slept off the effects of the opiate largely, but he was in a dazed condition. They released his hands, and Captain Cahan, with much profanity, bade him sign a receipt of payment in full for the lumber, or as an alternative to be taken on board the vessel and thrown overboard at a convenient place. Like a man moving in his sleep Duffield allowed his hand to be guided while he traced

his name on the paper. Then they compelled him to drink another opiate, which brought another relapse into dull somnolence. They carried him over to Sandy Sanderson's cabin, removed the gag and untied his hands. Captain Cahan gave vent to a demoniacal laugh as he tucked his enemy into bed beside the corpse. The door was left wide open that Duffield might soon revive and find himself in strange complications.

The same night about ten o'clock Lawyer Sharppe escorted a young woman to the pier where Sidney awaited him and paid him fifty of the golden coins for his part in the affair. As Elsie Duffield stepped on the boat, she said, "Good-bye, Mr. Sharppe. You will not forget to post my letter to mother."

"Good-bye, Elsie," answered the scoundrel. "I'll not forget. And may you have much joy and many happy years of married life as the noble and beautiful Lady Viuhart."

The vessel's anchor was lifted. She sailed away with her precious freight, and was never again seen at Victoria Point.

XXXVII.

HIDDEN TREASURE

GREENWAY and Dusky Broom were enjoying their home-life at the parsonage. Dusky was glad to escape from the old house, and he entertained such a terror of the place that not even his interest in his chickens, nor his desire to obtain his stock of medicinal barks, herbs, etc., which formed the basis of his wonderful restorative, could induce him to return to the place. The chickens were turned over to John Reigh and Groppe, who had been making the lighthouse cottage his home. Late in the fall one day, Dusky impressed Greenway to go to his old house for his medicinal stock, which he said would be found in the old cupboard nailed to the wall.

Greenway went first to the lighthouse, and called on his ward, Sephie, of whose progress in domestic science and in literary education he obtained a good report from Lizzie. While he sat with them Lucelle Lester came in. Mr. Lester was not well. Would Mr. Greenway visit him? Greenway explained his further little errand, and if Lucelle would wait he would drive her home and see Mr. Lester.

As Greenway walked over the sand his thoughts reverted to Lucelle. Her manner to-day was somewhat different from her ordinary cheerful spirit.

Perhaps she was depressed because her father's condition was not hopeful.

Arrived at the house, he recognized the cupboard as the one against which he had jammed his shoulder the night of the struggle. It was hanging aslant and loose. He tried to adjust it so that he might open the doors, when it tumbled to the floor, and a cloud of dust filled the room. When the dust cloud had dispersed, Greenway observed that the space on the wall behind the cupboard had never been whitewashed, as the rest of the walls had many times over, indicating that it had occupied this position very many years. There was a short board in the centre of the space which had the appearance of a door, and on closer examination proved to be such. It was locked. A thought of the small key which Dusky had committed to his keeping flashed upon Greenway. He fitted it to the rusty lock, and after a good deal of pounding and wrenching the lock yielded, and the door flew back on a rusty spring. Within the niche Greenway beheld several small piles of coins, chiefly copper and silver, with a few small ones of gold, the humble savings of Nigger Broom, amounting to about a hundred dollars, stored away here for safe-keeping. An old yellow envelope, sealed with red wax, lay with the coins. On opening it Greenway found written on a slip of paper, in a very uneven hand, the words:

"For my grandson, Dusky."

"(Signed) Ephraim Broom."

"This bit of money," said Greenway to himself, "is the hidden treasure that these ghouls have been searching for in the old cemetery. I shall see that the rightful owner gets possession of it."

XXXVIII.

ON THE INDIAN LIST

THE change from the farm to life in the village had been very acceptable to Mrs. Cafferty. Nolan's steadiness and growing success in his new business made it all the more agreeable to her. She also regarded with favor the growing intimacy between Bessie and Ben Haylock. For Ben had suddenly sprung up into a person of character and importance with both mother and daughter, after Nolan had told them of Ben's daring feat. At the distance of the farm it had never appeared to Bessie that Ben was possessed of so much strength of character as she continued to discern in him. Formerly she had agreed with the Misses Muir when they ridiculed Ben's effeminacy, but that feeling had passed, and a very different emotion had quietly possessed her. Nolan had been observant, and one day remarked to Bessie:

"I begin to think there is some prospect of us reaching a point in family matters where we may get cheap groceries."

Bessie blushed deeply. Then she looked at her brother and said frankly: "Nolan, Ben has asked me to marry him. Do you think it would be a suitable marriage for me? I need not ask mother, for I know her mind already."

Nolan expressed his entire satisfaction with such a decision on Bessie's part, and not many days after Ben received an answer in the affirmative. A great love now filled Bessie's sweet soul and occupied her life.

When Mrs. Cafferty heard of Bessie's decision she was very much pleased with her prospective son-in-law. "Ye know, Bessie," said the mother, "for a while Oi did think that the praacher had his oyes on ye, but Oi'm still av the belaaft that he and Lucelly 'll make it up yet, tho' Oi hear as he's much in love wid Lizzie Reigh. But Oi hope Lucelly'll get him. My, how Oi'd rejice to see her back agin at the parsonage. Oi wouldn't begridge givin' away a maal to thim as long as Mr. Greenway's here. But you'll be happy wid Bin, darlin', and Oi'll be glad to see you wedded to a good man. Indaad, Oi can almost furgive Mrs. Muir for wantin' to see her girls married, whin it comes to see you goin' to step into a good home, darlin'. Why, shure, it's what ivery good mother wants to see."

It was well that Mrs. Cafferty found a new source of joy, for the Christmas season brought dark days in her home.

John Starr's other son arrived at home for Christmas. They had expected him, but not in the condition in which he came—intoxicated and roystering. The secret of the names of the two brothers having been exchanged now became known, but the people had now no difficulty in distinguishing the real Horace Starr from Adam Starr, for the real Horace, who had returned, showed dissipation in every feature of his countenance, and his physique was bloated with

abnormal obesity. The once handsome Horace Starr was now a sensual monstrosity, with bulging eyes and heavy bleared countenance. What the father's thoughts were when he met his son he did not disclose. Mrs. Starr's womanly nature, however, sought sympathy, and before a week she had implored Greenway to do anything he could to reclaim her fallen son. But Greenway had scant hopes of his redemption. Horace appeared to have considerable money, and every day found him at the Lockton House, where Haddon Gregory, true to the spirit of his fraternity, reaped a rapid revenue, which he had the effrontery to call his "North-west harvest." Finally Mrs. Starr, in desperation, sent him a notice, under the hand of Lynch, the license inspector, to sell no more liquor to her son. The deviltry of the traffic now became even more apparent. Gregory made the matter illegally offensive in its publicity by a device of his own. He displayed behind his bar an "Indian list," in startling letters, the only name on it being that of Horace Starr, with the official notice pinned beneath. Such an indescribable scene of rage and profanity, accompanied with threats of violence, followed in John Starr's home, after Horace had been refused liquor by Gregory, who solemnly pointed him to the "Indian list," that Mrs. Starr deemed it better to withdraw her notice.

For a time the bestial extreme of his brother's excesses produced a recoil in Adam Starr's feelings. In his best moments he felt keenly the shame of family degradation, but he grew accustomed to it. Then, on the plea of bringing Horace home, he went to the hotel.

Later he stayed and drank with him. Evenings came at length when John Starr had to go to the hotel and conduct both his sons home, his proud soul mortified with listening to their indecent and obscene remarks and their drivelling lewd snatches of bar-room songs. The root of bitterness that struck deepest in his memory may be imagined.

Mrs. Cafferty and Bessie, as well as Ben, had much solicitude for Nolan in the presence of this new danger, for when boys, Nolan and Horace had been friends, and Horace sought to renew the friendship on his return. But Nolan had firmly refused to sell Horace any liquor. He had not forgotten the past. He knew that his mother and sister were watching him. But the strain upon him was terrible at times, especially when Horace came into his store, his breath laden with the fumes of liquors, and would persist in talking with him at close quarters. If Nolan turned his back Horace would lay his hand on his shoulder and turn him around again, or would go around before his face and continue his conversation.

The crisis came the day before Christmas. Nolan had risen early, which was a sign to his mother that unusual nervousness possessed him, and her habit was not to remain in bed after she heard him moving. His face indicated the inward struggle, for the Christmas season had more than once been his bacchanalian revel. The associations of the festival were against him, and his nervousness brought his imagination up to a vivid brilliance, when scenes long past came back again as if they were of yesterday. Twice during the forenoon Mrs. Cafferty sent Bessie down to him with

well-flavored cups of tea, and they both moved in and out of the store at times to chat with him. Ben also dropped in with some amusing story about a Christmas customer, that lifted up Nolan's thoughts for a time, so that he was safely tided over into the afternoon.

About four o'clock in the afternoon Horace Starr again appeared, and he had been doing full "honor" to the approaching season. Heavy alcoholic odors made his breath obnoxious as he confronted Nolan. Not that Horace wanted to cause Nolan's fall, but in this manner he became the unwilling agent. At length Nolan could stand no more. He sat down behind the counter trembling in every atom of his body, and bowed his head on the polished slab before him.

"What's the matter, Nolan?" asked Horace. "Are—are—you sick—old fellow? Eh? Sick?" and he bowed his face down to Nolan's ear.

"Oh, Horace, you do not know how I feel!" cried Nolan, looking up. "If you knew, Horace, I am sure you would go away and leave me alone. Oh, your breath! Your breath, Horace! And I'm burning for liquor, and trying to fight my thirst. Will you not, like a good fellow, leave me? You don't want me to fall do you, Horace?" But Horace was too far intoxicated to comprehend Nolan, or to feel pity.

Through the ceiling the piteous appeal of her hard-pressed brother reached Bessie's ears, and she began hurriedly to descend.

"Why, don't burn then," said Horace. "Here, help yourself," and drawing out a whiskey flask he

picked up Nolan's water-glass and poured out the full of it. "Here, old fellow. Don't burn up."

Nolan seized the glass and swallowed the whole of the liquor in a few gulps. Then he held it out and cried: "More! more! Horace. More! Quick, Bessie's coming!"

Horace filled the glass again, and as Bessie reached the door some yards from them, Nolan was raising it to his lips. With a loud cry she sprang toward him, but before she could tear it from his hand he had drained it also.

"Will you have more?" asked Horace. But Bessie ran around the counter, and seizing the bottle wrenched it from his hand and smashed it at his feet.

"Begone! Leave the store at once," she cried, and putting her hand to his shoulder she turned him around and pushed him toward the door, the very energy of her flashing indignation penetrating the stupidity of his drunken condition, and compelling the lingering spark of manhood to obey the command of pure womanhood.

Nolan had resumed his seat behind the counter, and sat like one dumb when Bessie came back to him after closing and locking the door.

"No more business to-day, Nolan," she said.

"I suppose not, Bessie," he replied, "and no more drink."

"I hope not, Nolan," said Bessie, in a pleading voice, "but if there has to be more—oh, Nolan, do not go over there to Gregory's!"

But as the liquor he had drunk began to stir the smouldering fire of his blood, Nolan had to have more

until he became stupid with drink. And the next day, being Christmas, he had to get more, and for a week he was not sober, so that the story of his fall became public.

Similar scenes, but rather worse, were witnessed at the house of John Starr.

It was the Christmas season, of all seasons the one that should be pure, happy and sacred. And this was what the Christmas season witnessed in two Christian homes.

XXXIX.

"PAPA, WILL YOU BE GOOD?"

"MR. GREENWAY, my language that morning in my bar-room was not becoming. I was sorry for it afterwards, and I hope you will overlook it. Likely if I had been myself I would not have spoken so."

Such was the confession of Haddon Gregory (the man in whom there was perpetual warfare, convictions of good struggling with propensities of evil), as he and Greenway walked from the parsonage toward the hotel.

Little Alonzo wished to talk with the preacher. He had not recovered from the injuries received in the bar-room. No well-defined ailment besides the broken hip troubled him, but he had never recovered from the shock. He had spoken frequently of Greenway's prolonged absence from the house, but not more frequently than the preacher had thought of his little friend "Amiculus," his pet name for the lad. Ever since the evening when Alonzo had put those difficult questions to Greenway the boy had felt uneasy in his mind concerning his father, who had failed to confirm the lad's statement that his father was "good." It was only a little cloud on the horizon of a child's life, but there it hung, and one thing only could dispel it. If his father would only say that

he was good, or promise that he would be good—that was what Alonzo waited for.

The family in the hotel had an unexpressed conviction that Alonzo was nearing death. The pale, faded countenance told its own story of waste. Sometimes, however, a deep, soul-possessing desire gratified has been the best restorative. Greenway now spoke to the lad as one who belonged to the Redeemer, and the father listened. Gregory might have made the bar an excuse for absence, but the bar was left idle. There might be many long, lonely days in the bar after that little life had gone out, and while it even flickered in the shadows he desired it to pour its pure rays into his own.

Greenway spoke first with the boy about the things of interest to a child, that he had seen or heard of since he had seen Alonzo. Then he spoke of the Christmas season, and asked what Santa Claus had brought him. This led up to the "old story" of the Child who came to Bethlehem, and where that Child now was. Still, it appeared to Greenway that the matters on which he was speaking were not of the first interest to the lad. They seemed rather as bygones, things that he had once paused to wonder over, but had passed them by. "If He sends a beautiful messenger to take you to that country, Amiculus, you will be quite pleased to go, I am sure," said Greenway.

"For a while I would rather have stayed here," said Alonzo, with a wistful look, first at Greenway, then at his father.

"Would you, indeed?" asked Greenway, in surprise. "And you have had so much pain, too."

"I didn't much mind the pain," replied the boy. "If papa and the rest could go with me I'd be glad enough to go, but I like to be with papa."

"Supposing, Amiculus, that after a while papa and the rest should go there, too. That would be all right, would it not?"

"It would," replied Alonzo, "if I knew before I should go away that they would be good and come. But I would like to stay here till they tell me so."

"Well, Amiculus, I hope for your sake that they will promise you that," said Greenway, scarcely knowing what reply to make.

"Do you think, Mr. Greenway, that papa can go there as he is, and if he sells those drinks to Nolan and Horace and the rest, that he sells in the bar?"

After a pause Greenway said: "I was just wondering what answer your papa would give to that."

"I asked him and he gave me no answer," said Alonzo; "so I want you to say, because I think good people shouldn't make other people drunk, and they say words and swear."

"I will answer you, Amiculus," said Greenway. "This good book we call the Bible says that the drunkard, and the man who puts the bottle to his neighbor's lips, and so helps to make him drink—they cannot go to the good country."

"Then they cannot be good," said Alonzo.

"No, Amiculus, that is not the work of good people," answered Greenway.

A silence fell on the room, but the atmosphere was pulsating with deep throbs of conflicting emotions, and for the time those feelings that make for

goodness were predominant. Alonzo's face expressed the pain his spirit felt. Then tears started from under the drooping lids, and finally a cry escaped him.

"If papa would only say he would be good. Papa, papa! Will you be good!"

Haddon Gregory was far from being impervious against the appeal of his child. He sat with his head bent low in his hands, and suppressed sobs shook his frame. Mrs. Gregory and Carrie, too, were weeping. They appeared to be waiting for the father's reply. After a pause Alonzo again spoke:

"Papa, I may soon go away to that place Mr. Greenway speaks about. I am not afraid to go, but I'm sorry for you to be left here, and you not good, so that you cannot come, too, after a while. Oh, papa will you not say that you will be good! Will you, papa? Will you be good?"

Haddon Gregory lifted a tear-stained face, then arose and went over to Alonzo's bed. Bending over his child he said in a low, broken voice:

"Yes, Alonzo, papa will promise you that he will try to be good. No one but myself knows how much I think of it, nor how bad a man I feel myself to be. But I will promise you that I will be good as soon as I can get started right. Maybe you won't go away from us yet, Alonzo. We hope not. But I promise you, my boy, that by God's help I shall be a better man."

"Say a *good* man, papa," said Alonzo.

"Yes, a *good* man, Alonzo; as good a man as I can be," answered the father.

Mrs. Gregory and Carrie also went over to Alonzo,

and each made the same promise to the boy. When they looked around Greenway had slipped out.

In half an hour Alonzo was sound asleep, and from that night he began to recover. Gregory fully intended keeping the promise he had made his child, although for a time it slipped into the background. And Alonzo had accepted his father's word with the simplicity of a child's faith and trust.

XL.

A PANACEA

ONE of the persons to whom Dusky Broom had sold not only a quantity of his remarkable "Panacea," but the prescription also, was Mrs. Haylock. Having invested two dollars in the recipe, and fifty cents in a quart of the liquid preparation, she was too tenacious of her own opinions to permit any one to disparage its medicinal virtues and restorative powers. Dusky had first procured the recipe from an old quack doctor, who lived a hermit life not far from the "Upper Mills," which were situated some miles farther up the Spiller. The quack had sold his medicine to each successive set of mill hands that had come and gone through the years, and *once* to the families of the community. He had represented to Dusky that he wished to "give up the business," and finally succeeded in disposing of the wondrous recipe to him for twenty dollars. Dusky stipulated with all those to whom he sold the recipe that it was for family use only, and that they should not resell, nor go into the business in "opposition" to him. No one was ever known to break the agreement.

Isaac Haylock was just as other men are, subject to sickness and disease. A severe winter cold "laid him up," and he needed medicine. His wife thought so, at least, although Isaac, who had been accustomed to very good health, always treated sickness lightly. Indeed,

he scarcely knew how to accept sickness when it came. It is possible that Mrs. Haylock was rather gratified that her husband had taken sick, for she could now surprise him by restoring him in a day with the wonderful "Panacea." The "Panacea" promised to do that, and even more. It promised to rejuvenate, placing an aged person back many years toward youth, which time would be just so many lengthened days. So Mrs. Haylock brought forth her secret treasure.

"What's this you have?" asked Isaac Haylock, looking with bloodshot, watery eyes at the grayish-black liquid in the large silver spoon held out to him triumphantly.

"A surprise for you," said Mrs. Haylock. "But the very best thing you could have for your cold. Take it and you will be all better in the morning."

"It looks like poison!" exclaimed Isaac, sniffing a mephitic odor, and then coughing heavily.

"Never mind the looks," said Mrs. Haylock. "You can never judge medicine by looks. You want to get better, and this will make you better. I bought the recipe from Dusky, and it has cured scores of people of all sorts of sickness, cases of measles, and—"

"No, it didn't," blurted out Isaac. "Measles have to run their course, and no one had better try to stop them if they want the patient to live."

"Well, the child had measles and they gave it the 'Panacea,'" replied Mrs. Haylock. "And it cured a bad case of 'brown kitts,' and a bad case of 'amonia,' and one man that had typhoid fever was cured by it. Why, Isaac, look at the name and that shows you what it will do—'Panacea.' It cures everything."

"I wouldn't wonder if it should bring on some dis-

ease, as likely fever as anything else," said the skeptical Isaac, still looking doubtfully at the spoon. "If you have the recipe I would like to read it over before I take this, because if it poisons me you can't sue any one for claims, and I want to be sure."

Her good offices not being accepted as readily as she had expected, Mrs. Haylock became rather irritated.

"Isaac," she said, "you never did me justice when I was trying to save your money and do you good. You would rather pay Dr. Caine two dollars and a half for coming here to give you a lot of his medicine than that I should spend less than that amount in getting a recipe that would put you past doctor's bills all your life."

"Your medicine looks as if it might put me past them forever," remarked Isaac, dryly.

Seeing that she prevailed nothing by talking, Mrs. Haylock produced the prescription, saying:

"Now, read it for yourself. This is as good medicine as anything Dr. Caine ever gave you; and the best of it is that it is a doctor itself in the house with you, and all for two dollars."

Isaac Haylock took the soiled sheet of foolscap and glanced over it. The ingredients of the "Panacea" were various kinds of barks, such as prickly ash, black cherry, slippery elm; various sorts of wild roots, like wild turnip, leek, etc. In addition, there were gold thread, tansy, catnip, bitterwort, rhubarb, etc. Like many of such primitive prescriptions, the chief aim appeared to be to make the decoction as nauseous and revolting as possible, and therein lay its virtue. In these respects the "Panacea" was perfect.

Isaac Haylock laid down the recipe, saying: "Why,

mother! A tablespoonful of that is enough to kill a man. You might poison rats with it, or destroy bed-bugs, or any kind of vermin. If Dusky sells much of that they will soon have him in jail for manslaughter. And such an odor—ugh! Take it away."

"Indeed, Isaac, it is just what you need," persisted Mrs. Haylock. "My own mother used to drink weak tansy-and-catnip tea, and gold thread is the best thing in the world for sore lips."

"My lips are not sore," growled Isaac.

"No," said his wife, "but it is in the medicine, and what's good for the lips is surely good for the stomach."

"It will kill me," groaned Isaac.

"It will make you better," returned Mrs. Haylock.

Isaac took the spoon from her hand and threw the contents into the cuspidore near by, and then threw the spoon over on the table. This only made Mrs. Haylock the more determined that he should take the medicine, for she remembered that her children when sick often had done the like. So the silver spoon was filled again and brought back to Isaac. "Up with it now, Isaac," said Mrs. Haylock.

Isaac drank it off, and after his face had drawn and puckered into hideous contortions, he cried: "Well, if it kills me you're to blame."

The secret out, Mrs. Haylock next compelled Annie to take a dose of the "Panacea." Annie had not been in her usual health of late, but her cheerfulness astonished Mrs. Haylock, who comforted her daughter with the assurance that her lack of appetite for breakfast, frequent forenoon sickness, together with dusky patches on her face, were sure indications of dropsy.

But Annie never appeared alarmed. She made no objections to the "Panacea," but said she would "take it in water," and managed to dilute it so far as to obtain only the minimum of unpleasantness from the sip she took.

But Isaac Haylock became very sick, and began to vomit. "I told you it would kill me," he groaned, "and I feel as if I'd be glad to die."

Mrs. Haylock became very excited and alarmed, and Dr. Caine was sent for in good earnest. He came and proceeded to diagnose Isaac's case. Mrs. Haylock attributed his sickness first to a "severe winter cold," making only the barest mention of the "Panacea." Dr. Caine was much given to "speaking out his mind," and he had not much patience with ignorance either in patients or in quacks. Having been called on several occasions to minister to others who had used the "Panacea" at Upper Mills, he knew its record, and now uttered such vigorous things about it, that Mrs. Haylock also became angry, and took occasion to remind the doctor that "a gentleman of learning should use language becoming to a gentleman." She exonerated the "Panacea," asserting that Isaac's sickness would have come anyway. But Dr. Caine did not pursue the pharmaceutical argument.

Even more interesting was that portion of the doctor's visit which pertained to Annie, with whom he had a private audience at Mrs. Haylock's request. When he came forth he was much more amicable, and somewhat inclined to be facetious. Observing this, Mrs. Haylock asked: "Do you think, doctor, that Annie is in any danger?"

"No—oh, no, replied the doctor; "but do not ask

her to drink any more of that villainous stuff you call 'Panacea.' " Then, after a pause, he said, with a smile: "I ought to congratulate you, Mrs. Haylock. Annie is a married woman, and—"

But Mrs. Haylock raised her hands anticipating what he would further say. The blood fled from her face, and she exclaimed, in a husky voice: "Married, doctor! Who to? Who is it? Will my daughter have to go away to Chiny?"

"Oh, have a motherly talk with Annie," said the doctor, "and do not mention what she may reveal to you when you meet the women at the four-to-six at Mrs. Muir's. Of course, you will be there. Remember now." And holding up a warning finger at her he departed.

With trembling steps Mrs. Haylock sought Annie's room. An awful dread was upon her lest Annie had secretly married the preacher, and might after all go as a missionary to a foreign land. True, it might be Andy, for he had not stayed long in the West.

Annie now revealed everything. Her last words were: "And, mother, Andy will be here sometime to-day to take me to his home, where we shall live."

Mrs. Haylock's fears were changed to joy, and she now broke into laughter like another Sarai, laughing for very joy, and unable to restrain herself.

As mother and daughter sat uncovering their hearts to each other, the sound of another voice fell on their ears, which was not the doctor's. "It's Andy's voice, mother," cried Annie in a sudden ecstasy, and went out quickly to greet him. But Mrs. Haylock remained in the room, and laughed again.

XLI.

A FOUR-TO-SIX

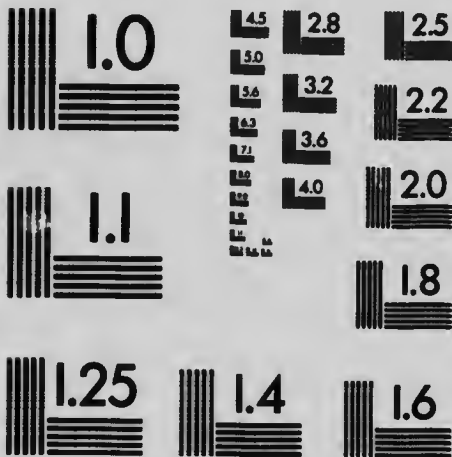
RATHER indistinctly Mrs. Haylock had caught Dr. Caine's admonition about her conduct at the affair that was to be held at Mrs. Muir's. She was almost dazed at the time, and the doctor's words had sounded like "forty-six." She inferred, however, that it was to be a gathering of ladies. When her mind had regained its equilibrium, she concluded that it would be next to impossible for Mrs. Muir to find "forty-six" women near her own age in Lockton Green. Still, if "forty-six" were required, she ought to go to the assistance of her neighbor. But what could Mrs. Muir need so many for?

Three ladies of Lockton Green—Mrs. Muir, Mrs. Smooth and Mrs. Gregory—had resolved that some "forward steps," some "new departure," should be made "for the betterment of society in Lockton Green." Hence they had decided to organize themselves into "A society for mutual improvement in manners, dress, conversation, reading, and such things as pertain to the social life and deportment of well-bred ladies." (These words are taken from a fragment of the "Constitution of the Society," still extant.) But it was the intention of these ladies that the



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"society" should be very exclusive. Elderly ladies beyond the likelihood of much education, were not to be invited to unite. Mrs. Muir would have said: "O all women—not Mrs. Haylock! Laws!" Her surprise may be imagined, therefore, when at their second meeting, in her own home (the first had been held two weeks previously at the home of Mrs. Smooth), Mrs. Haylock was seen coming down the street, and then turning in at Mrs. Muir's gate.

"For goodness' sake, Mrs. Muir!" exclaimed Mrs. Smooth. "If there is not that old talking machine Mrs. Haylock, coming in here."

"Laws! Never!" exclaimed Mrs. Muir. "What will we do? Shall I lock the doors, or send Verna to say I am sick, and Dr. Caine has ordered that no one be allowed to see me?"

"That's it. Do that," said Mrs. Smooth, who, like her husband, never had been over-scrupulous "in a mere matter of words." So Verna was sent to the door.

To Verna Muir's credit, be it recorded that she had too much regard for truth to deceive an old woman. Verna's mind had undergone changes on several matters since Nancy's engagement, and this new social function had not wholly commended itself to her judgment. The April sun had honeycombed the thick snow covering on the roads, and Verna felt a touch of kindly sympathy for Mrs. Haylock when she observed her wet shoes and draggled skirts, together with indications of exertion on the kind face at the door. Mrs. Haylock gave no opportunity for preliminary conversation when Verna opened the door, but stamped

feet, shook her skirts and stepped in, simply bidding Verna a "Good day," and saying that she hoped she was not the last to arrive, and hoped that they had not been kept waiting.

"How are you, Mrs. Haylock? It is very kind of you to walk so far over those slushy roads to call on me," said Mrs. Muir, effusively, but blushing some. As she spoke a few heads in the company went down, and several pairs of eyes sought other eyes, while "winks" (those ladies sometimes indulged in that very masculine practice) were exchanged, also "looks" of horror or amusement, as the scene impressed each one.

"I was told by Dr. Caine that you were to have a gathering of forty-six women here to-day," said Mrs. Haylock, "and I was afraid you could not get that large number, so I thought I would walk down, and that would make one more." Then as her eyes moved about the room she was surprised to see less than a dozen ladies, none of whom were of her own age, except the hostess. "I think it was well that I came, too, for you are rather short in numbers, Mrs. Muir. Now, have you a quilting on hand, or have you carpet rags to sew, or—what did you want us here for?"

It just quivered on Mrs. Muir's tongue to inform her that she was not wanted there. Then she remembered the welcome she had given her and replied: "Oh, just to spend a social time together, Mrs. Haylock, for our own benefit. But you are mistaken. This is a 'four-to-six,' not a 'forty-six.'"

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Haylock. "And what is a 'four-to-six,' Mrs. Muir?"

"Our ladies' meeting begins at four o'clock and lasts till about six, you know," replied Mrs. Muir, much mortified; "and we spend the time in talking or reading, or in whatever may be of interest to us."

"And, then, do you have tea, or are we to go home for tea?" asked Mrs. Haylock. "It will be quite a walk back again without any tea."

"Well, it is understood, of course," said Mrs. Muir, "that all shall return home for tea, but in case any one comes from a distance—why, we will see that tea is served to them."

"Oh, that is very nice, and I think I will stay with you for my tea," said Mrs. Haylock. "And when you all come out to my place I will make tea for all of you; and I will have the brand of tea you like best, you will let me know. I like the 'Young Hyson' tea for myself. I suppose you haven't any of that, have you, Mrs. Muir? But it doesn't matter, although Ben keeps it at the grocery. I don't like this green tea. They say it's just full of copperas, and that's a real poison that spoils the complexion. I like real good cream, too, though I'm not fond of sugar. I never could stand skimmed milk in my tea. Isaac is very fond of good cream, too, and you know we keep a Jersey cow just on purpose to get good cream for our own use."

Mrs. Haylock had caught the ear of the entire company. "four-to-six," and the conversation had suddenly become interesting, especially to Verna and her unmarried associates. There were smiling faces in the company, and as Mrs. Haylock became rested she grew brighter and even more loquacious. She was not done yet with her Jersey cow.

"My, it's such a comfort, too, to have real good cream," she continued. "I wouldn't be without that Jersey cow for three times the price we paid for her, and we paid fifty dollars for her, a calf two months old. The other breeds, such as Ayrshire, Durham, Holstein and the like, are good for dairying, but for nice butter and good cream give me the Jersey. Mrs. Muir, have you noticed anything wrong with your cow's skin this spring?"

"Indeed, Mrs. Haylock, I have not, for I scarcely ever see her, as pa does the milking," said Mrs. Muir.

"Isaac was telling me that he thought our Jersey had cow lice, as she has not been doing so well lately," said Mrs. Haylock. "The lice are an awful pest on either man or beast, and I have been telling Isaac that he must take care not to bring them into the house on his clothes, for of all things I dread lice. And they say there's not much difference in the kinds of lice either, and the large gray-backs that shanty men sometimes have and the gipsies are much the same as the small vermin in the children's heads, you know. My, Mrs. Muir! Do you remember the time of it we had when the lice got into the school?"

Mrs. Muir remarked that she did not remember *much* about it, as it was so long since.

"Oh, it was only about ten years ago," said Mrs. Haylock. "I can remember well the time I had with our children's heads. There was a kind of beggar family came to live in one of the old houses on the sand. Two of their children came to school, and they were *fairly crawling* with lice, but no one knew it till they had polluted the whole school. When I looked at Ben's head and Annie's they were—oh! such a

sight! I scrubbed them with soap and soft water, and used so much 'blue ointment' on them that I nearly took the hair off. But what could I do? Why, the lice were as large as grains of wheat nearly. Don't you mind it, Mrs. Muir? Why, your girls were good lumps then, and I remember Ben told me they had the lice as well as himself. Yes, of course, you remember well enough."

"And how were they got rid of at last?" asked Mrs. Gregory, quite interested in methods of sanitation which might come useful in the hotel.

"Oh, the teacher made the lousy scholars all stay at home till they had banished the lice. He put the vagabond family's children out altogether. I suppose others got rid of them much the same as I did. I think Mrs. Muir had to cut off her girls' hair, had you not?"

Mrs. Muir could not remember.

"The teacher got lots of blame," went on Mrs. Haylock, "but what could the man do? I never blamed him, because if you have a lot of lousy children together they will keep getting worse and worse, and the only way you can clean them is to get them separated, and keep them apart."

The clock was heard striking five.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Haylock, as she heard the clock, "the time passes quickly. It does not seem many years since the lice were in the school, but it is ten anyway. Your two oldest girls are wearing up Mrs. Muir. They must be about twenty-six or seven, I should think. The marrying in your family will begin at the wrong side for Muriel and Vern."

But they will likely get men yet. Keep up your hopes, girls," addressing them.

Mrs. Smooth and Mrs. Gregory both said there was every probability that they would yet have several offers of marriage. In spite of the "constitution," Mrs. Haylock was unconsciously leading their minds along familiar paths. And she knew also that she possessed a greater secret than any woman there, one of which in her heart she was proud. It was bound to come out in spite of Dr. Caine's warnings, and if it did—then good-bye to the "constitution."

"Your girls will maybe slip off and get married some day, and never let you know a word about it, Mrs. Muir," she observed meditatively.

"Oh, no, they would not do that," said Mrs. Muir, highly. "My daughters understand what is becoming to their position better than to go away from home to be married. That is the resort of young women who either do not know how to keep their place, or cannot get peace to be married at home. Someone that has no business to interfere wants to choose for them."

"Oh, but some girls like to have their marriage done very quietly, and they slip away to the preacher and are married before you know it," said Mrs. Haylock.

"It is not a commendable thing to do," said Mrs. Muir, feeling that she was on a line of instructive argument that lay within the "constitution." "I have always been afraid of something in the background that such young people did not care to disclose, and I have never seen it give satisfaction to parents yet."

"But supposing that young girls should slip away and secretly marry just the very ones that their

mothers wanted them to have. What then?" said Mrs. Haylock.

"Oh, but Mrs. Haylock, you hypothesize an impossible case, because—"

"I don't understand that big word, Mrs. Muir," said Mrs. Haylock.

"Well, I simply mean," said Mrs. Muir, "that you have promulgated an absurd supposition in—"

"Nor those big words either, Mrs. Muir," interrupted Mrs. Haylock.

Mrs. Muir was gratified that she had an opportunity of showing the company how to converse according to the "constitution," and she replied: "Well, Mrs. Haylock, my educational training makes it natural for me to use some words of classic origin, but to be as simple as I can, I mean that you have constructed an utterly inconceivable, inimitable and incomprehensible case of domestic infelicity and inharmoniousness between the thoughts and actions of persons sustaining the relationship of parent and child. Do you see?"

"No, dear, I don't, indeed," said Mrs. Haylock, completely overcome by Mrs. Muir's flow of unknown derivatives, and fearing also that she might not be in due order to reveal her secret. She now came to the secret with a rush of plain Anglo-Saxon:

"But we will let that go, Mrs. Muir. I spoke that way, because it was what my own Annie has said. She married Andy Begley, and we never knew anything about it till a few days ago, when she told me of it."

As the clock tolled the half-hour great was the sternation and surprise expressed at Mrs. Haylock.

revelations, and that lady's inward satisfaction was proportionate. The "constitution" was flung to the winds. Even Mrs. Muir forgot it completely, and almost went on her knees to apologize for the statements she had made regarding secret marriages. She was sure Annie's was "all right."

"Of course, it was all right," said Mrs. Haylock, "and I was to blame for bothering Annie. And don't we all know, Mrs. Muir, that if Muriel and Verna went away secretly and married well, you would be real glad to see them married? Don't we know you would?"

The ladies who had met to sit in straight jackets and catechize one another on rules of etiquette forgot themselves, or rather they came to themselves, and now all demanded that Mrs. Haylock tell them the whole story, which she was more than flattered to do. Nor did she omit the story of the "Panacea," and Dr. Caine's call, and then she revealed the more precious secret, smiling and wiping away tears of joy as she talked. Real womanhood in the "four-to-six" was both weeping and laughing when the clock tolled the signal for adjournment.

Most of the ladies went home carrying a great store of news in their heads, but also carrying away a far higher opinion of Mrs. Haylock than they had ever before entertained. Mrs. Haylock remained, however, to drink three cups of "Young Hyson," in company with Ben, whom the young ladies had compelled to come in.

That was the last "four-to-six" ever held in Lockton Green, for Mrs. Haylock's simplicity had fairly destroyed the "constitution" by teaching the ladies the beauty of being natural.

XLII.

ROMANCES, NEW AND OLD

GEORGE MUNEYMAKER had finally and definitely decided upon marriage with Nancy Muir. Under Nancy's guidance he had secured a lease of Cafferty's farm, for Nancy was firmly resolved not to be a subordinate to John Muneymaker.

George fulfilled every part of a dutiful husband. Nancy accepted all his attentions without the least reprimand when he failed to do certain things "like another man." But some things which George did in his own way were very humiliating to Mrs. Muir. She even imagined that she had discovered a new meaning in the apostolic injunction "Mortify your members which are upon the earth." For instance, when George conducted Nancy to church on Sunday evening, he always held her very tightly in his arm as they walked along the aisle, and sometimes he had stepped into the pew before Nancy was permitted to enter. Meanwhile, Mrs. Muir sat in the pew "in a sweat," irrespective of the temperature.

Then, the way in which George's calfskin shoes awakened the echoes, jirg—jirg; jirg—jirg, as he walked along the aisle was "simply awful." On one occasion Mrs. Muir suggested to George that he should wear the boots about the farm on a wet day "to let the squeak out of them."

"Why, I like the squeak," replied George, "because then people know that you've on a fine pair of boots; and it ain't every fellow can sport a pair of such boots as these. Besides, if I wore them on the farm in the wet it would take all the first shine off them; and you can never get a shine on boots just like the first shine, somehow."

Thus the question of George's boots was disposed of, but not the anguish of Mrs. Muir.

The last great humiliation came upon Mrs. Muir and her two daughters likewise, on the day of Nancy's marriage. When the ceremony was over and Greenway was offering congratulations, and wishing the newly-wedded couple "very much joy," George, with an inclination of the head, replied: "Same to you, sir; same to you." And the same response was offered by the happy groom to all ages and sexes, married or single, who extended congratulations.

It required all of Nancy's tact to get George quietly into the splendid carriage, which Mr. Muir had provided to convey the couple to Harbor Sands. George thought his own horse and buggy "good enough for the trip," and grumbled in a low voice about "the expense of such a fine rig."

"Oh, pa pays for it, George," whispered Nancy; and with this assurance that his financial resources would not be drawn upon for such "unnecessary outlay," George was reconciled.

Greenway closed the carriage door on the couple, saying, "Much joy and a happy honeymoon."

Again George bowed and replied: "Same to you, sir; same to you."

.

It was after ten o'clock, and Greenway was resting in his study for a few moments before retiring. In his unoccupied moments he never found himself now without some worthy subject for meditation. To-night, Nolan occupied his thoughts. He had spent the evening with Greenway.

Nolan had been deeply humiliated by his fall, and was contemplating retirement from his profession again. He had gone over the circumstances of his fall, Greenway, making no excuse for himself, and Greenway had reassured him of his confidence. (For the time being, Horace Starr was avoiding Nolan.)

Many an evening not recorded here Greenway and Nolan had spent together in the parsonage, and they had held animated discussion. This night was destined to be their last. A prescience had possessed them that made the conversation more than ordinarily interesting. A by-election was approaching, and Duffield was aspiring to a seat in the Legislature, with "a fighting chance" of winning it. While discussing the prospects, Nolan's scorn and sarcasm had flamed forth with his accustomed fierceness.

So it happened that as Greenway lay on the sofa that evening reviewing the conversation, smiles played about his countenance, and once he laughed aloud. Then soberly he asked himself of Nolan's future. What would it be? Mazzini might have envied his power of invective. How would this inconstant, vacillating life ultimately drift?

The hand of destiny was at the door. It was a small, beautiful hand that grasped and rang the doorbell. On opening the door, Greenway was astonished to find Lucelle Lester.

"You will be surprised to see me at such an hour, Mr. Greenway," said Lucelle. "I slipped away from father, and I chose to come after night, because I wished to escape observation. Are we alone?"

"No, not alone," replied Greenway. "Dusky is in the house, but he and I are a secret society, and all the requirements of privacy are met."

"Very well, then," said Lucelle. "I have had something on my mind for months that I thought I ought to speak to you about. But I have hesitated, for—I was afraid I might be misunderstood. But now I feel that I must reveal it to you."

She stopped, almost overcome with emotion, and Greenway, thinking that he divined her thoughts, said: "I imagine I know what you mean. Nolan has been in with me all evening. He is deeply penitent. I hope his fall may not cause a final separation between you."

Lucelle looked at him a moment, then said firmly: "It has caused a final separation. I could never marry a man who has such an appetite for liquor as I am now convinced Nolan Cafferty has. If he cannot control it *now*, how could I depend on him to control it *then*? Evidently he has not told you. Nor would I have told you if you had not broached the matter."

"Well, now, what was the purpose of your call, Miss Lester?" asked Greenway. "I shall put no wrong construction on what you may reveal."

Lucelle struggled hard, and then a deep sob broke from her. For a time she sat with her handkerchief to her eyes, while Greenway regarded her in profound astonishment, wondering what secret lay in the background. At length she said:

"It is because of a report that Mr. Elliott heard that I am here to-night. It may be true or it may not. That is not the point, but the fact that it has been circulated, and that it proceeds from your enemies. I think you are honest—and good—and—you do not wish to do wrong. I am sure of that. But, Mr. Greenway—Lizzie Reigh is a married woman. She is the lawful wife of Adam Starr. My father married them many years ago, when he was on this charge before, as you know. They were both young. I was a mere child, but I was a witness to it. Father has regretted it ever since. So have I, but we cannot undo the past. They are husband and wife, and I—I—thought I ought to tell you, for your enemies are making capital out of the visits you occasionally make at the lighthouse cottage."

Lucelle could not proceed any farther. Greenway arose pale and trembling from the shock of the revelation. By this, Duffield's taunt in the bar-room was to be interpreted. It had not been Lallie he meant, but Lizzie. Then he sat down, and in a husky voice he said:

"Lucelle, I—I believe you are telling me the truth. Tell me it all from the beginning."

It was a story of youthful love, that of Adam and Lizzie, and of rash, youthful marriage. In an unguarded hour Rev. Thomas Lester had consented to unite them, unable to resist the appeal of love. At the close of a picnic down on the sand among the cedars he and his two daughters, according to previous arrangement, had met them at "Moss House," at the

hour of lighting the lamp in the tower, and he had married them. But a misfortune occurred to mar the bliss of secrecy when Horace Starr also fell in love with Lizzie. It reached John Starr's ears that his sons were rivals for the hand of a young girl whom, socially, he considered far beneath his family. He threatened to disinherit them both, and sent both away for a time. Adam revealed his marriage to his mother, and she told it to Horace, who then gave up Lizzie, or appeared to do so. Mrs. Starr suggested the ruse about the exchange of names. So Adam returned as "Horace," and the mother succeeded in keeping the real Horace at a distance until the time should be opportune for revealing all to John Starr. There was more to be learned, Lucelle stated, but her father would give Mr. Greenway full information on the matter.

Then Lucelle rose to go. At that moment the room door was pushed open and Dusky came in. "Preacher," said he, "what you have been told is true. I was at 'Moss House,' and saw Adam and Lizzie married, but they did not know I was so near." Then Dusky withdrew again.

Greenway insisted on accompanying Lucelle back to Mr. Elliott's.

XLIII.

THE DUEL AT MIDNIGHT

LUCELLE LESTER had not succeeded in entering the parsonage unobserved.

As Nolan returned home he had seen her small figure moving stealthily along the street. Unobserved by Lucelle he had shadowed her until he had seen her admitted at the door from which he had so recently taken his steps. Immediately his imagination had leaped to the most exaggerated conclusions, assisted, doubtless, by the disturbed condition of his own relations with Lucelle, and also by what he now regarded as hypocritical professions of faith and friendship on the part of Greenway.

Still, Nolan could not have given an intelligent reason for the mad step he at once took, in going to the drug store and swallowing down a pint of brandy, and then, as it began to influence his blood, going off in search of the man upon whom he had been that evening pouring out his scorn—Duffield. Next he found Horace (who was sober), and after him Smooth. Adam suspected something was wrong, and finding Ben they followed them to the parsonage.

When Greenway returned about an hour later, he found a group of men in the church grounds in front

of the shed, with Nolan in the centre in a furore of rage, talking wildly, and uttering terrible threats against the preacher. Adam was trying to quiet him, but in vain. At the return of Greenway he became as one possessed, and dashing through the circle rushed at him pouring out profane and obscene accusations. When Nolan once mentioned Lucelle's name the truth flashed upon Greenway, but he felt that this creature who was vilifying him was not Nolan. This was the man of strength and parts changed by drink into a demon of jealousy and madness.

Nolan challenged Greenway to fight, at which the company laughed. But Nolan would have a duel. At the first mention of conflict the tall figure of Dusky was seen coming across the grounds, and at sight of him Duffield and Smooth went away quickly. When Dusky drew near he said:

"Nolan, you are wrong, and you wrong your friend. I was in while you were there, and while the preacher's daughter was there. She has given you up. I know a thing. You are wrong."

But this only increased Nolan's fury. At length Greenway said: "Well, Nolan, if you will not be convinced, I will fight a duel with you, but as I am the challenged party I have the right to choose the weapons for the conflict. Go into the shed."

Taking Dusky with him, Greenway returned to the parsonage. In a few moments he reappeared carrying two well-filled baskets of spy apples, one of which he gave Nolan, saying: "These are the weapons." Dusky soon appeared, also, carrying a couple of lights.

Adam Starr was to give the word to "fire."

Dusky was Greenway's second, and Horace agreed to act as second for Nolan. The principals stood in the shed, one at either end. Greenway selected half a dozen fine solid spies, which he handed to Dusky, bidding him stand near. Soon all was ready.

"Fire!"

Nolan threw wildly and struck the rafters, as the missile from Greenway's terrible arm shaved his head, carrying off his hat, and banging the board back of him with such force as to sliver it. Again Adam's voice was heard:

"Fire!"

Greenway's idea was to play around Nolan's head for a few throws; and this time he barely grazed his cheek. The missile smashed the sliver of the board and passed through it.

"Soul of Saint Patrick!" exclaimed Nolan, as he looked around and saw the broken board. He had barely time to recover himself when Adam again called:

"Fire!"

This time Greenway's projectile found Nolan's stomach with such force that he dropped on his knees, and when a gasp of breath came to him the first thing he did was to vomit. But Adam paid no attention to his distress.

"Fire!" Greenway sent another to the same vulnerable spot, which almost doubled up Nolan. When Adam again called "Fire!" Nolan could not throw, and had to take a merciless blow on the ear that fairly stretched him out. But he did not give in, and struggled to regain his feet.

"Fire!" shouted Adam, and Greenway sent one at Nolan's leg that caught him inside the knee. Nolan went down with a groan, clasping both hands over his knee, but not submitting.

"If you've had enough, Nolan, put up your hand," said Adam.

Nolan sat up and looked beseechingly toward Greenway, but said nothing. Then Adam called again:

"Fire!"

This time the missile caught Nolan in the region of the heart, and he keeled over in a faint. He was not able to sit up for several minutes, so that Adam declared Greenway the victor.

When Nolan could speak, his first question was: "Say, where did you learn to pitch ball?"

"You did not know, Nolan, that I pitched for the second team on the campus?" said Greenway.

"You're right, I didn't!" exclaimed Nolan, slowly rising and making grimaces. "If I had known that I wouldn't have tried this game."

"Come into the parsonage, Nolan," said Greenway; and he led him in, while the others went their way, Ben particularly bending almost double two or three times on the way home in paroxysms of laughter.

Nolan was well sobered by the duel, and Greenway could talk to him.

"This is a strange ending to the pleasant evening we had together, Nolan. You have made a double fool of yourself to-night in drinking again and in accusing me as you have done. I did not know that you and Lucelle Lester had broken until she told me here to-night. Besides, she called on another matter

upon which she thought I should have some information. Nor do I blame her, although, perhaps, her course in so doing was somewhat out of the ordinary. You know the use Duffield will make of this affair. You are certainly wrong, and until you write an apology to Lucelle I cannot associate with you any more, nor may you reckon me among your intimate friends. Lucelle risked much in coming here to-night to befriend me. I have good reason to believe her motive was impartial and absolutely pure. She and you have finally separated. Now, Nolan, I feel under obligation to make Lucelle an offer of marriage, and thus do what I can to shield her from the suspicion that you have scattered broadcast to-night."

"Then you feel it to be a matter of moral obligation rather than because of any personal attraction Lucelle has for you?" said Nolan.

But Greenway refused to be drawn. "Until to-night I have thought of you as Lucelle's lover. In the extended conversation we had to-night you did not undeceive me. Incidentally, however, she did. You remember the promise I made you many months ago, and I have kept it, because I regarded Lucelle as one who had placed her affections, and you had the right of way. Since that contract is dissolved, and her friendly attitude toward me to-night has placed her in a position where slanderous tongues may cast suspicion upon her, I feel myself under moral obligation to shield her."

"Be warned, Mr. Greenway. You will fail. She will simply treat your offer of marriage on such grounds with scorn."

"Then the public whom you have helped to prejudice against her will know that her character is pure, and I shall not have failed," replied Greenway.

"All right, my friend," said Nolan, smiling, and extending his hand. "I shall apologize to Lucelle, as I now also do to you for to-night's misconduct. I shall be pleased to hear how you succeed. Good night."

Nolan walked homeward chuckling and muttering: "Well, he is an honest fellow, but I do declare that is the latest, and better than our duel. The moral sense the basis of a romance! He does not understand much about feminine sentiment. Bones of Saint Patrick! I imagine I see Lucelle when Greenway begins to speak about moral obligation and matrimony in the same connection. He'll get his walking ticket as quickly as I got mine. And for all, I imagine somehow that she thinks a good deal of the same young preacher. I noticed, too, that he evaded my question. However, I am certain he kept the promise he made me, and I have myself to blame. Wonder what she was telling him."

Nolan's prediction proved correct.

Lucelle had made arrangements to go away to qualify for a nurse, but she now cancelled her engagement and determined to remain. Her decision was fortunate, for events were close and thick at hand in which she was needed to play an active part, and before which every seed of slander was swept away, and her character stood forth perfect in its simple goodness "as gold tried in the fire."

XLIV.

DISCOVERY OF THE PANCAKE PREACHER

SPRING is always welcomed by those who dwell on the northern shores of Lake Huron, for in those regions the snow drifts into great banks over the hills and down deep into the valleys, filling the fields and roads in places even above the fences. Along the beach a range of snow mountains is formed, which gradually pushes out over the waters in a series of ramparts resisting the encroachments of the Winter King. At the verge of the ramparts the incessant roar of the elemental battle is heard raging. The level space between these ramparts forms an inviting road-bed, and for months the highways are deserted for the roads on the ice.

When the soft winds and warm showers of April return the rugged shore is changed to a scene of vernal beauty. The music of the waters responds in antiphony to the chorus of the birds of spring that throng the cedar groves. The snow ramparts are rent asunder and bid adieu to the beach. At times the parting is reluctant. As they are borne outward and broken by wind and current, the blue lake is flecked with the fragments of white, silently slipping away toward the mysterious edge of the sky, where, like spectres, they vanish beyond the line of vision and disappear forever.

DISCOVERY OF THE PANCAKE PREACHER 393

The winter months had been rather dreary to Rev. Owen Greenway. The snow lay deep and the cold was intense. Beyond visiting the sick, little pastoral work could be done. But he had been doing much more than even his most intimate friends knew of.

During the opening weeks of spring he became conscious of a silent resistance to his ministry. He believed it was due to the malign influence of Duffield, who had succeeded in imbuing the minds of a certain class with vile reports of Greenway's secret infamies. He labored hard to persuade the people that Greenway's ministry was a failure, and that he should be removed. The entire Infidel Club, of which Duffield had become an active member, were arrayed against him, particularly Roddy Cowan, the president, who was by common consent the strong man of the institution, both physically and intellectually. Roddy now attended church every Sunday, and through the week made Greenway's sermons the subject of ridicule and scathing dissection. But the effect of this was to awaken greater curiosity in the club concerning Greenway's preaching, and soon the entire membership of the club began to attend church regularly. Greenway, too, rose with the spirit of conflict until his sermons became mighty masterpieces of oratory and erudition, so that the members of the club became enamored of the preacher's powerful personality, and even Roddy could not deny it. Soon the church was too small to accommodate the crowds who came to listen to the weekly battle of intellect. But the more spiritual in the congregation were conscious of the

predominance of the spirit of combat over the spirit of peace and good-will.

However, Greenway had his friends, who stood for him like pillars of brass. Among them were Uncle Peter, Billy Shire, John Reigh (the latter had succeeded in bringing out Groppe to the services), Ben Haylock and Nolan Cafferty, whose genius for caricature made matters warm for the Infidel Club in many ways. Haddon Gregory, too, was with the preacher, and Adam Starr's friendship never wavered, although he was fast drifting in dissipation.

Feeling ran higher every week till it was at fever heat. So intense was the strain that it could not continue; for nature draws lines beyond which she will not allow human feelings and passions to go. Something must give way. The atmosphere was surcharged with electricity, and eyes were strained to see the flash of the bolt. It gleamed forth one Sunday evening in an original manner, spreading consternation.

Greenway and Dusky sat at breakfast one morning, and both were silent. The preacher, because he was thinking deeply; Dusky, because he had something on his mind to tell the preacher, and was wondering how best to convey the information. At length the mulatto broke the silence:

"Preacher, I've found out something, and I think you should hear it."

"Well, let me hear it, Dusky," said Greenway, glad of the opportunity of speaking.

"The Infidel Club are going to make a heap of fun of you next Sunday night and give you trouble. They are bringing down a lot of fellows from Pier Bay, and

are going to fill up the church so that the members can't get in, and I wanted to tell you."

"They are? I am glad, Dusky, that you found out this, and let me know. Thank you very much." Then, after a pause: "If they come they shall find me prepared for them, and I'll not be alone, either."

"No, I'll be there," said Dusky, "and I guess you and I can manage quite a few of them." A gleam of strange fire shot from his eyes as he spoke.

"Not that way, Dusky," replied Greenway, smiling. "We'll try another move this time."

That was Friday. After breakfast Greenway drove away in the direction of the Big Cedar Swamp and was absent until evening.

Sunday came. About six o'clock in the evening Lockton Green was startled by the sounds of approaching voices, rich and powerful, united in song. Soon four heavy truck-waggons came down the street, loaded from front to rear with men, who sat on "spring boards," and were singing with lusty voices familiar hymns. They drove to the church, entered by the rear door, and dispersed themselves about the pews in twos and threes. Soon the singing was resumed.

When the front doors of the church were opened the people, who were waiting in a solid mass, poured in, and true to Dusky's warning the Infidel Club and their friends came also. The latter were amazed to see about fifty lumbermen and hobos from the Big Cedar Swamp, dressed in loose coats, gray woolen shirts, coarse, full-clothed pantaloons, that were half hidden in high leather top-boots drawn tight around

with straps below the knees. And they were more astonished at the singing of such hymns by such men for their voices had a wonderful range and sweetness tuned with melodies of the forest. Hymn after hymn was rendered in a manner that would more than have done credit to any rural congregation. By the time that Greenway appeared, looking very pleased, standing room in the church there was none.

The preacher arose and explained to the wondering congregation that "some friends from another part had come over to the service, and as they were excellent singers, he would "just depart a little from the usual order of service to give our visiting friends as much part as possible in the meeting." He would ask them to lead in "Coronation," and the congregation would join.

The "visiting friends" *did lead* in "Coronation," and the congregation *did join*; and such singing of that tune was never heard before in that edifice.

Uncle Peter Smith stood at the front of the audience, and when the singing had reached a climax at the middle of the last stanza,—

"O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall,"—

he looked upward, and stretching out his long arms, he brought his hands together before him with a loud clap, and shouted "Hallelujah!"

A thrill that dispelled every frivolous thought passed through the congregation, and several hardy lumbermen paused in singing to respond a loud "Amen."

DISCOVERY OF THE PANCAKE PREACHER 397

Then Greenway called upon one of the "visiting friends" to lead in prayer. After the prayer he suggested that a season be devoted to personal testimony.

One after another, in rapid succession, indeed, sometimes two at a time, the strangers arose and spoke briefly of their entrance upon the "new life." The meeting was one in which "the law of the Spirit" obtains, and human regulation is set aside. Nor did Greenway try to impose any such.

The last person to give testimony was a delicate-looking little man who seemed to be leader in the singing. His testimony was more of the nature of a narrative.

"I suppose," he began, "a good many o' you people be much surprised at we men comin' in here to-night. We're hobos and lumbermen from the Big Cedar Swamp. Maybe that's not a very good recommend to go to church with, but we be here for all that. We come over to hear your preacher to-night. You people, I guess, didn't know he's been with us a good bit, and we didn't know he were a preacher when he first come to us wi' a gun on his shoulder, or you bet we wouldn't 'a let him in on us. He was too cute fur us. Over there we all call him 'the pancake preacher.' Because why? Why, because he got the name fur himself by makin' the boys in the lumber-camp pancakes to no end a year ago Christmas. Then he got the boys singin', and then he got readin' them short stories from the book; and then he got talkin' to them in a kind o' persuadin', pleadin' way; and so he got in on the camp and the hobos, and got hold on us before we know'd who he were. He only told us

a few days ago that he come from here. I just want to say to you people that we all think everythin' o' 'the pancake preacher,' and he's been the means o' our change o' life. There be a lot o' rough fellers here to-night that's been converted. You've heerd them speak, and you've heerd what they've said. We've heerd that there's some infidel fellers over this way that don't believe in the Bible. Well, I don't know much about their way o' thinkin', but I know be a saved man now, and these here fellers is saved now, too; and it all come about by 'the pancake preacher' readin' the Bible to us. I praise God for the Bible, and fur 'the pancake preacher,' too."

"Hallelujah!" again ejaculated Uncle Peter. as the delicate-looking man resumed his seat.

Greenway perceived that "the psychological moment" had arrived for him to take the meeting in hand, and he began reading Wesley's magnificent translation:

"Shall I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or, undismayed, in deed and word.
Be a true witness for my Lord?"

Then the audience sang with an enthusiasm which the fearless and martyr-like sentiments of the composition stirred in their hearts, as the preacher read stanza by stanza.

The address which followed was entirely impromptu. Greenway spoke from Acts 4. 14: "And beholding the man which was healed standing with them, they could say nothing against it." The application was,

as all perceived, to the Infidel Club, and the members themselves felt it.

"There are some persons present," continued the preacher, "who do not believe this word. But we have presented to you to-night cases of men who have been *more than reformed*. They are *new men*. The lumber camp, where formerly no preacher could go, is a changed place. The godless homes of the hobos have been changed to houses of prayer. You came here to-night to hear and to see, and perhaps to disturb. These men have testified in our hearing that it is the power in the Gospel that has wrought this wonderful change in them, and done this which you hear and see. That power is changing men everywhere in the same way, and through this same agency, the Bible. And that power is divine. It is God's power. You cannot deny it, infidel though you may be, without denying your intelligence and the testimony of your reason. I say you cannot!" cried the preacher, in a sublime ecstasy of triumph.

Billy Shire occupied a pew near the pulpit. He had mentally responded to every sentiment of the discourse, so that Greenway had carried him away he knew not whither, only that the last sentence brought him into the presence of the Infidel Club. He was leaning far forward over the pew in front of him, unconscious of all about him save the preacher and his discourse. When this last sentence was spoken Billy unconsciously raised his hand and struck the pew before him a loud, heavy blow, exclaiming, "You bet they can't!"

Then Billy sprang to his feet, and looking around cried, "Come on, you infidels! Come on!"

No one present could remember just what followed so much, indeed, followed quickly. First, Grey Coltman sprang to his feet and shouted aloud, "Hallelujah! The preacher's got the light!" Then half a dozen men were on their feet, not knowing why, and the congregation were turning and looking about in all directions for some explanation of the excitement and interruption, when a cry came from the rear of the church:

"Oh, pray for a poor lost soul! Pray for Groppe the gipsy! I'm lost! I'm lost! Pray for me! Everybody pray for me!"

Groppe staggered along the aisle and fell prone before the pulpit, crying out in his agony.

Uncle Peter was soon at his side, and Greenway, having closed the Bible, called on him to pray. Uncle Peter commenced, and such a prayer followed! The old man's body swayed to and fro in the intensity of intercession, while his upturned face glowed with a supernal light as he poured out strong pleadings for the "one sinner repenting." A short distance away Grey Coltman was shouting "Amen" and "Hallelujah" with amazing vigor. The climax of Uncle Peter's prayer was reached when he raised his withered hands and long arms upward, and with his head thrown horizontally backward he shouted an intercession for the congregation in general:

"Come down, Lord! Come down upon this people, and come now! Never mind the roof, Lord! Come down! We'll pay for the shingles! Only Thou come

DISCOVERY OF THE PANCAKE PREACHER 401

down upon these hard hearts and enter into them and save them, and stay there. Lord, come down!"

Here Uncle Peter brought both fists down on the seat with a sounding thump, and then began singing in a stentorian voice, "There is a fountain filled with blood," etc.

Lucelle caught the key and led the congregation, who now gave vent to their suppressed excitement in a volume of song that "shook the rafters." In the midst of the singing Roddy Cowan sprang up and made for the door, followed by half a dozen of his associates. He stumbled and fell, got up, then fell again, and finally managed to crawl on hands and knees to the door. When outside he gasped:

"Boys, what's wrong? What's wrong here tonight? It seemed to me I saw blue flames when the old man was praying."

"Oh, the church was too hot for you, Roddy," said one of his companions.

"It wasn't that," replied Roddy. "I'm going home to think it over. There's a mystery here. I never heard such preaching from Greenway. We had better not come here any more, boys, or we'll all be getting converted."

Within the church no one thought of going home. At ten o'clock Greenway first mentioned it. Then Groppe arose and asked permission to speak.

"I have been a wild man," he said, "and a bad man in many ways. But I believe I am now a new man in Christ and forgiven. I'm going to be a better man by His help. Now. I want to tell you something. I have gambled on horse races. I will do it no more.

and I'm going to pay back to Decker the money I robbed him of. He is my dead wife's son, and Lallie was his half-sister. I told her I would meet her yonder (pointing upward), and I will." Here he paused a moment overcome with emotion, and then resumed:

"To get there I must do right. I cannot wrong one of my own family, nor can I see a stranger, a good young woman, suffering. You all know Lizzie Reigh. I testify to you that she was lawfully married to Adam Starr. A child was born to them which I was bribed to carry away. But I cared for the little one, and have her yet, my little Sephie. Now, I will tell you my own name, which is De Groppe Bosman. I am a Jew. Jesus was a Jew. I believe in Jesus the Christ, and I believe I am a saved man to-night. Uncle Peter has helped me. Mr. Greenway has helped me, and has been so kind to us all. He talked to Lallie and she died happy, and I want to tell you all that those reports circulated about Mr. Greenway are false. I can prove what I say, and I am a Christian."

When Groppe ceased many a face was hidden in a handkerchief, and suppressed sobs were heard over the audience. Greenway announced meetings for the week and then dismissed the service.

Many persons thought the revival had surely begun. But together with Groppe's conversion and the shattering of the infidel rock, elements of social news that were revelations had entered; and while the people were discussing these the tide of religious feeling went back somewhat. Greenway preached with his accustomed power, but after a few nights Roddy Cowan

and his company came back and looked on in impudent scorn while the meeting proceeded.

On Friday night of that week Lucelle was called out of the meeting hurriedly. Mr. Lester was sinking fast, and she was with him only a few minutes when his spirit passed. With the funerary proceedings a fresh emotional wave swept upward, checking the spirit of scorn and silent opposition. But it appeared to subside quickly again, and Greenway thought of closing the meetings at the end of the second week.

"I hope not," said Uncle Peter, when Greenway suggested it to him as the best course. "Better hold on a while."

Saturday he visited at Mrs. Elliott's and communicated his thoughts to her.

"Let me send for Agnes Wilson to assist us," said Mrs. Elliott. "I think she is at home and not engaged."

"What more could she do than we are doing?" he asked. "Besides, I am opposed to women preachers and female evangelists."

"I know," replied Mrs. Elliott. "But why should you be? Have you not read that in Christ there is neither Jew nor Greek, neither male nor female—but a new creature. Agnes has the requirement. If you heard her again your prejudices might all vanish. I cannot say what more she may do than you are doing, for I believe you are doing all you can. But I know she is good and that a wonderful power attends her work. I will be glad to assume all the responsibility and send for her if you will consent."

After a good deal of argument the strong woman prevailed. Greenway consented, and a wire despatch found Agnes Wilson free to come for Monday night.

Agnes was not singularly prepossessing. In figure she was ordinarily tall and of slender, wiry build. A mass of plaited heavy brown hair adorned her rather small head. Her face could scarcely be called pretty, but when you looked at it, you felt compelled to gaze for some time, and might wonder why such a face held your attention. Still you might look the face over without finding a perfect feature. It was her eyes held the attention. They were full, light brown and mild, and as she went on in her discourse a bright flame kindled deep within them and burned with an intense glow as her glance moved from face to face in the congregation. A slight droop of the left eyelid lingered as a mark of an epoch of affliction when her spirit went low and her consecration was forever sealed. The spiritual consciousness was keenly awake in Agnes, making the Divine Presence always a reality, and enabling her to interpret the faces before her.

The first face that caught the attention of Agnes was that of Roddy Cowan. Again and again her eyes poured forth their calmly intense fire upon his haughty scornful gaze as she discoursed. An intuition possessed her that he was in trouble. Her subject was Matt. xxvii. 22, Pilate's question. She noticed the promises of Christ's coming given centuries previous. He had come. Then, what others had done with Him. Angels sang. Shepherds sought. Wise men came from afar,

DISCOVERY OF THE PANCAKE PREACHER 405

etc. This is a personal question. It must be settled now. It calls each one to doing, acting. What shall it be, receive or reject? You cannot have Barabbas and Christ. Then, if another be chosen, what about Jesus? Some choice must be made. What shall it be?

Following her discourse Agnes offered a brief prayer, after which she sang in a clear, sweet voice, Lucelle accompanying, "Oh, what are you going to do, brother?" etc.

At the end of the second stanza Roddy Cowan's head had sunk down. Agnes paused to ask all decided ones to rise as she sang the next stanza. Having sung again, she then addressed the people in quiet, pleading tones, first on one side of the church, then on the other:

"Oh, what are you going to do, my friends? Will you not move out with those who now believe and be decided for Jesus to-night? Oh, will you not come, come, come! What are you going to do with Jesus?"

Greenway had stepped down on the floor, and he looked on in wonder at the two lines of people, young and old, moving up to the altar rail and kneeling in a praying circle, with Agnes among them, moving about from one to the other.

Roddy Cowan had gone out and was absent about ten minutes, when he returned with some others of the Infidel Club whom he had found at the hotel. He led them up to the front, and before they all knelt he said aloud:

"I came here to-night just to hear what a simple girl had to prattle about. I have listened to a gospel

of love, and I am convinced that there is such a thing as saving grace and a changed life. I find I am not built of iron or brass, and I feel I am sinful. I bow myself now, not as President of the Infidel Club, but as a seeker after God."

Roddy then knelt down with the others in the praying circle, while Uncle Peter clapped his hands and shouted, "Glory! Glory! Glory be to God!"

It was a lesson for life that Greenway had learned that evening: "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts," and he realized that Agnes had possession of a secret to which he was a comparative stranger.

XLV.

"AN ISRAELITE INDEED"

THE meetings continued. Loads of interested people came from afar, and not a few people from the Big Cedar Swamp, and every night saw more conversions. It was an "old-fashioned revival" that even the busy seed-time made no difference upon.

A possible check to the work began to loom up. Duffield and Gregory had determined to celebrate the twenty-fourth of May in an ostentatious manner, and past experience taught the people that this would mean for Lockton Green a day of drunkenness and debauchery. But the two men put a subscription list in circulation and collected about one hundred dollars for prizes. A purse of fifty dollars was offered for the horse race, and strong pressure was brought to bear upon Groppe to race again with Decker. It was urged that it would be no harm to run for a purse. For a time he resisted, but as they were importunate he at length consented, provided that betting on the races should be forbidden. But at once Groppe dropped out of the services.

As he had done on other occasions, Greenway carried his trouble over to Uncle Peter Smith. He found him going out to begin his last field of seeding, some "late oats," and Greenway walked out with him to the field.

"Have you heard what Duffield and Gregory are planning against us?" asked Greenway. "They are going to have a horse race, and have induced Groppe to run his horse."

"Yes, I heard of their scheme," replied Uncle Peter.

"What are we to do, Uncle Peter?"

"Well, don't worry, Mr. Greenway."

"I can't help it," said Greenway.

"Yes, you can, and He can help you not to worry."

"If I only could pray like you," said Greenway.

"Never mind, pray anyway, and I will pray too and we shall see the result," replied Uncle Peter.

"But Groppe has consented to race."

"He will not race," said Uncle Peter.

"Oh, he will not go back on his promise."

"He will not need to go back on it, for that matter."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Greenway, eagerly.

"I mean," replied Uncle Peter, "that there will not be any race that day."

Greenway halted and looked at his friend.

"Who told you so, Uncle Peter?"

"He has told me so," answered Uncle Peter, as he pointed upward, "and He never tells me what does not come to pass. He told me months ago about this revival, and it came. I have now asked Him if He is going to let a miserable horse race destroy one of His children, who is easily liable to fall before such a temptation, and He has told me He will not."

Greenway grasped the hand of the large man who had the faith of a child, and said, in a husky voice:

"Uncle Peter, I understand you now. I believe

with you, too. Groppe is His child, and He will open a way of escape. We shall honor His word by offering prayer publicly for the race to be prevented."

The field Uncle Peter was about to sow was a beautiful piece of ground, just such a piece as a man like Uncle Peter might be expected to prepare, and he was the sower himself. His massive frame never felt the weight of a bushel of grain which he carried in a bag slung over his right shoulder and under the left arm. The mouth of the bag he held with his left hand, while with the right he scattered handfuls before him, measuring the stroke of his arm to the uniform movement of his feet. No machine could move with greater regularity than the simultaneous motion of Uncle Peter's arm and foot. But before a handful was scattered he raised his straw hat and inclined his head in an invocation:

"Oh, bountiful Giver of all good, let Thy blessing be upon our labors and upon this seed which we now scatter in Thy name. Thou didst give the seed, give also the increase. Cover it with Thy providence and cause it to be fruitful, that he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together in Thy goodness. Though we till and plant, Thou alone givest the increase. Do now with this as Thy providence and wisdom seeth best. Amen."

He replaced his straw hat and was about to begin sowing, but Greenway again grasped his hand, saying:

"Uncle Peter, let me shake your hand again. I am glad I came out here with you this morning. I shall return a better man than when I came, and shall henceforth sow my seed in a different spirit and with more faith."

"Oh, I always do that when I sow the seed," said Uncle Peter. "Then I am never worried about my crops, because they are in His care. It is very simple you know. Why, my dear man, I could not carry the burden of my crops and all my farm work. But I don't have to do it. He carries it all for me, and carries me, too."

There was a bright smile on his face as he thrust his hand into the bag, and stepping on the soft, mellow soil he began scattering handfuls with the measured tread. Greenway watched him half way across the field and then turned homeward with a lighter heart.

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XLVI.

A TWENTY-FOURTH OF MAY

THE meetings continued, and Greenway announced that on the afternoon of the twenty-fourth a special thanksgiving service would be held at two o'clock. But he made no reference to the sports.

Before daylight on the morning of "Queen's Birthday" the country for miles around echoed with reverberations of heavy sounds like thunder. The detonations were obtained by a simple arrangement of two anvils, one being placed on the ground bottom upwards and the mortice filled with blasting powder; the other placed over this, leaving only a narrow space at the edge of the mortice at which the powder was "touched off" with a long iron rod heated red at one end. With a terrific report the upper anvil was lifted several feet upward. Boom after boom awakened the slumbering villagers and reached the ears of the country folk, calling them to Lockton Green to celebrate the Queen's Birthday in a manner becoming to loyal citizens of the Empire.

About nine o'clock the country people, especially the young, began to pour into the village, and soon every shop, even with a couple of extra clerks for the day, was a hive of commercial industry in small sales.

Firecrackers blazed and crackled and toy pistols snapped wherever a group of boys were seen, and such groups were much in evidence. Troops of young men and young ladies in holiday dress were strolling along every street, indulging freely in confectionery and merry conversation, for the day came only once a year, and even the most economical could not but be openhanded on "the twenty-fourth."

Nor were the older and oldest people absent. Fathers and mothers, with young children that required considerable looking after in the surging crowds; old men and women, whose heads were white as snow, and who could remember when Victoria became Queen, and when her children were born, were present to celebrate the day. A Highland piper named Harker, a tall, wiry-framed Scot, supplied music instead of a "band." He entered the village at an early hour in the forenoon, filling the place with the wild, weird strains of Scottish airs, and soon led a procession of small boys slowly down the street to the Lockton House, before which he played magnificently, and then entered to receive congratulations and be "treated." By noon Harker had been "treated" so often that the bagpipes were laid aside like the owner.

The games were to be held on the main street, but the horse race would take place in a large field owned by John Starr, around which a "track" wide enough had been ploughed and rolled level. A magnificent "Union Jack" floated above the hotel, and small flags and bunting were in evidence around the front of every shop and many private houses.

The sports opened about eleven o'clock by a grand

procession of "Kalathumpians," most of whom were on large waggon on which a special platform was built, but some of them were also mounted on horses. They were arrayed in all manner of "false faces," grotesque garments and headgear, with a plentiful elaboration of paint and cosmetics that served to change them to the appearance of Indians, negroes, clowns, or any conceivable personification, human or inhuman. The procession traversed the principal streets followed by the crowd, and passed off well, causing much amusement. Then came jumping, foot races for boys and young men, sack race, fat man's race, old man's race, putting the stone, and a wheelbarrow race, in which each racer was blindfolded and must turn his wheelbarrow around once before starting forward after the word "go." Often this was the race that gave most amusement to the crowd, for the racer would perhaps start off in the opposite direction from the goal, or at an angle to right or left. Amid roars of laughter he would go poking his barrow in among a group of women or girls, or perhaps against a pile of lumber, a heap of stones, or a board fence. It was a beautiful, sunshiny day, and all was going merrily. Duffield and Gregory were delighted. The horse race was called for three o'clock. The report that Uncle Peter, Greenway, and also Agnes, had offered prayer publicly that the horse race might be prevented, caused any amount of amusement among the sporting fraternity at the Lockton House, and jokes were bandied about. Only a storm could prevent it, and such a day, real "Queen's weather." They "couldn't have ordered better weather." The

purse had brought in a number of horses, so that there would be several races of pairs before the "final."

Dill Decker had come, and a sort of reconciliation between him and Gregory had been effected. Decker near the noon hour sprang a surprise on the horsemen present when he offered to bet that there would be no race that day.

"Seeing that bets on the race are shut off," said Decker, "I'll bet a hundred on the old man's prayers."

"What do you mean?" asked one of them.

"I don't just know what I mean," replied Decker, "only that I'll bet Uncle Peter's prayers will win, and there'll be no race to-day."

"Put up your hundred," said the other, and Decker produced the money, with a queer feeling about his own daring irreverence. Others wanted to bet with him also, and he repeated this bet four times.

As Greenway went over to the church he noticed that a dark blue haze had gathered over the lake, and there was a mere veil of a cloud on the horizon. As he was going up the steps his attention was arrested by a distant, dull rumble far over the water, but the sun was shining as the company of worshippers gathered. Agnes came among the others.

About the first person Greenway's eyes met when he entered the church was Groppe, and going over he shook hands with him, exclaiming:

"Why! You are here, Groppe! You see how surprised we are often when our prayers are answered."

Groppe clutched his hand, and his lips quivered. Then he replied:

"Yes, Mr. Greenway; thank the good Lord I'm

here. I couldn't go to the race. Last night it seemed to me that Lallie was calling to me from across the waters, 'Father, don't go. Be good, father. You will soon come to me.' She was with me in my dreams all night, I think. Once I saw her face so plainly that I have not been sure since whether or not she was not beside me. Somehow I feel I will soon be with her again. I am all right again, Mr. Greenway, and oh, I am so glad I am here with you people to-day. Go on with the service, for I am anxious to begin."

Lucelle took the organ and led them in a familiar hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." After it was sung Greenway called on Uncle Peter to pray. As they knelt in prayer very dissimilar sounds from without fell upon their ears. First there was the rush of many horse hoofs, mingled with the derisive yells of the riders as they curvetted past the church in a preliminary spurt, which was intended also as an expression of contempt for the worshippers. The second sound was a deep heavy boom of thunder, louder and nearer than what Greenway had heard. Almost immediately this was followed by a sharp, loud report from the direction of Duffield's pond.

Uncle Peter's prayer was long and powerful. Never before had the people heard him so free and eloquent in a petition. One sentence the people remembered, so simple yet so expressive, "Hurry up the storm, Lord, and stop the race." Then the roar of aerial artillery came more frequently and nearer, nearer, nearer! When the

people arose from kneeling they could scarcely see one another across the church. The dull blue haze had become inky black, and a dark canopy had spread underneath the bending blue, almost blotting out the light of the sun. Far out on the surface of the lake a white line of foam was already discernible, and the white gulls circled aloft, screaming as if terrified at the coming of the storm. Suddenly a white cloud of sand arose down on the beach. The storm had struck the land, and in a few moments the whirling sand cloud had enveloped the village, while leaves, twigs, branches, rain and hail rattled against the church windows. For safety the doors were locked, for some persons caught in the storm were struggling to reach the church, and a door opened might endanger the building. Greenway lighted a few lamps, and Lucell took her place at the organ, which now pealed forth Woodbury's "Nearer Home," and the people sang:

"Come, ye that love the Lord," etc.

The second stanza was also sung:

"The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys," etc.

The storm was now roaring and raging at the height of its fury, and the streets were running like small rivers. It was a cloudburst. The worshippers were just beginning the third stanza of the hymn:

"There we shall see His face,
And never, never sin,
There from —"

There came a blinding flash, and the atmosphere quivered with brilliancy. A terrific crash accompanied the blinding glare, and the worshippers sank into their seats. Lucelle fell from the stool and lay as one dead. The church spire had been struck, but the smoking shingles were quickly quenched in the deluge of rain. The current passed downward into the church, then along the side on which Groppe sat. When Greenway recovered his vision he saw Groppe leaning in his pew over against the wall with closed eyes. In that blinding flash his spirit had gone upward to join Lallie's.

For half an hour the storm raged. Then the batteries of heaven were moved further eastward, muttering low rumbles of anger, and occasionally thrusting spears of fire from the black clouds that environed them. The sun came out again, and a dimpling smile came back to the face of the blue waters of Huron that lingered long enough to dry the clinging tear-drops from the face of frightened nature. Tenderly Greenway bore Lucelle into the parsonage, where she remained in charge of Agnes and Mrs. Elliott. The remains of Groppe were also carried there.

During the forenoon Lawyer Sharppe had mingled with the crowds watching the sports. He went home at the noon hour and did not come back again. Harry Duffield also went home for dinner, but he came back and hovered in the vicinity of Sharppe's office until he saw him and Mrs. Sharppe leave the house and go away in the direction of the pond. Duffield knew they were going to spend the afternoon in the quiet of the "Swan's Nest." Not long afterwards he also had disappeared.

Dusky Broom had declined to take any part in the day's programme, even in his favorite recreation of "putting the stone," because he had learned that Dusky Field was one of the men at the head of the celebration. After dinner he strolled away around the pond and along the Spiller, looking here and there for some of his medicinal herbs and barks. His stroll brought him close to the "Swan's Nest," and as the day was fine and warm, and the waters inviting, Dusky was soon in the pool, luxuriating in a bath. While disporting himself in the water the dip of oars and sound of voices approaching arrested his attention, and he quickly got out on the bank to rehabilitate himself. Soon Lawyer Sharppe and his wife, in their little boat, came through the willows into the pool. The boat came to a rest under the heavy thick foliage of the overhanging elm which had been undermined by the circling waters of the pool in the annual freshets. In a few minutes Lawyer Sharppe had settled into a posture of repose in the boat, facing his wife with eyes closed, and Mrs. Sharppe had taken out her book and began reading aloud to him. How delightfully cool their favorite nook was. And how thick the heavy foliage of the spreading elm bending over them in all the glory of its first fresh tints of green! But how little they suspected that in that heavy tree-top death was suspended above them, in the form of a large tin vessel, painted green, and filled with powder, dynamite, sharp stones, bits of jagged iron—weapons of death!

Cautiously and noiselessly Dusky drew on his articles of clothing, and then lay down to rest in the

shade, an uninvited audience to Mrs. Sharppe. Her voice was melodious and clear, and Dusky was enjoying the old story of "Miles Standish," when lo! the small undergrowth at the farther side of the pool near the root of the elm is parted, and Dusky can see through the green bushes all about him the hated form of Harry Duffield crawling toward the root of the elm, around which he moves and disappears for a few moments.

A red fire begins to blaze in Dusky's dark eyes. Here is the opportunity he has been waiting for through years! Instinctively his hand goes toward his bosom. The old bayonet is there. But is it the time? he asks himself again. Lawyer Sharppe will surely hear the struggle. The village is full of people, and who may tell what will happen?

As he debates in his mind, which was not a quickly moving apparatus, Duffield reappears, crawling away from the root of the elm. There is a boom of thunder out over the lake! Dusky turns his face to look at the sky, that is now quickly growing dark, and at that moment Lawyer Sharppe also rises up, saying to his wife that he imagines rain is approaching. Dusky draws back among the wild growth of green leaves, and when he looks again Duffield has disappeared. But there is an odor of burning sulphur now in the atmosphere, and another peculiar odor. Dusky does not know what it may be.

"What is that peculiar odor I get?" asked Lawyer Sharppe. Mrs. Sharppe paused, and closing the book, replied, "I do not know."

Prompted by an intuition of danger, Lawyer

Sharppe caught up the oars and sent the boat swift through the opening into the pond, and rowed quick away, barely escaping. A heavy rumble of thunder took Dusky's attention as they began to move, and he did not observe their departure. He lay looking at the broad, spreading top of the elm. Suddenly, as if all the lightnings of heaven had concentrated over the "Swan's Nest," he saw a flame shoot downward upward, all around him. Something struck him violently in the face, and he could remember no more.

Harry Duffield's murderous plot against his white antagonist had failed, so far as Sharppe was concerned. But the mulatto was wounded. He knew whose hand had caused it, and all the innate savagery of his Ethiopian blood was roused for vengeance.

When Dusky came to himself the sun was set. His clothing was soaked through with the rain, and the foliage was yet dropping silent tears of sympathy. Looking again into the "Swan's Nest" he saw it was now filled with murky water. Green leaves and small fragments of branches were floating on its surface, but the boat and its occupants were gone, and Dusky concluded that their bodies lay down beneath. Notwithstanding his wound and his weakly feelings, the mulatto waded into the pool and made a long search for bodies, but found none. He also examined the trunk of the elm, and his suspicions were perfectly confirmed. Meanwhile the wound on his face was paining him sorely, and the wild throbbing of his brain had returned.

When night had fallen Dusky toiled wearily home to the parsonage, awful pains tormenting his wounded

head. Greenway was not at home, having first driven Agnes, Lucelle, and Mrs. Elliott home, and then having returned and removed the body of Groppe to the lighthouse cottage, where he remained with John Reigh. Lizzie went into the tower for the night, and Alex went in quest of an undertaker.

Dusky bathed his wounds, then changed his clothing and took some supper. The food revived his spirit. Then he carefully set the house in order, after which he buckled on him the old sword which had once been the pride of Captain John Reigh, and going out of the parsonage for the last time, he strode away in the darkness, his hand resting on the hilt of the sword.

XLVII.

A WILD NIGHT ON THE SPILLER

A WILD night on the Spiller followed the day of loyal celebration. The storm did not return, but as it had been even more terrific to eastward, the rush of water down the ravine had swollen the Spiller to a river indeed. A report came from Upper Mills that the dam was in danger of breaking, which meant serious danger to Harry Duffield's dam and mill property.

In the village there was a carnival of drunkenness and frequent fights occurred among the intoxicated crowd. At the Lockton House Dill Decker was recklessly throwing about him his ill-gotten winnings from the bets, and was paying for drinks for all who wished to come. To further amuse and amaze the crowd, he sat upon the bar and tore up a bundle of five-dollar notes with his teeth, and scattered the bits among them. Among those who accepted his wildest convivial hospitality were Horace Starr and Nolan Cafferty. Both became very much intoxicated.

Adam Starr had gone to the beach, and was in the tower with Lizzie. Dill Decker had learned of Adam's secret marriage. He still bore Adam a grudge for the

drubbing he had received at his hands. He took occasion to stir up the slumbering passion in the breast of Horace Starr by suggesting that it would be a fitting close to the day's celebration "to be a boy once more and visit the lighthouse to pay his respects to Lizzie as he once was accustomed to do."

Soon Horace, accompanied by Nolan, was stumbling along Terrace Road, making his way to the beach.

John Starr had not taken well the news about Adam's secret marriage. But he had now other serious matters to think about, and maintained an obdurate silence. It was not news to John Reigh, and he no longer made any objection to Lizzie's alliance with Adam.

Adam and Lizzie were having a heart-to-heart talk alone in the tower.

"Lizzie, I am at last resolved on what I shall do. We will go away from this place, and I shall be able to give up drink when I have you always near me. I have prayed, and God has forgiven me. And you will forgive me, Lizzie, will you not, and come away with me?"

Lizzie sat down beside him, and drawing his face to hers, kissed him tenderly and tearfully.

"Yes, I will go away with you, Adam. I think I ought to do so now. I have waited a long time for my wifehood to be recognized, but I am glad we have been near each other. I love you still, Adam, just as I did when I was a girl, and we shall still be happy. Yes, we shall go away together and be happy in another home."

Soul was opened to soul while they sat and talked together as lovers talk of the brighter future they would have in another home. They did not know how near they were to it, and there was no angel or God to whisper it to them.

As Horace and Nolan drew near the light-tower they caught sight of Adam and Lizzie sitting together near the window. A few moments later Adam heard slow, laboring steps coming up the tower stairs, and he mentioned his suspicions to Lizzie.

"Step out on the platform, Adam, and when they find me alone they will likely go away."

Soon Horace stumbled in at the door, followed by Nolan.

"Hello, Lizzie!" cried Horace. "Pretty as ever. I thought I would like to pay you a visit to-night as I used to do until you gave me up. Oh, but where's your lover? Where's Adam? We saw him through the window. Gone out on the platform, eh?"

Lizzie tried persuasion. "Horace, if you had come in a decent condition I would have welcomed you. But, remember, you are violating the law in coming up here in such a manner. Now please Horace, go down again and go away. I do not want to be placed under the necessity of calling father. I am afraid he would be so enraged at you two that he would throw you both from the tower. And you Nolan! Why, I am ashamed of your condition."

Unintentionally Lizzie had given a suggestion of mischief to the unbalanced Horace. Turning to Nolan he said:

"Suppose we fling Adam overboard and see if he

will float down like a feather. Come. He is outside here on the platform."

"Horace! Horace!" cried Lizzie, springing forward and seizing his arm. But he pushed her from him and stumbled out the door. Nolan followed, though he scarcely realized what it all meant until he stepped outside and found himself on a narrow platform in mid-air, and saw the lake glimmering far beneath. He stepped inside again and began the perilous descent of the tower stairs in the darkness.

As the two had gone out the door Lizzie had called to Adam to come in. Already he was clambering along the narrow ledge of platform. Horace stumbled, and was going over the edge when Adam sprang to catch him, and succeeded, but in the darkness lost his balance. Lizzie heard a crash as if part of the structure were giving way. A piercing shriek arose on the night air as the brothers shot downward. There was a dull heavy thud below, and then—silence.

Trembling and nervous, Lizzie caught up a lamp and began the descent. But at every step she felt her strength leaving her. At the foot of the third section she swooned. The lamp fell from her hand and at the bottom of the tower exploded, setting fire to the petroleum barrels stored there. Lizzie fell forward and slipped down the next section and part of the next lower, when she went under the hand-rail and from thence fell to the base.

John Reigh and Greenway had heard in the cottage unusual sounds coming from the direction of the tower, and had stepped out quickly. They heard a shriek, and ran to the base of the tower. As Greenway

opened the door a lamp crashed down inside, and by the light he recognized Nolan, who had been groping about in the darkness. In a moment Lizzie plunged down amidst the flames, and immediately her clothing was on fire. At great risk from the burning barrels, Greenway sprang across the space, caught up Lizzie and carried her to the door, through which he now pushed Nolan. Lizzie's clothing was soon extinguished, after which the father carried her into the cottage.

Turning to Nolan, Greenway asked:

"What part have you had in this terrible affair, Nolan, and how did it all come about?"

For reply Nolan pointed to the base of the tower, then turned and disappeared in the darkness.

Lying side by side Greenway found the brothers, and catching up one in each hand he dragged them over to the cottage. And none too soon. There was a dull boom within the base of the tower as the petroleum exploded, but the splendid masonry largely resisted the shock, thus forcing it upward. The wooden storey at the top was blown into fragments and fell around the base, and the light went out for the last time. Then a pillar of fire shot upwards—into the very clouds it seemed to reach. In half an hour the tower was a smoking ruin.

Horace Starr was dead. Adam was terribly injured. In the hope of saving his life Greenway drove with all haste for Dr. Caine, but before they returned Adam's spirit had passed away. When Greenway entered the cottage and learned that he was dead, he cried aloud in his grief.

Lizzie's injuries did not prove fatal. For days she remained in a semi-conscious condition. Lucelle came to minister to her until a professional nurse could be obtained.

With the arrival of the nurse came also Henri Lacquerre, who had spent more than a year in Quebec. He returned well, and the lighthouse cottage became a little hospital.

XLVIII.

DUSKY APPEALS TO THE SWORD

EARLY on the morning following the tragedy at the lighthouse, a tragedy, pathetic though terrible, which Greenway did not witness, took place on Duffield's dam, under the eyes of many residents.

Through the night the river rose higher than it had done in any freshet for years. Harry Duffield spent a wakeful night on the dam and about his piles of lumber, some of which were already in part submerged. It required only a little more to float them. The gates of the dam were lifted to full height, and deep currents shot through them with lightning speed. Throughout the night Harry Duffield walked to and fro restlessly on the platform over the gates. Frequently he paused to look down at certain dark objects that were being swept through the gates in the swift currents beneath his feet.

About sunrise a large company of people were assembled on the bridge immediately in front of the dam watching the sweeping current below, for in the freshet season a mill dam has a fascination peculiar to itself. Above the sound of the rushing waters beneath suddenly they heard a deep roar like thunder rolling down the ravine. At the same moment a horseman dashed wildly down the hill toward them, shouting: "The Upper Mills dam is broken! Run!"

Everyone darted off the bridge for safety, and going back from the river awaited the oncoming flood. Harry Duffield alone remained on the platform of the dam over the open gates, and with a long, slender pikepole in his hands he was guiding large pieces of float-wood through. He worked nervously, and his face bore a wild, haggard expression.

"Wha Hooh! I know a thing. I am the sword of the Lord to smite the wicked."

Thus Dusky Broom suddenly announced himself, emerging from the bushes at the farther end of the platform. He was flourishing a long sword, and he approached Duffield with a taunting air.

"Good morning, my brother!" he cried to Duffield. "We are brothers, you know, sons of the same mother, but not of the same father. I am the grandson of Nigger Broom and so are you. I am a bastard and so are you, for Oliver Duffield never married your mother and mine. But you are ashamed of your birth and try to hide it. I am not ashamed. Come and kiss my blade, I dare you! You villain! You murderer! You and your father buried Nigger Broom alive in the sand, in the hope of getting his gold when we were both weak with fever, and only Lizzie and her father ever came to help us. You thought you buried the gold with the old man. Ha, ha! An honest man found it, and I am leaving it all to John Reigh, so that he can get back his father's property. You tried to kill Lawyer Sharpe and his wife yesterday. I saw you do it, you murderer! If he and his wife are dead, it was you who killed them. I saw it all. Do you see this mark on my face?" and he pointed to his wound yet fresh.

Dusky's brain was throbbing wildly. "Come and fight me, you coward!" he cried again, moving toward his enemy, whose countenance had taken a yellowish green hue as he stood staring at Dusky's bruised wrathful countenance.

But the excitement of the moment became too much for Dusky. The thrilling prospect of immediate vengeance on this man carried him too far, and induced a return of epilepsy. He fell to the platform, stiffened in every extremity. Then, as the spasm passed, his arms and limbs began to twitch and jerk convulsively. The irregular motions brought him to the edge of the platform. Harry Duffield stared on as he saw him topple from the platform into the swirling waters below; and his eyes followed downward to the vortex in which Dusky had been swallowed. Regardless of the shouts of the people warning him of approaching danger, his eyes were fixed on the waters beneath him.

The hoarse roar of the waters in the ravine came closer each moment. Then the bursting flood came into view like a tidal wave, and swept across the pond. The shock of a lumber pile which was picked up and dashed against the dam, first aroused Duffield from his staring stupor, and he turned to fly. There was a hoarse rumble of yielding timbers beneath his feet. The dam yawned wide, and Harry Duffield slipped backward into the irresistible flood that belched through the breach, sweeping everything downward in common ruin.

XLIX.

"FREE! FREE!"

THE news of the tragedies went swiftly through the village and surrounding country during the day. That night the Lockton House was closed for the last time as a drinking place. Haddon Gregory, almost beside himself with remorse, and both mental and spiritual distress, was in the revival service, where a crowded and hushed congregation listened to Agnes Wilson discourse from the words, "For when thy judgments are in the earth the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness." That night Haddon Gregory renounced his evil ways forever, and before leaving the church he said to the congregation, "I am a new man to-night. I am done with the old life forever. I request those of you who go past my house to stop on your way home and witness a bonfire of the devil's goods." He went home, and going into the room where little Alonzo lay, he caught up the lad in his arms, crying, "Now, Alonzo, you have your wish. Papa is good now, and God helping me, I'm going to be good." Then he raised the shade of the window that the boy might look at the bonfire.

Going to the cellar Gregory rolled out the beer kegs and whiskey barrels on the street, and with all the fittings of the bar-room they were thrown together in a

pile. Then he took an axe and battered in the end of the whiskey barrels and splashed the contents over the pile of stuff.

Agnes was standing with Lucelle on the outskirts of the immense crowd that had gathered, and as the blue-red flame leaped upward, destroying the last of Gregory's stock of liquors, her voice was raised in singing the doxology, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," etc. No one appeared to think it was out of place under the circumstances, for the crowd caught up the tune before the first line was sung, and sang it with a mighty voice.

"Sing it again! Hallelujah!" cried out the stentorian tones of Uncle Peter, who had come, too. And the crowd sang again the praises of Deity in the glare of the blue-red light. It was a rare sight, and one never to be forgotten.

When the flames began to burn low, Gregory seized the axe again and hewed down the sign, and having stripped the "license" plate from over the door, consigned these also to the flames.

When all was over, and he was left alone with his family, he said to Mrs. Gregory:

"Now, dear, I am free from the accursed business. Oh, it is so good to be free from it! Free! Free! Thank Heaven, I'm free at last! Now, will you join with me in trying to live better, and we shall endeavor to undo some of the evil our business has done?"

"I will, Haddon," said Mrs. Gregory, weeping. "For months I have been in misery, and if there is a better life I shall try to find it. How I wish Mildred were here. She could help us so much now. How delighted Carrie and Alonzo are. The poor little things

cried for joy over what you told them, and Alonzo sang himself to sleep. Poor child, he is so happy."

Husband and wife then bowed in worship, and Gregory tried to pray, but only tears and sobs came. It was the beginning of better things, however, for this poor man's tears were gathered by the angels into "God's bottle," and poured as a libation upon the altar of that sanctuary where there is joy in every spirit "over one sinner that repenteth."

After silence had fallen upon the streets of Lockton Green, when Gregory was about to retire, there was a timid rap at the door beneath. Going down, Gregory found Ben Haylock. Ben was smiling, but his smile had a deeper significance than usual.

"Well, Mr. Gregory, I have fulfilled my promise," said Ben.

"What promise, Ben? I don't remember," replied Gregory.

"I promised you that if ever I found 'the pancake preacher,' I would put him on your track, and I have done so."

Gregory's hand went out, and Ben's met it in a warm grasp as he said:

"I'm glad you've started, Haddon."

"God bless you, Ben. You were always a good, honest fellow. Yes, we've found 'the pancake preacher,' and by his agency God has found me. Of course, you knew all along who he was."

"I don't half know him yet," said Ben. "Greenway's heart is too big and generous for any man to know it all. But I know he's the one man in a thousand that could work his way in and become 'the pancake preacher.'"

L.

GIRL CONFIDANTES

FROM the first meeting of Agnes and Lucelle they had knit together in a close and beautiful friendship.

They sat together, one evening after the meeting had closed, and reviewed the events of the few weeks in which they had labored together.

"I am very sorry for Mrs. Cafferty and Bessie," said Agnes. "Two years will be a long time for Nolan to spend in prison."

"It will be," replied Lucelle, "but many thought he would have been given five for so serious an offence. His frank acknowledgment of it all saved him from a longer term."

A pause, and Lucelle continued: "I never told you, Agnes, that Nolan and I were engaged for some time, but I gave him up when I saw him taking to drink as he did."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Agnes. "I think, dear, you were quite justified in giving him up on that ground. Would that all girls were to hold their womanhood as highly. I sincerely hope, Lucelle, that a more desirable suitor may arrive to take up the vacant place, and find a heaven on earth in your wealth of affection."

Lucelle was smiling through tears as she replied:

"You think too highly of me, Agnes. But I ma

tell you that he has arrived. The curious feature in the affair, and the one most difficult for me, is that I felt compelled to decline his proposal of marriage. But I love him, and only him. I am sure, Agnes, that I never loved Nolan. He was clever, and I admired him very much until he fell into hopeless dissipation, but I am sure now that I did not love him."

"You must explain, dear, or how shall I sympathize with you?"

Lucelle proceeded to explain, and when she had done so, Agnes said:

"Lucelle, I feel that your course was right and honorable, and I believe it will all come right yet. Mr. Greenway is too honorable and too large of soul not to appreciate the delicacy of your feelings. Do not fret, dear. I have a conviction that it will all come right yet. If it is not your lot to grace a parsonage, your call will come to you from some other place. Leave it with Him, and when His call comes you will know it. But, Lucelle, I have a sadder secret to commit to you. I was engaged to Horace Starr, and I broke off the engagement for the very same reason. We met in the West, where I spent two summers. When I first knew him he was pure and handsome, almost a perfect man. And oh! what a death for both him and Adam! I did not seek out Horace here. It would have been useless to talk with him. He was beyond persuasion. I have been informed here that John Starr gave his signature to the petition that secured the license to Mr. Gregory. Imagine his thoughts now!"

"I am sorry for your sorrow, Agnes, for my own

seems light in comparison. But you will marry y Agnes."

"No, dear, I shall never marry," replied Agnes. "There is a place in the church for virgins, and the field is enlarging. Some unmarried are needed for Christian work, and I have devoted myself to a life of celibacy for this reason."

"They will point at you as a 'spinster lady,'" said Lucelle, laughing.

"Very well," replied Agnes, "let people do so. And who is so beautiful as a sweet old maid? I have loved once. My lover is dead, and I could never love again in just the same way. I am glad, too, that I loved once. It brought me into a world unsuspected until I loved Horace Starr. Disappointment and sorrow have taught me much that I would never have known otherwise. My world is wider now, and my sympathies are deeper and more practical. I see men and women differently now. In all their sorrows I can be a partner with them as I could not before. All my love and all my labors now shall be given to Him who first loved me, and I am sweetly content."

In reply Lucelle recited a stanza:

"This thing on which thy heart was set, this thing that can never
be,
This weary, disappointing day that dawns, my friend, for thee—
Be comforted; God knoweth best, the God whose name is Love,
Whose tender care is evermore our passing lives above,
He sends the disappointment. Well, then, take it from His hand.
Shall God's appointment seem less good than what thyself has planned?"

"Your quotation, Lucelle, is very appropriate," said Agnes with some emotion. "I am sure His plan is the better for me. Better that I should find out before than after marriage, and be united for life to such dreadful consequences. I believe that I may without egotism say I am learning the meaning of 'perfect through suffering.'"

"Speaking of John Starr, I suppose they are ruined financially," said Lucelle. "I understand that Duffield had borrowed largely from him by mortgage on his mill property, and now it has been discovered that the mill property was heavily mortgaged previously in favor of Nigger Broom, and Dusky was named as his heir in an old will that has been found among Lawyer Sharppe's papers, together with the mortgage. Mr. Greenway holds Dusky's own will by which everything he held was given over to John Reigh and his heirs, so that it appears John Starr will have very little claim. Then his brother-in-law, who has been such a heavy drinker, has so involved the syndicate, and so tangled up matters, that it is feared even John Starr's brothers will lose everything, too."

"He was a large supporter in this church, was he not?" asked Agnes.

"He was," said Lucelle, "and father always got along very well with him. But he threatened to withdraw his support from Mr. Greenway unless he would take a less active part in temperance work. It seems to me that circumstances compelled Mr. Greenway to take a more active part than was demanded of father, and I admire his manhood in refusing to be hushed up

in such a manner. I know, too, that father approves of Mr. Greenway's course."

"If such men would but remember that they are only stewards of God's money," said Agnes, "they would be saved from such dangerous proceedings. They forget the command, 'Touch not mine anointed and do my prophets no harm.' You see, Lucelle, what has come upon him. He has now no support left to withhold, and he may in his old age be dependent on others. Men ought to be careful of how they treat Christ's servants, for I believe they are under His special care when following in the straight path of duty. To withhold support from one of them on some small pretext is the same as to withhold it from the Master, and I always fear it may not go well with those who do so. I believe many a faithful minister is persecuted and scorned only because he has done his plain duty."

"Before you retire, Agnes, I must tell you of a wedding that is soon to take place. Can you guess?"

"Is it Bessie?" asked Agnes.

"Just who," replied Lucelle. "I am to be bridesmaid. I am so glad, too, that she and Ben are to be married, for Mrs. Cafferty has fretted so much over Nolan. I do hope that the petition Mr. Gregory is circulating may be successful in obtaining Nolan's release. Mr. Gregory takes the entire blame, and has offered to go into prison and serve out Nolan's term as some atonement for what he feels was his part in the affair."

Agnes looked at her watch and then said:

"Now, my dear, my train leaves at seven a.m., and

there is a drive of a few miles before we reach the station. I hope we shall have many evenings for chatting while you are in training at the hospital. You know I shall assist several of the city pastors during my next season, and I hope we shall see each other often. I have still some packing to do at my 'portable parsonage,' as one of the ministers with whom I labored called my trunk, so I shall kiss you good-night."

LI.

LUCELLE RESPONDS TO A CALL

AFTER the conversation Agnes went to her room, and Lucelle remained alone. She was meditating upon Agnes' words: "Your call will come to you from some other place. Leave it with Him, and when His call comes you will know it." The words of her friend had impressed her singularly, and she wondered where the call might come from. To herself, her life appeared secluded and uneventful. There had been little in it of a spectacular or dazzling character. But Lucelle did not overlook the fact that a vast majority of virtuous women spend their lives in a similar manner.

The door-bell rang, and Lucelle opened the door. Out on the lawn, at some distance from the house, stood Dr. Caine. He beckoned her out, and a low conversation took place between them.

"I will send you my answer to-morrow morning, doctor," were Lucelle's parting words.

When Lucelle entered the house again she went up to Agnes' room, and tapping gently, was bade to enter.

"Agnes," said Lucelle, "my call has come. I am going to respond. Henri Lacquerre has developed smallpox and the nurse has fled. Lizzie is still help-

less, and little Sephie is alone with them as a caretaker, for Mr. Reigh and Alex must keep to the tower. Dr. Caine has just laid the matter before me for my consideration. I cannot refuse to nurse them. I must go. He has given me my call, and I shall recognize it."

She had spoken quietly but with decision. Even Agnes was somewhat paler as she replied: "My dear, you realize what it means to you—you know the danger?"

"I do, Agnes," replied Lucelle. "I may never return from the lighthouse cottage; but if that happens, let it be so. I cannot refuse to nurse my friends in such distress. My call has reached me, Agnes, and I would be recreant to duty were I to refuse. I shall write the doctor in the morning, accepting."

Agnes replied: "'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.' You may survive the experience, Lucelle, and again you may not. 'Thou shalt not be afraid for the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday. For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.' Your sacrifice, Lucelle, is a noble one, and I would not by a single word deter you from it. Go and minister to them, and may God's good angels go with you."

Lucelle spent the night alone. Again and again she propped her faith by reading the Psalm from which Agnes had quoted. The next morning she wrote to Dr. Caine accepting the charge, and that evening the doctor took her to the lighthouse cottage.

"I have come to stay with you, Lizzie," said Lucelle, as she entered the young widow's room.

"Oh, thank God for sending you, you little angel of mercy!" cried Lizzie, fervently. "I was afraid we were going to be left alone, and—oh! Lucelle, I've gone through so much lately! I am so glad you have risked so much and come to us. God will take care of you. Surely He will."

At Lizzie's words Lucelle's faith rose higher, and every thought of sacrifice was changed to one of privilege. Through the long, dreary months that followed the Divine Healer took care of the little nurse who had laid everything on the altar, a sacrifice of love. The awful disease fixed upon Lizzie and Sephie also. Henri and Sephie recovered, but Lizzie sank under the disease and died. It was Lucelle who prepared her emaciated body for interment and who accompanied Dr. Caine to the grave in the sand near to the spot where Lallie's body lay.

From the chastening and seclusion Lucelle came forth a mature, disciplined woman, but more pure, more holy, more lovable. She had responded to the call, and she had not been deceived. After a brief rest at Mrs. Elliott's she went away to acquire professional training.

LII.

THE ROMANCE OF A GIPSY GIRL

MORE than ten years had sped away.

The card that the servant laid on Greenway's study table bore the familiar name of "Amiculus," and he told the servant to bring him up.

"Hello, Amiculus!" he cried, as he grasped the hand of the tall, dark-complexioned youth.

"I am delighted to see you again, Mr. Greenway," said Amiculus. "A large city church needs a large, strong man, surely, if any respect is to be shown to 'the fitness of things,' and the pastor is not to be worked to death. Let me see, you are now among the 'two thousand dollar men,' I presume."

"Well, that latter remark is one way of stating the case," replied Greenway, "but I confess, Amiculus, I do not like to hear preachers spoken of in terms of dollars, by hundreds or thousands. It grates on my feelings to hear such expressions as, 'He is a thousand dollar man,' or 'a fifteen hundred dollar man,' or 'a two thousand dollar man.' It is a commercial view of our calling that robs it of that spirit of self-sacrifice and unselfish devotion that have been the glory of the Christian ministry, and degrades it to a mercenary position. It destroys brotherhood in the ministry, and blights as by a frost the sweet flower of

pastoral trust that should be ever blooming in the hearts of our people. But I am glad to think that such expressions are press inventions, and have little place in the thought of the ministry."

"Amen and amen to all you have said," replied Amiculus. "I will use that expression no more, for I feel it is unworthy of so high a calling. Still, I think your Board made no mistake when they invited you to the city. Mrs. Cafferty's prophecy came true after all."

Greenway laughed. "Yes, Mrs. Cafferty. Ha, ha! Those were great days up by the lake, weren't they, Amiculus? How could I ever forget Lockton Green? Sometimes when I am almost fagged out with work down here in the city, I just go back in my mind over those old Huron days, and the first thing I know I am both laughing and crying as I call up one and another whom we knew. It is as good as a rest to spend an hour recalling old scenes up there, and I imagine now I needed preaching to myself about as much as the people. And I got it, too, from Agnes Wilson. Her work up there humbled me more than any education I ever received from any other source."

"Where is Agnes now?" asked Amiculus.

"Oh, she is doing deaconess work and evangelistic work still, and very successfully. I meet her occasionally in the city, and she has called on us here. Well, now about yourself. Are you quite well, Amiculus?"

"Perfectly well, thank goodness!" exclaimed Amiculus. "My hip is as sound as any part of my body. I can ride a broncho thirty miles and never tire."

"And so you have entered the ranks as a probationer in the West," said Greenway. "I thought that

what you had known of my work at Lockton Green would discourage you from such a purpose. But I'm glad, Amiculus, that you have decided to preach. You have made a grand move out from old things. I am sure your mother is delighted, and your father too. Oh, how are they both?"

"Mother is well," replied Amiculus, "and is, as you suppose, delighted. Father enjoys ranching well, too. It proved a good day for us, after all, when that fire swept through the village and left so many homeless. Of course, father is aging, but you would be surprised to know how much local preaching he does in new parts where they have no minister. Among the cowboys he is a perfect 'lion.' They will do anything for him."

"And Carrie—how is she? Grown to a fine young woman, of course."

"Oh, you did not hear? She is married—to a druggist," replied Amiculus.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Greenway. "No, I had not heard. What is his name?"

"Cafferty,—Nolan Cafferty," said Amiculus, much amused, as he saw Greenway's face go up and down in surprise. "Nolan is doing well and keeps away from drink. That last awful experience at Lockton Green and his term in prison cured him forever of drink. I had not the slightest misgiving in seeing Carrie join fortune with him."

"Well, that is the best of the whole matter," said Greenway. "You know it was in Nolan to be a good fellow. But he was exceedingly independent, and the appetite was not wholly eradicated; and he was

never just in his right place in Lockton Green. He will do better in a western city by far, I believe."

"It was quite a romance, that of Mildred and 'Sliver Jim,'" said Amiculus. "And they came all the way back to Ontario to be married by you."

"I married them," replied Greenway, "and it was as you say, quite a romance. Jim is doing well in New York, so he writes me. He is captain of a large ferry now and gets a hundred dollars a month. He will own a vessel of his own yet. Jim has ability as a seaman. I thought their marriage a fine thing for both. By the way, did you hear what happened to Captain Cahan?"

"I did not," said Amiculus.

"His vessel foundered last November, and he and all on board, including his son, Sidney, the celebrated 'Lord Viuhart,' went down. Sidney's wife, Elsie, you remember, has returned to her mother."

"Nearly all of those you used to know up in Huron have found their place in life or death, it would seem," said Amiculus. "We were all greatly surprised to learn that you, too, had married and had chosen the gipsy girl, Sephie, as your wife. And yet I do not know why we should have been surprised. But we saw it reported in the city papers in such a startling manner that the very magnitude of the headline created astonishment. If I remember right, it came out under the heading,

"'ROMANCE OF A GIPSY GIRL.'"

"Then the reporter proceeded to narrate how a rising young city preacher had fallen in love with his gipsy ward, and married her, etc., etc."

"Oh, I saw all that," said Greenway, laughing heartily, "and I was greatly amused, you may be sure. The reporters are not the worst fellows in the world when you know them, although they write up some wonderful things occasionally. The ladies of our congregation tendered us a reception on our return, and I think about twenty reporters applied for admission. Of course they were welcomed. We had any amount of fun over those reports."

"How was that?" asked Amiculus.

Greenway was about to go into explanations when an uproarious noise began outside the study door. A sturdy boy of five years, whose head was a mass of golden yellow curls, had been forcing his way panting up the broad stairway, carrying a cocker spaniel puppy under one arm and pulling a large Maltese cat by the tail with the other hand up after him. What with the weight of the puppy and the clawing of the cat on the carpeted steps, it had taxed his juvenile strength, besides having to restrain the puppy, which made repeated efforts to get at the cat. Having reached the top step he shouted "Now then!" and throwing down the puppy he pulled the cat over its back, at the same time calling out, "Sic 'em, Joe! Sic 'em! Sic 'em!"

Feline and canine needed no encouragement, and in a moment were tearing each other's hides and uttering hideous screams of pain or triumph. The battle brought them to the edge of the top step, and then they rolled down the stairs fighting fiercely to the bottom, while the hope of the parsonage stood at the top shouting, "Sic 'em, Joe! Sic 'em! Sic 'em!"

"Lester! Lester! my child, what are you doing?" called the mother's voice.

"Having some good fun, ma!" answered the delighted lad, as his father opened the study door and demanded an explanation. Then observing the lad's mother, he called to her, "Come up and see Amiculus."

"Amiculus, you will remember Mrs. Greenway, I think," said the preacher, as Mrs. Greenway entered.

"Lucelle!" cried Amiculus. "You! Why,—I thought I would see Sephie!" Then he looked at Greenway, who was enjoying the surprise, and shaking his fist at him, said, "Old fellow, I'll get even with you one fine day. I'll be revenged by putting you into a story. Really, this is the greatest romance of all. I must have some explanation, or—or—why, I shall have to leave at once."

But Mrs. Greenway persuaded Amiculus to stay with them for the day, declaring that it would require the whole day to unravel all the mystery before him. As she withdrew with the noisy boy, the golden head of another Lucelle Greenway, about two years younger than the boy, was seen bobbing up the stairway after her mother.

"Any more?" asked Amiculus.

"Only two," replied Greenway. "Don't you think that two make noise enough? You would if you heard them sometimes. But then, I wouldn't be without them for a thousand worlds!"

For a few moments Amiculus appeared to be wrapped in meditation. Then rousing himself, he said:

"I see the whole thing now. You had a very bad fever after we left Lockton Green."

"I had a very severe attack of typhoid," said Greenway.

"And Lucelle came back and nursed you through it all?"

"Through it all, and brought me back from the gates that I so nearly entered."

"That will do," said Amiculus, with a smile and a wave of his hand. "But about Sephie—, how did that story originate?"

"Well, I suppose it must have originated in the fact that when I went back there to get my own wife I married the gipsy girl to Henri Lacquerre, and the reporters all got hold of the wrong side of the story. It was known that I had a gipsy ward, and—, well you can put the thing together now. We are going to visit Mr. and Mrs. Elliott this vacation. If you could arrange to be there at the same time, Amiculus, I would like very much to go over the old haunts along with you."

"Just what will suit me, Mr. Greenway. I want to visit the old place before I return to the West."

Rev. Owen Greenway still lives and still labors among the "fishers of men." The iron principles which, for mere temporary gain, refused to compromise with known evil, are as strong as ever in him—perhaps stronger, through the triumph of many victories. Having honored his own manhood and his Master, he has been honored of men. He is older now, and there are intimations of the "crown of glory" on his kingly head. But the place where he labors must remain untold. Even "The Minutes" will not give up

the secret. If I were to reveal it to you, I fear that I might have to pay a dear reckoning. I am afraid (since we are all curious to see those persons or things we have read about and become interested in) that his sermons might suffer from many interruptions, because so many of my readers, when visiting the city, would desire to make a call on THE PANCAKE PREACHER.

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